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THE
WORKS
OF
BEN. JONSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

POETASTER, or his	VOLPONE, or The Fox.
ARRAIGNMNT.	EPICOENE, or, The
SEJANUS HIS FALL.	SILENT WOMAN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for D. MIDWINTER; W. INNYS and J. RICHARDSON;
J. KNAPTON; T. WOTTON; C. HITCH and L. HAWES;
J. WALTHOE; D. BROWNE; J. and R. TONSON; C. BATHURST;
J. HODGES; J. WARD; M. and T. LONGMAN; W. JOHNSTON;
and P. DAVEY and B. LAW.

MDCCLVI.

THE
WORKS

OF

F. N. JOHNSON

VOLUME THE SECOND

CONTAINING

TRACTS, OF THE
ENLIGHTENMENT, OF THE
MIND IN THE
PRESENT WORLD.



LONDON:

Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1755.
By J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1755.
By J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1755.
By J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1755.

MCCCLV





Poetaster. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

POETASTER;

OR,

ARRAIGNMENT.

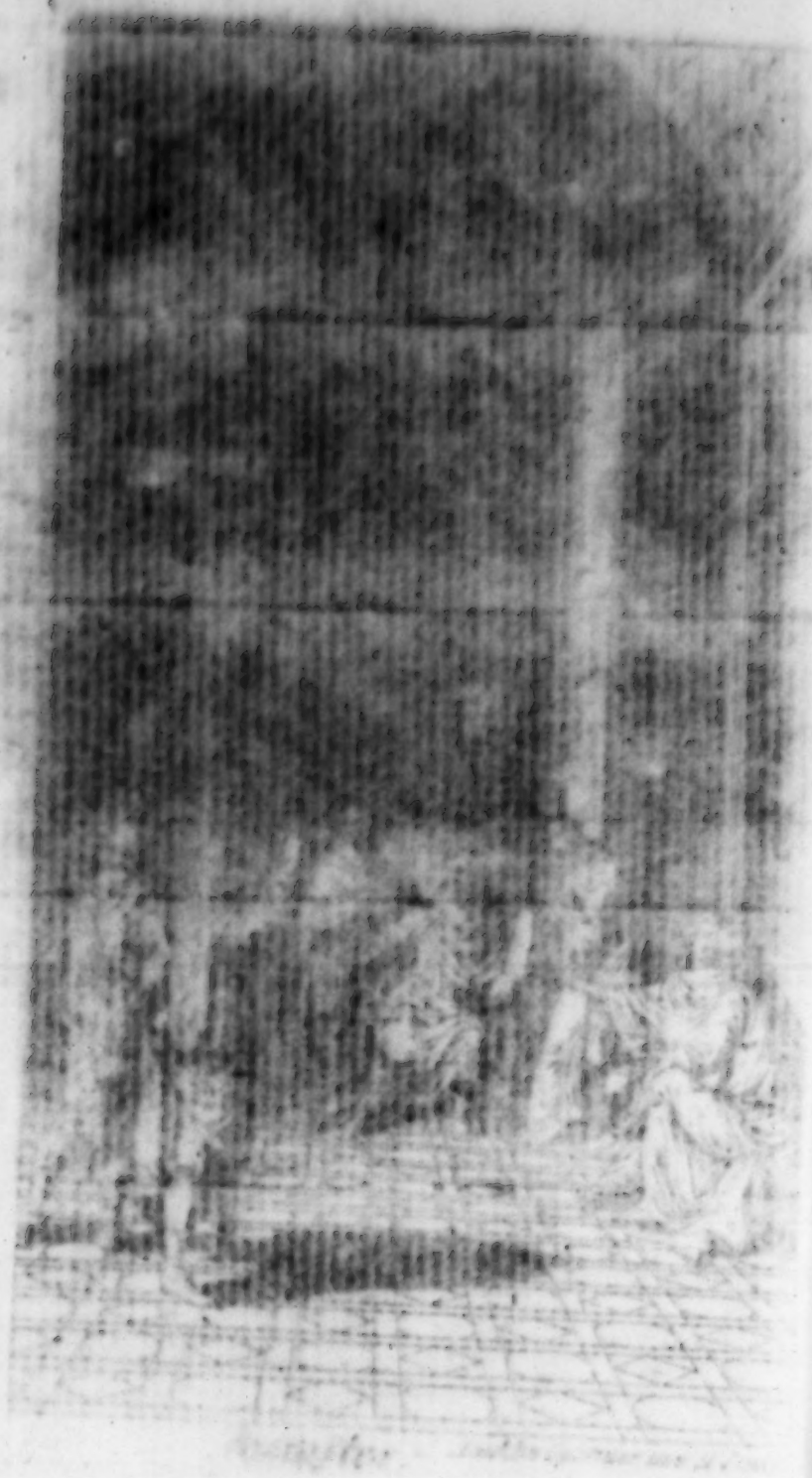
COMICAL SATIRE.

First acted in the Year 1661,

By the Children of Q. Henrietta's Chapel.

With the Approbation of the Masters of Ravens.

LONDON: Printed for J. Smith, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1661.



A

By

E

P O E T A S T E R ;
O R, H I S
ARRAIGNMENT.

A
COMICAL SATIRE.

First acted in the Year 1601,

By the then Children of Q. ELIZABETH's Chapel.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.

Mart.

VOL. II.

A

THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
January 10, 1896

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1895



ALBANY: PUBLISHED BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK
1896

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TO THE

Virtuous, and my Worthy Friend,

Mr. RICHARD MARTIN¹.

S I R,

A Thankful man owes a courtesie ever; the unthankful but when he needs it. To make mine own mark appear, and shew by which of these seals I am known, I send you this piece of what may live of mine; for whose innocence, as for the author's, you were once a noble and timely undertaker, to the greatest justice of this kingdom. Enjoy now the delight of your goodness, which is to see that prosper you preserved, and posterity to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name, which so much ignorance, and malice of the times, then conspired to have suppress.

Your true Lover,

BEN. JONSON.

¹ *To the virtuous and my worthy friend, Mr. Richard Martin.*] This gentleman, who was bred a lawyer, and recorder of the city of London, was himself a man of parts, and a poet, and much respected by the learned and ingenious of his own age. See a more particular account of him in *Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* 1 vol. col. 441.

Dramatis Personæ.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
MECÆNAS.

MARC. OVID.

COR. GALLUS.

PROPERTIUS.

FUS. ARISTUS.

PUB. OVID.

VIRGIL.

HORACE.

TREBATIUS.

LUPUS.

TUCCA.

LUSCUS.

CRISPINUS.

HERMOGENES.

DE. FANNIUS.

ALBIUS.

MINOS.

HISTRIO.

PYRGUS.

LICTORS,

JULIA.

CYTHERIS.

PLAUTIA.

CHLOE.

MAIDS.

SCENE, ROME.

POETASTER.

POETASTER.

After the second sounding,

Envy, arising in the midst of the stage.

LIGHT, I salute thee, but with wounded
 nerves,
 Wishing thy golden splendor, pitchy darkness.
 What's here? th' arraignment? I; ' this, this is it,
 That our sunk eyes have wak'd for all this while:
 Here will be subject for my snakes and me.
 Cling to my neck and wrists my loving worms,
 And cast you round in soft and amorous folds,
 Till I do bid uncurl; then, break your knots,
 Shoot out your selves at length, as your forc'd stings
 Would hide themselves within his malic'd sides,
 To whom I shall apply you. Stay! the shine
 Of this assembly here offends my sight;
 I'll darken that first, and out-face their grace.
 Wonder not, if I stare: these fifteen weeks
 (So long as since the plot was but an embrion)
 Have I, with burning lights mix'd vigilant thoughts,
 In expectation of this hated play,
 To which (at last) I am arriv'd as prologue.

* *What's here? Th' arraignment?*] The title of the play; which
 Envy is supposed to see, and read when she comes upon the stage.

Nor would I you should look for other looks,
 Gesture, or compliment from me, than what
 Th' infected bulk of Envy can afford :
 For I am risi here with a covetous hope,
 To blast your pleasures and destroy your sports,
 With wrestlings, comments, applications,
 Spy-like suggestions, privy whisperings,
 And thousand such promoting sleights as these.
 Mark how I will begin : the scene is, ha !
 Rome ? Rome ? and Rome ? Crack eye-strings, and
 your balls

Drop into earth ; let me be ever blind.
 I am prevented ; all my hopes are crost,
 Check'd and abated ; fie, a freezing sweat
 Flows forth at all my pores, my entrails burn :
 What should I do ? Rome ? Rome ? O my vext soul,
 How might I force this to the present state ?
 Are there no players here ? no poet-apes,
 That come with basilisks eyes, whose forked tongues
 Are steep'd in venom, as their hearts in gall ?
 Either of these would help me ; they could wrest,
 Pervert and poyson all they hear, or see,
 With senseless glosses, and allusions.
 Now if you be good devils, fly me not.
 You know what dear and ample faculties
 I have endow'd you with : I'll lend you more.
 Here, take my snakes among you, come and eat,
 And while the squeez'd juice flows in your black jaws,
 Help me to damn the author. Spit it forth
 Upon his lines, and shew your rusty teeth
 At every word, or accent : or else chuse
 Out of my longest vipers, to stick down
 In your deep throats ; and let the heads come forth
 At your rank mouths ; that he may see you arm'd
 With triple malice, to hiss, sting, and tear
 His work and him ; to forge, and then declaim,

Traduce,

Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforce, suggest¹ ;
 O, these are gifts wherein your souls are blest.
 What? do you hide your selves? will none appear?
 None answer? what, doth this calm troop affright you?
 Nay, then I do despair; down, sink again.
 This travail is all lost with my dead hopes.
 If in such bosoms spight have left to dwell,
 Envy is not on earth, nor scarce in hell.

The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

STAY monster, e're thou sink, thus on thy head
 Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
 Thy malice into earth: so spight should dye,
 Despis'd and scorn'd by noble industry.
 If any muse why I salute the stage,
 An armed prologue; know 'tis a dangerous age:
 Wherein who writes, had need present his scenes
 Forty-fold proof against the conjuring means
 Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
 That fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes.
 'Gainst these, have we put on this forc'd defence:
 Whereof the allegory and hid sense
 Is, that a well erected confidence
 Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
 Here now, put case our author should, once more,
 Swear that his play were good¹; he doth implore,

¹ *Traduce, corrupt, apply, ENFORCE, suggest.*] The first folio reads *enforme* instead of *enforce*; but as the last is sense, I have not taken upon me to alter the receiv'd reading, which has also the authority of the second and succeeding editions in its favour.

¹ *Here now, put case, our author should, once more, Swear that his play were good.*] This seems to allude to the last lines of the epilogue to the preceding play; tho' it must be said, that our poet often takes care to acquaint the audience with his own good opinion of his works, and directs them to judge accordingly.

You would not argue him of arrogance :
How e'er that common spawn of ignorance,
Our fry of writers may beslime his fame,
And give his action that adulterate name.
Such full-blown vanity he more doth loth,
Than base dejection : there's a mean 'twixt both.
Which with a constant firmness he pursues,
As one that knows the strength of his own muse.
And this he hopes all free souls will allow :
Others that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pities than envies :
His mind it is above their injuries.

A C T

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ovid, Luscus.

Ovid. " **T**HEN, when this body falls in funeral fire,

" My name shall live, and my best part aspire."

It shall go so.

Lusc. Young master, master *Ovid*, do you hear? Gods a' me! away with your songs, and sonnets; and on with your gown and cap quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this room presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be brief. These verses too, a poyson on 'em, I cannot abide 'em, they make me ready to cast, by the banks of Helicon⁴. Nay, look, what a rascally untoward thing this poetry is; I could tear 'em now.

Ovid. Give me, how near's my father?

Lusc. Heart a' man: get a law-book in your hand, I will not answer you else. Why so: now there's some formality in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine old master's humour for that; this villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, *Luscus*, that thou swear'st so tragically and high.

⁴ *They make me ready to cast by the banks of Helicon.*] The want of a small point hath spoiled a very humorous sentence. The first folio puts a comma after the word *cast*, and the rest of the sentence is in the nature of an oath; as in the next speech he says, "This villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin."

Lusc.

Lusc. No, but I have boots on, sir, and so has your father too by this time; for he call'd for 'em e're he came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why? was he no readier?

Lusc. O no; and there was the mad skeldring captain, with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down: he that presses every man he meets, with an oath to lend him money, and cries, (Thou must do't old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.)

Ovid. Who? Pantilius Tucca?

Lusc. I, he; and I met little master Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, an' he be under their arrest, I may (with safety enough) read over my elegy before he come.

Lusc. Gods a' me! what'll you do? why young master, you are not Castalian mad, lunatick, frantick, desperate? ha!

Ovid. What ailest thou, Luscus?

Lusc. God be with you, sir, I'll leave you to your poetical fancies, and furies. I'll not be guilty, I.

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone: For thus alone, our ear shall better judge
The hasty errors of our morning muse.

Ovid. lib. amor. Ele. 15.

“ **E** NVY, why twit'st thou me, my time's spent ill?
“ And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
“ Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprung)
“ War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
“ Or that I study not the tedious laws;
“ And prostitute my voice in every cause?
“ Thy scope is mortal; mine eternal fame,
“ Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
“ Homer will live, whil'st Tenedos stands, and Ide,
“ Or, to the sea fleet Simois doth slide:

“ And

SCENE II.

Ovid senior, Ovid junior, Luscus, Tucca, Lupus, Pyrgus

Ovid se. Your name shall live indeed, sir; you say true: but how infamously, how scorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and ears of the best and gravest Romans that you think not on: you never so much as dream of that. Are these the fruits of all my travail and expences? Is this the scope and aim of thy studies? Are these the hopeful courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? Verses? Poetry? Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker?

Ovid ju. No, sir.

Ovid se. Yes, sir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, call'd *Medea*. By my household-gods, if I come to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it: believe me when I promise it. What? shall I have my son a stager now? an engle for players? a gull? a rook? a shot-clog? to make suppers, and be laugh'd at? Publius, I will set thee on the funeral pile first.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Lusc. Nay, this 'tis to have your ears dam'd up to good counsel. I did augure all this to him before-hand, without poring into an ox's panch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuc. How now, goodman slave? what rowly powly? all rivals, rascal? Why my master of worship, dost hear? Are these thy best projects? is this thy design and thy discipline, to suffer knaves to be competitors with commanders and gentlemen? are we parallels, rascal? are we parallels?

Ovid

Ovid se. Sirrah, go get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual stinkard, do, go; talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are i' your element, go; here be the emperor's captains, you ragga-muffin rascal, and not your cam'rades.

Lup. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it: I have not been a tribune thus long and observ'd nothing: besides, they will rob us, us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wisest men they can come by still, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Th'art in the right, my venerable cropshin, they will indeed, the tongue of the oracle never twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slippers in quiet for 'em; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling suit to make his punk a supper. An honest decayed commander cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seen in a bawdy-house, but he shall be strait in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i' the statute, the rascals; they are blazon'd there; there they are trick'd^s, they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, I wifs.

Ovid se. Methinks, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the publick edicts, should fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are, this argues your proficiency in the law.

^s There they are TRICK'D, they and their pedigrees.] To trick, is a term of heraldry, and signifies to draw a coat of arms in its proper colours.

Ovid

Ovid ju. They wrong me, sir, and do abuse you
more,

That blow your ears with these untrue reports.

I am not known unto the open stage,

Nor do I traffick in their theatres.

Indeed, I do acknowledge, at request

Of some meer friends, ⁶ and honourable Romans,

I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid se. You have, sir, a poem? and where is't
that's the law you study.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid se. Cornelius Gallus? There's another gallant
too hath drunk of the same poison, and Tibullus and
Propertius. But these are gentlemen of means and
revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and hast
nothing but thy bare exhibition; which I protest shall
be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable
by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a professed
poet, that his poetry did ever afford him so much as
competency. I, your god of poets there (whom all of
you admire and reverence so much) Homer, he whose
worm-eaten statue must not be spewed against, but
with hallow'd lips and groveling adoration, what was
he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old swaggerer; he was
poor, blind, rhyming rascal, that liv'd obscurely up
and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever
made a good meal in his sleep, the whoreson hungry
beggar.

Ovid se. He says well: Nay, I know this nettle
you now; but answer me, is't not true? You'll tell
me his name shall live; and that (now being dead) his

⁶ *Of some MEER friends, and honourable Romans.] Meer friends, is*
an expression, which may be interpreted to signify true, real friends
but the reading of the first folio is, *near friends*, from which I take
the other to be a corruption.

works have eternis'd him, and made him divine ; but could this divinity feed him while he liv'd ? could his name feast him ?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senator's revenue ? could it ?

Ovid se. I, or give him place in the commonwealth ? worship, or attendants ? make him be carried in his litter ?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.

Lup. All this the law will do, young sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid se. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will apt him to, or I profess here openly and utterly to disclaim him.

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego these moods : I will be any thing, or study any thing ; I'll prove the unfashion'd body of the law Pure elegance, and make her rugged'st strains Run smoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid se. Propertius' elegies ? good !

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid se. Why, he cannot speak, he cannot think out of poetry ; he is bewitch'd with it.

Lup. Come, do not mis-prize him.

Ovid se. Mis-prize ? I marry, I would have him use some such words now ; they have some touch, some taste of the law. He shou'd make himself a stile out of these, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law ; we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere you may sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit ; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble Neophyte ; my little Grammaticaster, he does : it shall never put thee to thy mathematicks, metaphysicks, philosophy, and I know not what suppos'd sufficiencies ; if thou canst but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make

make a noise enough, be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furnish you.

Tuc. And the less art the better : besides, when it shall be in the power of thy chevril conscience, to do right or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. I, and to have better men than himself, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himself proud and state-ly, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Ovid se. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle fruitless studies that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his back-face again, and look only forward to the law : intend that. I will allow thee what shall sute thee in the rank of gentlemen, and maintain thy society with the best ; and under these conditions I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them ; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ake for itself ; and so farewell. What, are my horses come ?

Luf. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Ovid se. That's well. Asinius Lupus, a word. Captain, I shall take my leave of you ?

Tuc. No, my little old boy, ^b dispatch with Cothurnus there : I'll attend thee, I—

Lufc. To borrow some ten drachms. I know his project.

Ovid se. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now, captain Tucca, what say you ?

Tuc. Why, what should I say ? or what can I say, my flower o' the order ? Should I say thou art rich, or that thou art honourable, or wise, or valiant, or

^b Dispatch with Cothurnus there.] Cavalier Cothurnus.

4to 1602.
learned,

is learned, or liberal? why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble Lucullus) thou knowest it. Come, be not ashamed of thy virtues, old stump. Honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times. Thou art the man of wars Mæcenas, old boy. Why shouldst not thou be grac'd then by them, as well as he is by his poets? How now, my carrier, what news?

Luf. The boy has stayed within for his cue this half hour.

Tuc. Come, do not whisper to me, but speak it out: what? it is no treason against the state I hope? is't?

Luf. Yes, against the state of my master's purse.

Pyr. Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbear him till the next week; his moils are not yet come up.

Tuc. His moils? now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him and his moils. What, ha' they the yellows, his moils, that they come no faster? or are they foundred? ha? his moils ha' the staggers belike, ha' they?

Pyr. O no, sir: then your tongue might be suspected for one of his moils.

Tuc. He owes me almost a talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his moils, does he? Sirrah, you nut-cracker, go your ways to him again, and tell him I must ha' money, I: I cannot eat stones and turfs, say. What, will he clem me and my followers? Ask him an' he will clem me; do, go. He would have me fry my jerkin, would he? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler; this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I; I cannot be impudent.

7 His moils?] The word then used for MULES.

8 Away, SETTER, away. Yet stay, my little TUMBLER.] Not one that shews postures with his body. but a particular kind of dogs, to whom our ancestors gave the name of tumbler, from his manner and motion in hunting. So likewise setter is a pointer, or setting dog.

Vol. II.

B

Pyr.

Pyr. Alas, sir, no; you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth.

Tuc. Dost thou hear, my little six and fifty, or thereabouts? thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater Time; thou hast not this chain for nothing. Men of worth have their chimera's, as well as other creatures; and they do see monsters sometimes, they do, they do, brave boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he shall see you, I warrant him.

Tuc. Thou must let me have six, six drachms, I mean, old boy; thou shalt do it; I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see? Go, walk off: there, there. Six is the sum. Thy son's a gallant spark, and must not be put out of a sudden. Come hither, Callimachus, thy father tells me thou art too poetical, boy; thou must not be so, thou must leave them, young novice, thou must; they are a sort of poor starv'd rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen, and can boast of nothing but a lean visage, peering out of a seam-rent suit, the very emblems of beggary. No, dost hear, turn lawyer, thou shalt be my solicitor. 'Tis right, old boy, is't?

Ovid se. You were best tell it, captain.

Tuc. No, fare thou well, mine honest horseman, and thou old bever. Pray thee, Roman, when thou comest to town, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes; thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Do not balk me, good swaggerer. Jove keep thy chain from pawning; go thy ways, if thou lack money I'll lend thee some: I'll leave thee to thy horse now. Adieu.

Ovid se. Farewell, good captain.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but half a share now, boy.

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldness that accompanies this fellow: Come.

Ovid ju. I'll give attendance on you to your horse, Sir, please you——

Ovid se. No; keep your chamber, and fall to your studies; do so: The gods of Rome bless thee.

Ovid ju. And give me stomach to digest this law.

That should have followed sure, had I been he.

O sacred Poesie, thou spirit of ^{the} arts,

The soul of science, and the queen of souls;

What profane violence, almost sacrilege,

Hath here been offered thy divinities!

That thine own guiltless poverty should arm

Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!

For thence is all their force of argument

Drawn forth against thee; or from the abuse

Of thy great powers in adult'rate brains:

When, would men learn but to distinguish spirits,

And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits

That run a broken pace for common hire,

And the high raptures of a happy muse,

Born on the wings of her immortal thought,

That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,

And beats at heaven gates with her bright hoofs;

They would not then, with such distorted faces

And desperate censures, stab at Poesie.

They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds

Should ne'er descend on so unworthy objects

As gold, or titles; they would dread far more

To be thought ignorant, than be known poor.

The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth; but

now,

Your only barbarism is t'have wit, and want.

No matter now in virtue who excels,

He that hath coin, hath all perfection else."

[O sacred Poesie, thou spirit of ROMAN arts.] The verse is too long

by a foot; and there is an unmeaning epithet, which, when dis-

carded, will reduce it to its right quantity. We are to read, "Thou

spirit of arts!" How Roman came to be inserted, I know not.

S C E N E III.

*Tibullus, Ovid.**Tib.* Ovid?*Ovid.* Who's there? Come in.*Tib.* Good morrow, lawyer.

(down.

Ovid. Good morrow, dear Tibullus, welcome; sit*Tib.* Not I. What, so hard at it? Let's see, what's

(here?

* *Numa in decimo nono?* Nay, I will see it ——*Ovid.* Prithce away ——*Tib.* "If thrice in field a man vanquish his foe,

" 'Tis after in his choice to serve or no."

How now, Ovid! Law cases in verse?

Ovid. In troth, I know not; they run from my pen unwittingly, if they be verse. What's the news abroad?*Tib.* Off with this gown, I come to have thee walk.*Ovid.* No, good Tibullus, I'm not now in case, Pray let me alone.*Tib.* How? not in case!

'Slight thou'rt in too much case, by all this law.

Ovid. Troth, if I live, I will new dress the law, In sprightly Poesie's habiliments.*Tib.* The hell thou wilt. What, turn law into verse? Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, read that same There's subject for you: and if I mistake not, A supersedeas to your melancholy.*Ovid.* How! subscrib'd Julia! O my life, my heaven*Tib.* Is the mood chang'd?*Ovid.* Musick of wit! note for th'harmonious spheres Celestial accents, how you ravish me!*Tib.* What is it, Ovid?*Ovid.* That I must meet my Julia, the princess Julia*Tib.* Where?*Ovid.* Why, at ——* *Numa in decimo nono?*] These words are from the quarto of 1633

Hear

Heart, I've forgot ; my passion so transports me.

Tib. I'll save your pains : it is at Albius' house,
The jeweller's, where the fair Lycoris lies.

Ovid. Who ? Cytheris, Cornelius Gallus' love ?

Tib. I, he'll be there too, and my Plautia.

Ovid. And why not your Delia ?

Tib. Yes, and your Corinna.

Ovid. True, but my sweet Tibullus, keep that secret :
I would not, for all Rome, it should be thought

I veil bright Julia underneath that name :

Julia, the gem and jewel of my soul,

That takes her honours from the golden sky,

As beauty doth all lustre from her eye.

The air respires the pure Elysian sweets

In which she breathes, and from her looks descend

The glories of the summer. Heaven she is,

Prais'd in herself above all praise ; and he

Which hears her speak, would swear the tuneful orbs

Turn'd in his zenith only.

Tib. Publius, thou'lt lose thyself.

Ovid. O, in no labyrinth can I safer err,
Than when I lose myself in praising her.

Hence law, and welcome muses ; tho' not rich,

Yet are you pleasing : let's be reconcil'd,

And new made one. ⁹ Henceforth, I promise faith,

And all my serious hours to spend with you ;

With you, whose musick striketh on my heart,

And with bewitching tones steals forth my spirit,

In Julia's name ; fair Julia : Julia's love

Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'll study,

The law and art of sacred Julia's love :

All other objects will but abjects prove.

Tib. Come, we shall have thee as passionate as Pro-
pertius, anon.

⁹ And now made one.] The first folio has, " And *new* made one." And so reads the quarto of 1602. On their authority I have given the present text.

Ovid. O, how does my Sextus?

Tib. Faith, full of sorrow for his Cynthia's death.

Ovid. What, still? (his)

Tib. Still, and still more, his griefs do grow upon
As do his hours. Never did I know
An understanding spirit so take to heart
The common work of Fate.

Ovid. O my Tibullus,

Let us not blame him; for against such chances
The heartiest strife of virtue is not proof.
We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls; but had ourselves been stru
With the like planet, had our loves (like his)
Been ravish'd from us by injurious death,
And in the height and heat of our best days,
It would have crackt our sinews, shrunk our veins,
And made our very heart-strings jar, like his.
Come, let's go take him forth, and prove if mirth
Or company will but abate his passion.

Tib. Content, and I implore the gods it may.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Albius, Crispinus, Cbloë, Maids, Cytheris.

Alb. **M**After Crispinus, you are welcome: pray
use a stool, sir. Your cousin Cytheris will
come down presently. We are so busy for the receiving
of these courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute
with myself, for thinking of them: Pray you sit, sir,
pray you sit, sir.

Crisp. I am very well, sir. Ne'er trust me, but you
are most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and
blandishment! an excellent air, an excellent air!

Alb. I, sir, 'tis a pretty air. These courtiers run
my mind still; I must look out. For Jupiter's sake

fit, sir; or please you walk into the garden? There's a garden on the back-side.

Crisp. I am most strenuously well, I thank you, sir.

Alb. Much good do you, sir.

Cblo. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses and violets here: Fie, here be rooms savour the most pitifully rank that ever I felt. I cry the gods mercy, my husband's in the wind of us.

Alb. Why this is good, excellent, excellent; well said, my sweet Chloe; trim up your house most obsequiously.

Cblo. For Vulcan's sake, breathe somewhere else: in troth you overcome our perfumes exceedingly, you are too predominant.

Alb. Hear but my opinion, sweet wife.

Cblo. A pin for your pinnion. In sincerity, if you be thus fullsome to me in every thing, I'll be divorced. Gods my body! you know what you were before I married you; I was a gentlewoman born, I; I lost all my friends to be a citizen's wife, because I heard indeed they kept their wives as fine as ladies; and that we might rule our husbands like ladies, and do what we list; do you think I would have married you else?

Alb. I acknowledge, sweet wife: she speaks the best of any woman in Italy, and moves as mightily; which makes me, I had rather she should make bumps on my head, as big as my two fingers, than I would offend her. But sweet wife——

Cblo. Yet again? Is't not grace enough for you, that I call you husband, and you call me wife; but you must still be poking me, against my will, to things.

Alb. But you know, wife, here are the greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of Rome, to be entertain'd in our house now; and I would fain advise thee, to entertain them in the best sort, i'faith, wife.

Cblo. In sincerity, did you ever hear a man talk so rudely? You would seem to be master? you would have your

your spoke in my cart? you would advise me to entertain ladies and gentlemen? because you can marshal your pack needles, horse-combs, hobby-horses, and wall candlesticks in your ware-house better than I, therefore you can tell how to entertain ladies and gentle folks better than I?

Alb. O my sweet wife, upbraid me not with that; "Gain favours sweetly from any thing"; he that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike, and admit no difference between ode and frankincense, or the most precious balsamum and a tar-barrel.

Cblo. Marry fough: you sell snuffers too, if you be remember'd, but I pray you let me buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in snuff, to learn how to entertain gentlefolks of you, at these years i'faith. Alas, man, there was not a gentleman came to your house i'your t'other wife's time, I hope? nor a lady? nor musick? nor masks? Nor you nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbas'd myself, from my hood and my farthingal, to these bum-rows and your whalebone bodice.

Alb. Look here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my dear mummia, my balsamum, my sperma-cete, and my very city of—— she has the most best, true, feminine wit in Rome!

Cris. I have heard so, sir; and do most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her fair features.

¹ *Gain favours sweetly from any thing.*] When Jonson thus gave us the meaning of the Latin saying, *Dulcis odor lucri ex re qualibet*, he forgot that the occasion from which it took its rise, was much posterior to the age in which the persons of his drama lived. Tho' possibly Vespasian might not have been the author of it, but only made it more memorable by the application to which he put it.

² *Admit no difference betwixt ode and frankincense.*] Ode, or as the old books spell it, *oad*, is what we now call *woad*; the herb which the antient Britons used to paint their bodies with. Of whom the author of *Nero Caesar* says, "They were wont to go naked, their bodies coloured over with oad."

Alb.

Alb. Ah, peace ; you shall hear more anon ; be not
seen yet, I pray you ; not yet : observe.

Cbl. 'Sbody, give husbands the head a little more, and
they'll be nothing but head shortly ; what's he there ?

1 Maid. I know not, forsooth.

2 Maid. Who would you speak with, sir.

Cris. I would speak with my cousin Cytheris.

2 Maid. He is one, forsooth, would speak with his
cousin Cytheris.

Cblo. Is she your cousin, sir ?

Cris. Yes in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

Cblo. She is a gentlewoman.

Cris. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure
you.

Cblo. Are you a gentleman born ?

Cris. That I am, lady ; you shall see mine arms, if't
please you.

Cblo. No, your legs do sufficiently shew you are a
gentleman born, sir ; for " a man borne upon little
" legs, is always a gentleman born'."

Cris. Yes, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my
arms, mistress ; for I bear them about me, to have
'em seen : my name is *Crispinus*, or *Cri-spinas* indeed ;
which is well exprest in my arms, (a face crying in
chief ; and beneath it a bloody toe, between three
thorns *pungent*.)

Cblo. Then you are welcome, sir, now you are a
gentleman born, I can find in my heart to welcome
you ; for I am a gentlewoman born too, and will bear
my head high enough, though 'twere my fortune to
marry a tradesman.

Cris. No doubt of that, sweet feature, your carriage

3 A man born upon little legs, is always a gentleman born.] From this
joke we may see the fine gentlemen of our author's age, and those
of the present, had a pretty near conformity in this part, at least of
their figure, tho' their dress may happen to be different.

shews

shews it in any man's eye, that is carried upon you with judgment.

Alb. Dear wife, be not angry.

[He is still going in and out.]

Cblo. Gods my passion!

Alb. Hear me but one thing; let not your maids set cushions in the parlour windows, nor in the dining-chamber windows; nor upon stools, in either of them, in any case; for 't's tavern-like; but lay them one upon another, in some out-room or corner of the dining-chamber.

Cblo. Go, go, meddle with your bed-chamber only; or rather with your bed in your chamber only; or rather with your wife in your bed only; or on my faith I'll not be pleas'd with you only.

Alb. Look here, my dear wife, entertain that gentleman kindly, I pr'y thee——mum.

Cblo. Go, I need your instructions indeed; anger me no more, I advise you. Citi-sin, quoth's! she's a wife gentlewoman i'faith, will marry herself to the sin of the city.

Alb. But this time, and no more (by heav'n) wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dining-chamber, in any case, but in the gallery only, for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

Cblo. 'Sprecious, never have done!

Alb. Wife——

Cblo. Do I not bear a reasonable corrigible hand over him, Crispinus?

Cris. By this hand, lady, you hold a most sweet hand over him.

Alb. And then for the great gilt andirons——

Cblo. Again! would the andrions were in your great guts for me.

Alb. I do vanish, wife.

Cblo. How shall I do, master Crispinus? here will be all the bravest ladies in court presently to see your cousin

cousin Cytheris : O the gods ! how might I behave my self now, as to entertain them most courtly.

Cris. Marry, lady, if you will entertain them most courtly, you must do thus : as soon as ever your maid or your man brings you word they are come, you must say (A pox on 'em, what do they here ?) And yet when they come, speak them as fair, and give them the kindest welcome in words that can be.

Cblo. Is that the fashion of courtiers, Crispinus ?

Cris. I assure you it is, lady, I have observ'd it.

Cblo. For your pox, sir, it is easily hit on ; but 'tis not so easie to speak fair after, methinks.

Alb. O wife, the coaches are come on my word, a number of coaches and courtiers.

Cblo. A pox on them, what do they here ?

Alb. How now wife ! would'st thou not have 'em come ?

Cblo. Come ? come, you are a fool, you : he knows not the trick on't. Call Cytheris, I pray you : and good master Crispinus, you can observe, you say ; let me entreat you for all the ladies behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires^d, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our marks together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

Cris. I warrant you, sweet lady ; let me alone to observe till I turn my self to nothing but observation : good morrow cousin Cytheris.

Cytb. Welcome kind cousin. What ? are they come ?

Alb. I, your friend Cornelius Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, with Julia the emperor's daughter, and the lady Plautia, are lighted at the door ; and with them Hermogenes Tigellius, the excellent musician.

^d *Jewels, jests, and attires*] Mr. Theobald, in the margin of his copy, queries the truth of the word *jest*s, and proposes *just*s in the room of it ; a contraction from *just-à-corps*, a close gown, or coat : but *jest*s appears to be the true reading. and for the same reason that he seems to doubt it, because it varies the idea.

Cytb.

Cytb. Come, let us go meet them, Chloe.

Cblo. Observe, Crispinus.

Cris. At a hair's breadth, lady, I warrant you.

S C E N E II.

Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Hermogenes, Julia, Plautia, Cytheris, Chloe, Albis, Crispinus.

Gal. Health to the lovely Chloe : you must pardon me, mistress, that I prefer this fair gentlewoman.

Cytb. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir ; and I beseech your excellence, receive her beauties into your knowledge and favour.

Jul. Cytheris, she hath favour and behaviour, that commands as much of me : and sweet Chloe, know I do exceedingly love you, and that I will approve in any grace my father the emperor may shew you. Is this your husband ?

Alb. For fault of a better, if it please your highness.

Cblo. Gods my life ! how he shames me !

Cytb. Not a whit, Chloe, they all think you politick, and witty ; wise women chuse not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth and sovereignty.

Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tib. And would be glad to deserve your love, sir.

Alb. My wife will answer you all, gentlemen ; I'll come to you again presently.

Plau. You have chosen you a most fair companion here, Cytheris, and a very fair house.

Cytb. To both which, you and all my friends are very welcome, Plautia.

Cblo. With all my heart, I assure your ladyship.

Plau. Thanks, sweet mistress Chloe.

Jul. You must needs come to court, lady, i'faith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to us

Ovid. She will deserve it, madam ; I see, even in her looks, gentry, and general worthiness.

Tib.

Tib. I have not seen a more certain character of an excellent disposition.

Alb. Wife.

Cblo. O, they do so commend me here, the courtiers ! what's the matter now ?

Alb. For the banquet, sweet wife.

Cblo. Yes ; and I must needs come to court, and be welcome, the princess says.

Gal. Ovid and Tibullus, you may be bold to welcome your mistress here.

Ovid. We find it so, sir.

Tib. And thank Cornelius Gallus.

Ovid. Nay, my sweet Sextus, in faith thou art not sociable.

Prop. In faith I am not, Publius ; nor I cannot. Sick minds are like sick men that burn with fevers, Who when they drink, please but a present taste, And after bear a more impatient fit. Pray let me leave you ; I offend you all, And my self most.

Gal. Stay, sweet Propertius.

Tib. You yield too much unto your griefs, and fate, Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts us.

Prop. O peace Tibullus ; your philosophy Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds. Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and grieve : The free and unconstrained spirit feels No weight of my oppression.

Ovid. Worthy Roman !

Methinks I taste his misery, and could Sit down, and chide at his malignant stars.

Jul. Methinks I love him, that he loves so truly.

Cyn. This is the perfect'st love, lives after death.

Gal. Such is the constant ground of virtue still.

Plau. It puts on an inseparable face,

Cblo. Have you mark'd every thing, *Crispinus* ?

Cris. Every thing, I warrant you.

Cblo.

Cblo. What gentlemen are these? do you know them?

Cris. I, they are poets, lady.

Cblo. Poets? they did not talk of me since I went, did they?

Cris. O yes, and extoll'd your perfections to the heavens.

Cblo. Now in sincerity they be the finest kind of men that ever I knew: Poets? Could not one get the emperor to make my husband a poet, think you?

Cris. No, lady, 'tis love and beauty make poets: and since you like poets so well, your love and beauties shall make me a poet.

Cblo. What, shall they? and such a one as these?

Cris. I, and a better than these: I would be sorry else.

Cblo. And shall your looks change? and your hair change? and all like these?

Cris. Why, a man may be a poet, and yet not change his hair, lady.

Cblo. Well, we shall see your cunning: yet if you can change your hair, I pray do.

Alb. Ladies, and lordings, there's a slight banquet stays within for you; please you draw near, and accost it.

Jul. We thank you, good *Albius*: but when shall we see those excellent jewels you are commended to have?

Alb. At your ladyship's service. I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'll frequent these plays more than I have done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers.

Gal. Why, how now, *Hermogenes*? what ailest thou trow?

Her. A little melancholy, let me alone, pr'ythee.

Gal. Melancholy! how so?

Her. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me.

Cblo.

Chlo. Is that hard-favour'd gentleman a poet too?
Cytheris?

Cyn. No, this is Hermogenes, as humorous as a poet though: he is a musician.

Chlo. A musician! then he can sing.

Cyth. That he can excellently; did you never hear him?

Chlo. O no: will he be intreated, think you?

Cyth. I know not. Friend, mistress Chloe would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt, his own humanity will command him so far, to the satisfaction of so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll all be suiters to him.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Pr'y thee, Hermogenes.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house I know thou mayst be ever welcome.

Chlo. That he shall in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song? come, he shall not deny her. Hermogenes?

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must do it; he stays but to have their thanks acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want; our self will be the first shall promise to pay him more than thanks, upon a favour so worthily vouchsaf'd.

Her. Thank you, madam, but 'will not sing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him, is to abstain from intreating him.

Cris. Do you love singing, lady?

Chlo. O, passingly.

Cris.

Cris. Intreat the ladies to intreat me to sing them;
I beseech you.

Chlo. I beseech your grace, intreat this gentleman
to sing.

Jul. That we will, Chloe; can he sing excellently?

Chlo. I think so, madam; for he intreated me to
intreat you to intreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven and Earth! would you tell that?

Jul. Good sir, let's intreat you to use your voice.

Cris. Alas, madam, I cannot in truth,

Pla. The gentleman is modest: I warrant you, he
sings excellently.

Ov d. Hermogenes, clear your throat; I see by
him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modesty, sir; but we, out of an
assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your
behalf.

Cris. I thank you, gentlemen, I'll do my best.

Her. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

Gal. O, this contention is excellent. What is
you sing, sir?

Cris. "If I freely may discover," &c. Sir, I'll
sing that.

Ovid. One of your own compositions, Hermogenes.
He offers you 'vantage enough.

Cris. Nay, truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man
—I can sing but one staff of the ditty neither.

Gal. The better: Hermogenes himself will be in-
treated to sing the other.

S O N G.

"IF I freely may discover

"What would please me in my lover:

“ I would have her fair and witty,
 “ Savouring more of court than city;
 “ A little proud, but full of pity:
 “ Light and humorous in her toying,
 “ Oft building hopes, and soon destroying:
 “ Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
 “ Neither too easie, nor too hard:
 “ All extremes I would have barr’d.”

Gal. Believe me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Herm. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you; for I know I sing better than you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

II.

“ She should be allowed her passions,
 “ So they were but us’d as fashions;
 “ Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
 “ Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
 “ Every fit with change still crowning.
 “ Purely jealous I would have her,
 “ Then only constant when I crave her.
 “ ’Tis a virtue should not save her.
 “ Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
 “ Neither her peevishness annoy me.”

Jul. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since been both known and admir’d of us.

Herm. You shall hear me sing another: Now will I begin *.

* You shall hear me sing another: now will I begin.] Horace has given us the character of Hermogenes, which the poet has copied: the preceding song is formed upon the following epigram of Martial.

Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris, nolimve puellam,

Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemve nimis:

Illud quod medium est, atque inter utrumque probamus,

Nec volo quod cruciat, nec volo quod jatiat.

L. i. ep. 25.

Gal. We shall do this gentleman's banquet too much wrong, that stays for us, ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true; and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

Her. Why 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently, pray stay; strike, musick.

Ovid. No, good Hermogenes; we'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be intreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles?

All. Thanks, good Albius.

Alb. O, what a charm of thanks was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old house-keeper, "I had rather want meat, than want guests;" especially if they be courtly guests. For, never trust me if one of their good legs made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife; he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Cris. By your kind leave, master Albius.

Alb. What, you are not gone, master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes faith, I have a design draws me hence pray sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay and see the jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now. Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so in a word, please you to expiate this compliment.

Alb. Mum.

Cris. I'll presently go and engle some broker, for a poet's gown, and bespeak a garland: and then jeweller look to your best jewel i' faith.

A C T I R.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Horace, Crispinus.

[*Hor. lib. i. sat. 9.*]

Hor. **H**A! yes, I will begin an ode so, and it shall be to Mæcenas.

Cris. 'Slid, yonder's Horace! they say he's an excellent poet: Mæcenas loves him. I'll fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I think he be composing as he goes i' the street! ha! 'tis a good humour, if he be: I'll compose too.

Hor. "Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,
"Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim
"Above the brim:

"I drink as I would write,
"In flowing measure fill'd with flame and sprite."

Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva and the muses stand auspicious to thy designs. How far'st thou, sweet man? frolick? rich? gallant? ha?

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir; like my fortunes, well. I am bold to take my leave, sir; you'll nought else, Sir, would you?

Cris. Troth no, but I could wish thou didst know us, Horace; we are a scholar, I assure thee.

Hor. A scholar, sir? I shall be covetous of your fair knowledge.

Cris. Gramercy, good Horace. Nay we are new turn'd poet too, which is more; and a satyrift too, which is more than that: I write just in thy vein, I. I am for your odes, or your sermons, or any thing indeed; we are a gentleman besides; our name is Rufus Laberius Crispinus; we are a pretty Stoick too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I think it, fir.

C 2

Cris.

Crif. By Phœbus, here's a most neat fine street, is't not? I protest to thee, I am enamour'd of this street now, more than of half the streets of Rome again; 'tis so polite, and terse! there's the front of a building now. I study architecture too; if ever I should build, I'd have a house just of that prospective.

Hor. Doubtless, this gallant's tongue has a good turn, when he sleeps.

Crif. I do make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O your city-ladies, you shall ha' 'em sit in every shop like the muses—off'ring you the Castalian dew, and the Thespian liquors, to as many as have but the sweet grace and audacity to—sip of their lips. Did you never hear any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir (but I am in some fear I must now.)

Crif. I'll tell thee some (if I can but recover 'em. I compos'd e'en now of a dressing I saw a jeweller's wife wear, who indeed was a jewel herself: I prefer that kind of tire now; what's thy opinion Horace?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does well, sir.

Crif. I cannot tell, but it stirs me more than all your court-curles, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable-ends, these Tuscan tops nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramids; give me a fine sweet—little delicate dressing with a bodkin, as you say; and a mushroom for all your other ornatures.

Hor. Is't not possible to make an escape from him?

Crif. I have remitted my verses, all this while; think, I ha' forgot 'em.

Hor. Here's he could wish you had else.

Crif. Pray Jove I can entreat 'em of my memory.

Hor. You put your memory to too much trouble

Crif. No, sweet *Horace*, we must not have thee think so.

Hor.

Hor. I cry you mercy ; then, they are my ears
That must be tortur'd : well, you must have patience,

Crif. Pray thee, Horace, observe. (ears.

Hor. Yes, sir ; your sattin sleeve begins to fret at
the rug that is underneath it, I do observe : and your
ample velvet hases are not without evident stains of a
hot disposition naturally.

Crif. O——I'll dye them into another colour, at
pleasure : how many yards of velvet dost thou think
they contain ?

Hor. 'Heart ! I have put him now in a fresh way
To vex me more : faith, sir, your mercer's book
Will tell you with more patience than I can.
(For I am crost, and so's not that, I think.)

Crif. 'Slight, these verses have lost me again : I shall
not invite 'em to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good sir ; rather
(defer it
To a new time ; I'll meet you at your lodging,
Or where you please : 'till then, Jove keep you, sir.

Crif. Nay, gentle Horace, stay ; I have it now.

Hor. Yes, sir. Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter, look
down upon me.

Crif. " Rich was thy hap, sweet dainty cap,

" There to be placed ;

" Where thy smooth black, sleek white may smack,

" And both be graced."

White is there usurpt for her brow ; her fore-head :
and then sleek, as the parallel to smooth, that went
before. A kind of paranomasie, or agnomination : do
you conceive, sir ?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt and
leave you.

Crif. Why what haste hast thou ? pr'y thee stay a
little ; thou shalt not go yet, by Phœbus.

Hor. I shall not? what remedy? fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Crif. And then—

Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.

Crif. Yes do, good Horace.

Hor. Thank you, sir.

Death! I must crave his leave to piss anon;
Or that I may go hence with half my teeth:
I am in some such fear. This tyranny
Is strange, to take mine ears up by commission,
(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls
To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.
Happy thou, bold Bolanus, now I say;
Whose freedom, and impatience of this fellow,
Would long e're this have call'd him fool, and fool,
And ruck and tedious fool, and have flung jests
As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him
Out of the place; whilst my tame modesty
Suffers my wit be made a solemn ass
To bear his fopperies—

Crif. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But—pr'y thee let's prove to enjoy thee a while. Thou hast no business, I assure me. Whither is thy journey directed? ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend that's sick.

Crif. A friend? what's he, do not I know him?

Hor. No, sir, you do not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Crif. What's his name? where's he lodg'd?

Hor. Where I shall be fearful to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence; pray, sir, let's part.

Crif. Nay, but where is't? I pr'y thee say.

Hor. On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by Cæsar's gardens.

Crif. O that's my course directly; I am for you. Come go; why stand'st thou?

Hor.

Hor. Yes, sir: marry the plague is in that part of the city; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Crif. Fough, it is no matter, I fear no pestilence, I ha' not offended Phœbus.

Hor. I have, it seems, or else this heavy scourge Could ne'er have lighted on me——

Crif. Come, along.

Hor. I am to go down some half mile this way, sir, first, to speak with his physician; and from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs—

Crif. Why it's all one, I have nothing to do, and I love not to be idle, I'll bear thee company. How call'st thou the apothecary?

Hor. O that I knew a name would fright him now. Sir, Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir.

There's one so call'd, is a just judge in hell,
And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those,
That (here on earth) torment poor patient spirits.

Crif. He dwells at the Three Furies by Janus's Temple?

Hor. Your 'pothecary does, sir.

Crif. Heart, I owe him money for sweet-meats, and he has laid to arrest me, I hear: but—

Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemn vow, I will never bail any man.

Crif. Well then, I'll swear, and speak him fair, if the worst come. But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.

Hor. That may be, sir, I but guess'd at his name by his sign. But your Minos is a judge too, sir.

Crif. I protest to thee, Horace, (do but taste me once) if I do know my self, and mine own virtues truly, thou wilt not make that esteem of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgive: I would fain see which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facility, than I; or that

could court his mistress, kiss her hand, make better sport with her fan or her dog—

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, sir.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better; you should see me, were it not i' the street——

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have been a reveller, and at my cloth of silver suit, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be again——

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then for my singing, Hermogenes himself envies me, that is your only master of musick you have in Rome.

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Au: convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir: Your father is dead?

Cris. I, I thank Jove, and my grandfather too, and all my kinsfolks, and well compos'd in their urns.

Hor. The more their happiness, that rest in peace, Free from th' abundant torture of thy tongue: Would I were with them too.

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one Sabella, sung,
When in her urn she cast my destiny,
I being but a child.

Cris. What was't, I pray thee?

Hor. She told me I should surely never perish
By famine, poyson, or the enemy's sword;
The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisie †

† *The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisie.*] These were disorders most incident to the climate of Italy: the pleurisie, or *laterum dolor*, we meet with frequently in classic authors; and it is now the most reigning disorder, during the summer months. The Italians call it *la puntura*.

Should never hurt me, nor the tardy gout:
But in my time I should be once surpriz'd
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption:
Therefore, (if I were wise) she warn'd me shun
All such long-winded monsters, as my bane:
For if I could but 'scape that one discourser,
I might (no doubt) prove an old aged man.
By your leave, sir.

Cris. Tut, tut; abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore Jove, now I think on't, I am to appear in court here, to answer to one that has me in suit: sweet Horace, go with me, this is my hour; if I neglect it, the law proceeds against me. Thou art familiar with these things; prithee, if thou lov'st me, go.

Hor. Now, let me die, sir, if I know your laws, Or have the power to stand still half so long In their loud courts, as while a case is argued. Besides, you know sir, where I am to go, And the necessity——

Cris. 'Tis true——

Hor. I hope the hour of my release be come: he will (upon this consideration) discharge me sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtful what I may best do, whether to leave thee or my affairs, Horace.

Hor. O Jupiter! me, sir, me, by any means, I beseech you, me, sir.

Cris. No faith, I'll venture those now; thou shalt see I love thee: come, Horace.

Hor. Nay, then I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that overcomes thus.

Cris. And how deals Mecænas with thee? liberally? ha? is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's still himself, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all most choice spirits, and of the first rank of *Romans*: I do

not know that poet, I protest, has us'd his fortune more prosperously than thou hast. If thou wouldst bring me known to Mecænas, I should second thy desert well; thou shouldst find a good sure assistant of me, one that would speak all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not envying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not live, but I think thou and I (in a small time) should lift them all out of favour, both Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and enjoy him wholly to ourselves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold no longer; This brize has prick'd my patience: sir, your sickness Clearly mistakes Mecænas and his house, To think there breathes a spirit beneath his roof Subject unto those poor affections Of undermining envy and detraction, Moods only proper to base groveling minds. That place is not in Rome, I dare affirm, More pure or free from such low common evils. There's no man griev'd, that this is thought more rich, Or this more learned; each man hath his place, And to his merit his reward of grace, Which with a mutual love they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder! 'tis scarce credible, this.

Hor. I am no torturer to enforce you to believe it; but it is so.

Cris. Why, this enflames me with a more ardent desire to be his, than before; but I doubt I shall find the entrance to his familiarity somewhat more than difficult, Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer him, as you have done me: there's no standing out against you, sir, I see that: either your importunity, or the intimation of your good parts, or——

Cris. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the grooms of his chamber, make his doors open to me that way first, and then I'll observe my times. Say he should extrude me

me his house to day, shall I therefore desist, or let fall
my suit to-morrow? No; I'll attend him, follow him,
meet him i'the street, the high ways, run by his coach,
never leave him. What? man hath nothing given him
in this life without much labour.

Hor. And impudence.

Archer of heaven, Phœbus, take thy bow,
And with a full drawn shaft nail to the earth
This Python, that I may yet run hence and live:
Or brawny Hercules, do thou come down,
And (tho' thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth labour)
Rescue me from this hydra of discourse here.

SCENE II.

Aristius, Horace, Crispinus.

Ari. Horace, well met.

Hor. O welcome, my reliever;
Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransom me.

Ari. What ail'st thou man?

Hor. 'Death, I am seiz'd on here
By a land-remora, I cannot stir,
Nor move, but as he pleases.

Cris. Wilt thou go, Horace?

Hor. Heart! he cleaves to me like Alcides' shirt,
Tearing my flesh and sinews: O, I ha' been vex'd
And tortur'd with him beyond forty fevers.
For Jove's sake, find some means to take me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will; but I'll go first and tell *Mecænas*.

Cris. Come, shall we go?

Aris. The jest will make his eyes run, i'faith.

Hor. Nay, *Aristius*.

Ari. Farewel, Horace.

Hor. 'Death! will a' leave me? Fuscus *Aristius*, do
you hear? Gods of Rome! You said you had some-
what to say to me in private.

Ari. I, but I see you are now employ'd with that
gentle-

gentleman; 'twere offence to trouble you: I'll take some fitter opportunity: farewell.

Hor. Mischief and torment! O my soul and heart, How are you cramp'd with anguish! Death itself Brings not the like convulsions. O, this day, That ever I should view thy tedious face.—

Cris. Horace, what passion, what humour is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigy afflict me not.
(A friend and mock me thus!) Never was man So left under the ax.— How now?

S C E N E III.

Minos, Liſtors, Crispinus, Horace.

Min. That's he, in the embroider'd hat there, with the ash-colour'd feather: his name is Laberius Crispinus.

Liſt. Laberius Crispinus, I arrest you in the emperor's name.

Cris. Me, sir, do you arrest me?

Liſt. I, sir, at the suit of master Minos the apothecary.

Hor. Thanks, great Apollo, I will not slip thy favour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes^s.

Cris. Master Minos? I know no master Minos. Where's Horace? Horace, Horace.

Min. Sir, do not you know me?

Cris. O yes, I know you, master Minos; cry you mercy. But Horace? Gods me, is he gone?

Min. I, and so would you too, if you knew how. Officer look to him.

^s Thanks, great Apollo, I will not slip thy favour, &c.] The preceding scenes are taken from that well known satire of Horace, which describes an accident of this nature, which once befel him by the intrusion of an impertinent; yet many incidents are added by Jonson, which coincide with the character.

Cris. Do you hear, master Minos? pray let's be us'd like a man of our own fashion. By Janus and Jupiter, I meant to have paid you next week every drachm. Seek not to eclipse my reputation thus vulgarly.

Min. Sir, your oaths cannot serve you; you know I have forborn you long.

Cris. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, do not exhale me thus; remember 'tis but for sweet meats——

Lic. Sweet meat must have sour sauce, sir. Come along.

Cris. Sweet master Minos, I am forfeited to eternal disgrace, if you do not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

SCENE IV.

Tucca, Pyrgus, Minos, Licitors, Crispinus, Histrio, Demetrius.

Tuc. Why, how now, my good brace of bloodhounds, whither do you drag the gentleman? You mungrels, you curs, you ban-dogs; we are captain Tucca that talk to you, you inhumane pilchers.

Min. Sir, he is their prisoner.

Tuc. Their pestilence! what are you, sir?

Min. A citizen of Rome, sir.

Tuc. Then you are not far distant from a fool, sir.

Min. A pothecary, sir.

Tuc. I knew thou wast not a physician: fough, out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of lotium and the syringe; away, quack-salver. Follower, my sword.

Pyr. Here, noble leader, you'll do no harm with it; I'll trust you.

Tuc. Do you hear, you good-man slave? Hook, ram, rogue, catch-pole, loose the gentleman, or by my velvet arms——

Lic. What will you do, sir?

Tuc.

Tuc. Kiss thy hand, my honourable active varlet and embrace thee thus. [*The officer strikes up his heels*]

Pyr. O patient metamorphosis!

Tuc. My sword, my tall rascal.

Lic. Nay, soft, sir; some wiser than some.

Tuc. What? and a wit too! by Pluto thou must be cherish'd, slave; here's three drachms for thee; hold.

Pyr. There's half his lendings gone.

Tuc. Give me.

Lic. No, sir, your first word shall stand; I'll hold all.

Tuc. Nay, but, rogue——

Lic. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you.

Tuc. I a rescue? away, inhumane varlet. Come, come, I never relish above one jest at most; do not disgust me, sirrah, do not: rogue, I tell thee, rogue, do not.

Lic. How, sir; rogue?

Tuc. I, why! thou art not angry, rascal, art thou?

Lic. I cannot tell, sir; I am little better upon these terms.

Tuc. Ha! Gods and friends! why, dost hear, rogue thou? give me thy hand; I say unto thee, thy hand, rogue. What, dost not thou know me? not me, rogue? not captain Tucca, rogue?

Min. Come, pra' surrender the gentleman his sword, officer; we'll have no fighting here.

Tuc. What's thy name?

Min. Minos, an't please you.

Tuc. Minos? Come hither, Minos; thou art a wise fellow, it seems; let me talk with thee.

Cris. Was ever wretch so wretched as unfortunate I?

Tuc. Thou art one of the centum-viri, old boy, art not^o?

^o *Thou art one of the CENTUM-VIRI, old boy, art not?* The centum-viri were a body of men, chose three out of every tribe, for the judgment of such matters as the prætors committed to their decision. This office was one of the first steps to public preferment.

Min.

Min. No indeed, master captain.

Tuc. Go to, thou shalt be then; I'll ha' thee one,

Minos. Take my sword from these rascals, dost thou see? go, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee, little Minos?

Min. Fourscore sesterlies, sir.

Tuc. What, no more? Come, thou shalt release him, Minos: what, I'll be his bail, thou shalt take my word, old boy, and cashier these furies: thou shalt do't, I say, thou shalt, little Minos, thou shalt.

Cris. Yes; and as I am a gentleman and a reveller, I'll make a piece of poetry, and absolve all, within these five days.

Tuc. Come, Minos is not to learn how to use a gentleman of quality, I know: my sword: if he pay thee not, I will, and I must, old boy. Thou shalt be my 'pothecary too. Hast good eringos, Minos?

Min. The best in Rome, sir.

Tuc. Go to then—— Vermine, know the house.

Pyr. I warrant you, colonel.

Tuc. For this gentleman, Minos?

Min. I'll take your word, captain.

Tuc. Thou hast it. My sword——

Min. Yes, sir: but you must discharge the arrest, master Crispinus.

Tuc. How, Minos? Look in the gentleman's face, and but read his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, Minos.

Cris. By Jove, sweet captain, you do most infinitely endear and oblige me to you.

Tuc. Tut, I cannot compliment, by Mars; but Jupiter love me, as I love good words and good cloaths, and there's an end. Thou shalt give my boy that girdle and hangers, when thou hast worn them a little more——

Cris. O Jupiter! captain, he shall have them now, presently: Please you to be acceptive, young gentleman.

Pyr.

Pyr. Yes, sir, fear not; I shall accept; I have a pretty foolish humour of taking, if you knew all.

Tuc. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

Cris. By my truth and earnest, but he shall, captain, by your leave.

Tuc. Nay, and a' swear by his truth and earnest, take it, boy; do not make a gentleman forsworn.

Lis. Well, sir, there's your sword; but thank master Minos; you had not carried it as you do else.

Tuc. Minos is just, and you are knaves, and——

Lis. What say you, sir?

Tuc. Pass on, my good scoundrel, pass on, I honour thee: but that I hate to have action with such base rogues as these, you should ha' seen me unrip their noses now, and ha' sent them to the next barbers to stitching⁷; for, do you see—— I am a man of humour, and I do love the varlets, the honest varlets they have wit and valour, and are indeed good profitable——errant rogues, as any live in an empire. Dost thou hear, poetaster? second me. Stand up (Minos) close, gather, yet, so. Sir, (thou shalt have a quarter-share, be resolute) you shall, at my request, take Minos by the hand here, little Minos, I will have it for all friends, and a health: be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do it, little Minos, thou shalt; make us pay it in our physick. What? we must live, and honour the gods sometimes; now Bacchus, now Comus, now Priapus; every god a little. What's he that stalks by there, boy, Pyrgus? You were best let him pass, sirrah; do, ferret, let him pass, do——

Pyr. 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player? call him, call the lousy slave hither: what, will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to

⁷ And have sent 'em to the next barbers to stitching.] The barbers in Jonson's days practis'd many inferior parts of surgery.

a man of war? ha! Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back here: no respect to men of worship, you slave? what, you are proud, you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich, do you, and purchase, you two-penny tear-mouth? you have fortune and the good year on your side, you stinkard, you have, you have.

Hist. Nay, sweet captain, be confin'd to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not? where was your sight, *Cædipus*? you walk with hares eyes, do you? I'll ha' 'em glaz'd, rogue; an' you say the word, they shall be glaz'd for you: come, we must have you turn fidler again, slave, get a base violin at your back and march in a tawney coat, with one sleeve, to goose-fair; then you'll know us, you'll see us then, you will, gulch, you will. Then, will't please your worship to have any musick, captain?

Hist. Nay, good captain.

Tuc. What, do you laugh, *Owleglas*? death, you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows: I have commanded a hundred and fifty such rogues, I.

Pyr. I, and most of that hundred and fifty have been leaders of a legion.

* *What, do you laugh, OWLEGLAS?*] The term *Owle glass*, and its original *Ulen spiegel* occurs more than once in Jonson's plays: it may be proper to explain the rise of it. There is a story-book in Dutch, which is translated into English under the title of, *The history of Owl-glass*. I suppose it to have made its first appearance about this time. There is an allusion to it in the Latin poem called *Grobrianus*, in these verses:

*Fecit idem quondam vir famigeratus ubique,
Nomina cui speculo noctua juncta dedit.*

On which lines the English translator has the following note: "Here the author alludes to a book written in Dutch, intituled, *The life of Uyle-spiegel, or Owl-glass*, an hero of equal rank with Tom Tram in English. I am of opinion, that the famous Ben Jonson had read this book, there being this passage in his play call'd the *Poetaster*, "D'ye hear, Owl-glass." *Translation of Grobianus, b. 1.* The reader has a further account of this term, in a note upon the word, in the *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*.

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, captain.

Tuc. Saist thou so, honest vermin? give me thy hand; thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, captain, most willingly.

Tuc. Dost thou swear? to-morrow then; say and hold, slave. There are some of you players honest gent'men-like scoundrels, and suspected to ha' some wit, as well as your poets, both at drinking and breaking of jests, and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half a dozen shillings, or so. Dost thou not know that Pantalabus there?

Hist. No, I assure you, captain.

Tuc. Go, and be acquainted with him then; he is a gent'man, parcel poet, you slave; his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain, bigger than half the rhimers i' the town again: he was born to fill thy mouth, Minotaurus, he was, he will teach thee to tear and rand. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty, forty shillings, I mean stinkard; give him in earnest do, he shall write for thee, slave. If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travel with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old crack'd trumpet——

Hist. Troth, I think I ha' not so much about me, captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou hast: stiff toe, I'll give my word for the rest; though it lack a shilling or two, it skills not: go, thou art an honest shifter; I'll ha' the statute repeal'd for thee. Minos, I must tell thee, Minos, thou hast dejected yon gent'man's spirit exceedingly; dost observe, dost note, little Minos?

Minos

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Go to then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twenty into his hand, twenty sesterces I mean, and let no body see: go, do it, the work shall commend itself; be Minos, I'll pay.

Min. Yes, forsooth, captain.

2 Pyr. Do not we serve a notable shark?

Tuc. And what new matters have you now a-foot, sirrah? ha! I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one; but they say you ha' nothing but humours, revels, and satires⁹, that gird and fart at the time, you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain; all the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.

Tuc. I hear you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say; I shall be presented by a sort of copper lac'd scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! an' you stage me, stinkard, your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your globes, and your triumphs¹⁰.

Hist. Not we, by Phœbus, captain; do not do us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I wu'not, my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy neuf¹¹. Dost hear? what wilt thou give me

⁹ *You ha' nothing but humours, revels, and satires.*] A compliment paid by the author to his own plays.

¹⁰ *Your GLOBES, and your TRIUMPHS.*] Alluding to play-houses of those names, which were in vogue in the days of Jonson: and by those on the other side of Tyber, mentioned in the preceding speech, are meant the play-houses which were situated on the Bank-side in Southwark.

¹¹ *Reach me thy NEUF.*] *Neuf*, or *nief*, is a northern word for hand or fist.

a week for my brace of beagles here, my little point trussers? you shall ha' them act among ye. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou shalt hear him speak in king Darius' doleful strain.

1 *Pyr.* "O doleful days! O direful deadly dump!
"O wicked world, and worldly wickedness!
"How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
"In rue of this right rascal wretchedness!"

Tuc. In an amorous vein now, sirrah: peace.

1 *Pyr.* "O she is wilder, and more hard, withal"
"Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
"Yet might she love me, to uprear her state:
"I, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
"Yet might she love me, to content her fire:
"I, but her reason masters her desire.
"Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
"I, but I fear she cannot love at all."

Tuc. Now, the horrible fierce soldier, you, sirrah.

1 *Pyr.* "What? will I brave thee? I, and beard thee
"A Roman spirit scorns to bear a brain (too
"So full of base pusillanimity."

Dem. Hist. Excellent.

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that shall ravish thee anon
prick up thine ears, stinkard; the ghost, boys.

1 *Pyr.* Vindicta.

2 *Pyr.* Timoria.

1 *Pyr.* Vindicta.

2 *Pyr.* Timoria.

1 *Pyr.* Veni.

2 *Pyr.* Veni.

Tuc. Now thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling player

¹² O she is wilder, and more hard, withal.] These verses are taken from an old play, called *The Spanish Tragedy*, or *Jeronymo made again*. It was taken notice of before in *Every Man in his Humour*. The preceding speech is of the same kind with that which Shakespear sneers, when he makes Falstaff speak in king Cambyfes' vein; and some of the lines are exactly similar to many of Pistol's rants.

1 *Pyr.*

1 *Pyr.* I, but some body must cry, Murder, then in a small voice.

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do't: cry, firrah, cry.

1 *Pyr.* "Murder, murder."

2 *Pyr.* "Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?"

Dem. Hist. O, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy, brace your drum a little straiter, and do the t'other fellow there, he in the——what sha' call him——and yet stay too.

2 *Pyr.* "Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy foe, And fear shall force what friendship cannot win;

"Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals,

"Villain! thou diest for more respecting her——

1 *Pyr.* "O stay, my lord."

2 *Pyr.* "Than me:

"Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee;

"But if thou dally once again, thou diest."

Tuc. Enough of this, boy.

2 *Pyr.* "Why then lament therefore: damn'd be
(thy guts

"Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus;

"For sparrows must have food ——"

Hist. Pray, sweet captain, let one of them do a little of a lady.

Tuc. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there: do, firrah, do; 'twill allay your fellow's fury a little.

1 *Pyr.* "Master, mock on; the scorn thou givest

"Pray Jove some lady may return on thee." (me,

2 *Pyr.* No, you shall see me do the Moor: master, lend me your scarf a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.

2 *Pyr.* You, master Minos, heark hither a little.

[*They withdraw to make themselves ready.*

Tuc. How dost like him? art not rapt? art not

tickled now? dost not applaud, rascal? dost not applaud?

Hist. Yes: what will you ask for 'em a week, captain?

Tuc. No, you mangonizing slave, I will not part from 'em; you'll sell them for enghles, you: let's ha' good chear to-morrow night at supper, stalker, and then we'll talk; good capon and plover, do you hear, firrah? and do not bring your eating player with you there; I cannot away with him: he will eat a leg of mutton, while I am in my porridge; the lean Poluphagus; his belly is like Barathrum; he looks like a midwife in man's apparel, the slave: nor the villainous out-of-tune fidler *Ænobarbus*, bring not him. What hast thou there? six and thirty? ha!

Hist. No, here's all I have, captain, some five and twenty: pray, sir, will you present and accomodate it unto the gentleman? for mine own part, I am a meer stranger to his humour¹³; besides, I have some business invites me hence, with master *Asinius Lupus* the tribune.

Tuc. Well, go thy ways, pursue thy projects, let me alone with this design; my poetaster shall make thee a play, and thou shalt be a man of good parts in it. But stay, let me see; do not bring your *Æsop*, your politician¹⁴, unless you can ram up his mouth with cloves; the slave smells ranker than some sixteen dunghills, and is seventeen times more rotten. Marry, you may bring *Frisker* my Zany; he's a good

¹³ *Will you present and ACCOMMODATE it to the gentleman? I am a meer stranger to his HUMOUR.*] The author takes care to make his player, who was supposed to have some dealing with the wits, to be perfectly versed in the fashionable expressions of the time: *accomodate* and *humour* have been shewn above to be now first brought into common use.

¹⁴ *Do not bring your Æsop, your politician, &c*] It is probable that Jonson might have in his eye some players of that age, whom he designed, in this speech, to cure of the absurdities he mentions.

skipping swaggerer ; and your fat fool there, my Man-go, bring him too ; but let him not beg rapiers nor scarfs, in his over-familiar playing face, nor roar out his barren bold jests with a tormenting laughter, between drunk and dry. Do you hear, stiff-toe ? give him warning, admonition, to forsake his sawcy glavering grace, and his-goggle eye ; it does not become him, sirrah, tell him so. I have stood up and defended you, I, to gent'men, when you have been said to prey upon pu'nees, and honest citizens, for socks or buskins ; or when they ha' call'd you usurers or brokers, or said you were able to help to a piece of flesh—— I have sworn, I did not think so, nor that you were the common retreats for punks decay'd i' their practice ; I cannot believe it of you——

Hist. Thank you captain : Jupiter and the rest of the gods confine your modern delights without disgust.

Tuc. Stay, thou shalt see the Moor e're thou goest. What's he with the half arms there, that salutes us out of his cloak, like a motion ? ha ?

Hist. O, sir, his doublet's a little decay'd ; he is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town here ; we have hired him to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants, as Tibullus, Mæcenas, Cornelius Gallus, and the rest.

Tuc. And why so, stinkard ?

Hist. O, it will get us a huge deal of money, captain, and we have need on't ; for this winter has made us all poorer than so many starv'd snakes ; no body comes at us, not a gentleman, nor a——

Tuc. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a play of ?

Hist. Faith, not much, captain ; but our author will devise that that shall serve in some sort.

Tuc. Why, my Parnassus here shall help him, if thou wilt. Can thy author do it impudently enough?

Hisp. O, I warrant you, captain, and spitefully enough too; he has one of the most overflowing rank wits in *Rome*; he will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tuc. I'll know the poor egregious, nitty rascal, an' he have these commendable qualities, I'll cherish him, (stay, here comes the Tartar) I'll make a gathering for him, I, a purse, and put the poor slave in fresh rags; tell him so to comfort him. Well said, boy.

[The boy comes in on Minos' shoulders, who stalks as he acts.]

2 Pyr. "Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"

"Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth,
 "And eastern whirlwinds in the hellish shades;
 "Some foul contagion of th' infected heavens
 "Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops
 "The dismal night-raven and tragick owl
 "Breed and become forerunners of my fall."

Tuc. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to seven shares and a half, and remember to-morrow—If you lack a service, you shall play in my name, rascals; but you shall buy your own cloth, and I'll ha' two shares for my countenance. Let thy author stay with me.

Dem. Yes, sir.

Tuc. 'Twas well done, little Minos, thou didst stalk well; forgive me that I said thou stunk'st, Minos; 'twas the favour of a poet I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrils.

Cris. Who? Horace?

Tuc. I, he; dost thou know him?

Cris. O he forsook me most barbarously, I protest.

Tuc. Hang him, fusty satyr, he smells all goat;
 he

he carries a ram under his arm-holes¹⁵, the slave : I am the worse when I see him. Did not Minos impart ?

Crif. Yes, here are twenty drachms he did convey.

Tuc. Well said, keep 'em, we'll share anon ; come, little Minos.

Crif. Faith, captain, I'll be bold to shew you a mistress of mine, 'a jeweller's wife, a gallant, as we go along.

Tuc. There spoke my genius. Minos, some of thy eringoes, little Minos ; send. Come hither, Parnassus, I must ha'thee familiar with my little locust here ; 'tis a good vermin, they say. See, here's Horace, and old Trebatius, the great lawyer, in his company ; let's avoid him now, he is too well seconded.

S C E N E V.

Horace, Trebatius.

Hor. There are to whom I seem excessive [*Hor. sat.*
sowr ; i. lib. 2.

And past a satyrs law t'extend my power :
Others, that think whatever I have writ
Wants pith. and matter to eternize it ;
And that they could, in one day's light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
What shall I do, *Trebatius* ? say.

Treb. Surcease.

Hor. And shall my muse admit no more increase ?

Treb. So I advise.

¹⁵ *He carries a ram under his arm-holes.*] The poet is truly classical in all his ideas ;

—————*Fertur*
Valle sub alarum trux habitare caper,

CATULLUS.

Her.

Hor. An ill death let me die,
If 'twere not best ; but sleep avoids mine eye,
And I use these, lest nights should tedious seem.

Treb. Rather, contend to sleep, and live like them
That holding golden sleep in special price,
Rub'd with sweet oils, swim silver Tyber thrice,
And every ev'n with neat wine steeped be.
Or, if such love of writing ravish thee,
Then dare to sing unconquer'd Cæsar's deeds ;
Who cheers such actions with abundant meeds.

Hor. That, father, I desire ; but when I try,
I feel defects in every faculty :
Nor is't a labour fit for every pen,
To paint the horrid troops of armed men,
The lances burst, in Gallia's slaughter'd forces ;
Or wounded Parthians, tumbled from their horses :
Great Cæsar's wars cannot be fought with words.

Treb. Yet, what his virtue in his peace affords,
His fortitude and justice thou canst show ;
As wise Lucilius honour'd Scipio.

Hor. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such slight labours may aspire respect :
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble words of Flaccus cannot climb
Th' attentive ear of Cæsar ; nor must I
With less observance shun gross flattery :
For he, reposed safe in his own merit,
Spurns back the gloses of a fawning spirit.

Treb. But how much better would such accents sound
Than with a sad and serious verse to wound
Pantolabus, railing in his saucy jests ?
Or Nomentanus spent in riotous feasts ?

“ In satyrs, each man (tho' untouch'd) complains
“ As he were hurt ; and hates such biting strains.”

Hor. What shall I do ? Milonius shakes his heels
In ceaseless dances, when his brain once feels

The stirring fervour of the wine ascend ;
 And that his eyes false numbers apprehend.
 Castor his horse, Pollux loves handy-fights :
 A thousand heads, a thousand choice delights.
 My pleasure is in feet my words to close,
 As, both our better, old Lucilius, does :
 He, as his trusty friends, his books did trust
 With all his secrets ; nor, in things unjust,
 Or actions lawful, ran to other men :
 So that the old man's life describ'd, was seen
 As in a votive table in his lines :
 And to his steps my genius inclines ;
 Lucanian, or Apulian, I know not whether ;
 For the Venusian colony plows either :
 Sent thither, when the Sabines were forc'd thence
 (As old Fame sings) to give the place defence
 'Gainst such as seeing it empty might make rode
 Upon the empire ; or there fix abode :
 Whether the Apulian borderer it were,
 Or the Lucanian violence they fear.
 But this my stile no living man shall touch,
 If first I be not forc'd by base reproach ;
 But like a sheathed sword it shall defend
 My innocent life ; for why should I contend
 To draw it out, when no malicious thief
 Robs my good name, the treasure of my life ?
 O Jupiter, let it with rust be eaten,
 Before it touch or insolently threaten
 The life of any with the least disease ;
 So much I love, and wooe a general peace.
 But, he that wrongs me, better I proclaim,
 He never had assay'd to touch my fame.
 For he shall weep, and walk with every tongue
 Throughout the city, infamously sung.
 Servius the prætor threatens the laws, and urn,
 If any at his deeds repine or spurn ;

The

The witch Canidia, that Albutius got,
Denounceth witchcraft, where she loveth not :
Thurius, the judge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
To such as strive with his judicial will.

" All men affright their foes in what they may,
" Nature commands it, and men must obey."

Observe with me ; " The wolf his tooth doth use ;
" The bull his horn. And who doth this infuse,
" But nature ? " There's luxurious Scæva ; trust
His long liv'd mother with him , his so just
And scrupulous right-hand no mischief will ;
No more than with his heel a wolf will kill,
Or ox with jaw : marry, let him alone
With temper'd poyson to remove the croan.
But briefly, if to age I destin'd be,
Or that quick death's black wings environ me ;
If rich, or poor ; at Rome ; or fate command
I shall be banish'd to some other land ;
What hue soever my whole state shall bear,
I will write satyrs still, in spite of fear.

Treb. Horace I fear, thou draw'st no lasting breath
And that some great man's friend will be thy death.

Hor. What ? when the man that first did satyrise
Durst pull the skin over the ears of vice,
And make, who stood in outward fashion clear,
Give place, as foul within ; shall I forbear ?
Did Lælius, or the man so great with fame,
That from sack'd Carthage fetch'd his worthy name,
Storm that Lucilius did Metellus pierce ?
Or bury Lupus quick in famous verse ?
Rulers, and subjects, by whole tribes he checkt,
But virtue and her friends did still protect :
And when from sight, or from the judgment-seat,
The virtuous Scipio and wise Lælius met,
Unbrac'd, with him in all light sports they shar'd,
Till their most frugal suppers were prepar'd.

Whate'd

Whate'er I am, though both for wealth and wit,
Beneath Lucilius I am pleas'd to sit ;
Yet Envy (spight of her empoysoned breast)
Shall say, I liv'd in grace here with the best ;
And seeking in weak trash to make her wound,
Shall find me solid, and her teeth unsound :
Lest learn'd Trebatius' censure disagree.

Treb. No, Horace, I of force must yield to thee ;
Only take heed, as being advis'd by me,
Lest thou incur some danger : better pause,
Than rue thy ignorance of the sacred laws ;
There's justice, and great action may be su'd
Gainst such as wrong mens fames with verses lewd.

Hor. I, with lewd verses, such as libels be,
And aim'd at persons of good quality.
I reverence and adore that just decree :
But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rhimes,
That spare mens persons, and but tax their crimes,
Such shall in open court find current pass,
Were Cæsar judge, and with the maker's grace.

Treb. Nay I'll add more ; if thou thy self being clear,
Shall tax in person a man fit to bear
Shame and reproach, his suit shall quickly be
Dissolv'd in laughter, and thou thence sit free.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Chloe, Cytheris.

Chlo. **B**UT, sweet lady, say ; am I well enough
attir'd for the court, in sadness ?

Cyth. Well enough ? excellent well, sweet mistress
Chloe, this strait-bodied city attire (I can tell you) will
stir

stir a courtier's blood, more than the finest look
sacks the ladies use to be put in ; and then you are
as well jewell'd as any of them, your ruff and linnen
about you is much more pure than theirs ; and for
your beauty, I can tell you, there's many of them
would defie the painter, if they could change with
you. Marry, the worst is, you must look to be en-
vied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

Cblo. O Jove, madam, I shall buy them too cheap
give me my muff, and my dog there. And will the
ladies be any thing familiar with me, think you ?

Cytb. O Juno ! why you shall see 'em flock about
you with their puff-wigs, and ask you where you
bought your lawn, and what you paid for it ? what
starches you ? and entreat you to help 'em to some
pure landresses out of the city.

Cblo. O Cupid ! give me my fan, and my mask too.
And will the lords, and the poets there, use one well
too, lady ?

Cytb. Doubt not of that ; you shall have kisses from
them, go pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, upon your lips, as
thick as stones out of slings at the assault of a city.
And then your ears will be so furr'd with the breath
of their compliments, that you cannot catch cold on
your head (if you would) in three winters after.

Cblo. Thank you, sweet lady. O heaven ! and how
must one behave her self amongst 'em ? you know all.

Cytb. Faith, impudently enough, mistress Chloe
and well enough. Carry not too much under-thought
betwixt yourself and them ; nor your city-mannerly
word (forsooth) use it not too often in any case ; be
plain, I, madam, and no madam : nor never say, your
lordship, nor your honour ; but, you, and you my
lord, and my lady : the other they count too simple
and minisive. And though they desire to kiss hea-
ven with their titles, yet they will count them fools
that give them too humbly.

Cblo.

Chlo. O intolerable, Jupiter! by my troth, lady, I would not for a world but you had lain in my house; and i' faith you shall not pay a farthing for your board, nor your chambers.

Cyth. O sweet mistress Chloe.

Chlo. I' faith you shall not, lady; nay, good lady, do not offer it.

S C E N E II.

Gallus, Tibullus, Cytheris, Chloë.

Gal. Come, where be these ladies? By your leave, bright stars, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court; where your late kind entertainment is now to be requited with a heavenly banquet.

Cyth. A heavenly banquet, Gallus?

Gal. No less, my dear Cytheris.

Tib. That were not strange, lady, if the epithet were only given for the company invited thither; your self, and this fair gentlewoman.

Chlo. Are we invited to court, sir?

Tib. You are, lady, by the great princess Julia; who longs to greet you with any favours that may worthily make you an often courtier.

Chlo. In sincerity, I thank her, sir. You have a coach, ha' you not?

Tib. The princess hath sent her own, lady.

Chlo. O Venus! that's well: I do long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

Cyth. But, sweet Gallus, pray you resolve me why you give that heavenly praise to this earthly banquet?

Gal. Because (Cytheris) it must be celebrated by the heavenly powers: all the gods and goddesses will be there; to two of which you two must be exalted.

Chlo.

Chlo. A pretty fiction in truth.

Cytl. A fiction indeed, Chloe, and fit for the fit of a poet.

Gal. Why, Cytheris, may not poets (from whose divine spirits all the honours of the gods have been deduc'd) intreat so much honour of the gods, to have their divine presence at a poetical banquet?

Cytl. Suppose that no fiction; yet, where are your habilities to make us two goddesses at your feast?

Gal. Who knows not (Cytheris) that the sacred breath of a true poet can blow any virtuous humanity up to deity?

Tib. To tell you the female truth (which is the simple truth) ladies; and to shew that poets (in spight of the world) are able to deifie themselves; at this banquet, to which you are invited, we intend to assume the figures of the gods; and to give our several loves the forms of goddesses. Ovid will be Jupiter; the princess Julia, Juno; Gallus here, Apollo; you Cytheris, Pallas; I will be Bacchus; and my love Plautia, Ceres: and to install you and your husband, fair Chloe, in honours equal with ours, you shall be a goddess, and your husband a god.

Chlo. A god? O my God!

Tib. A god, but a lame god, lady; for he shall be Vulcan, and you Venus. And this will make our banquet no less than heavenly.

Chlo. In sincerity, it will be sugred. Good Jove, what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a poet! but hark you, sweet Cytheris, could they not possibly leave out my husband? methinks a bodies husband does not so well at court; a bodies friend, or so—but husband, 'tis like your clog to your Marmaset, for all the world and the heavens.

Cytl. Tut, never fear, Chloe; your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when

when you shall be put in i' the closet, by this lord,
and by that lady.

Chlo. Nay then I am satisfied, he shall go.

S C E N E III.

*Gallus, Horace, Tibullus, Crispinus, Tucca, Demetrius,
Cytheris, Chloë.*

Gal. Horace ! welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news ?

Tib. What news, my Quintus ?

Hor. Our melancholick friend, Propertius,
Hath clos'd himself up in his Cynthia's tomb ;
And will by no intreaties be drawn thence.

Alb. Nay, good master Crispinus, pray you bring
near the gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus ? Hide me, good Gallus : Tibullus,
shelter me.

Cris. Make your approach, sweet captain.

Tib. What means this, Horace ?

Hor. I am surpriz'd again, farewell.

Gal. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tir'd on by yond' ' vulture ? No :
Phœbus defend me.

Tib. 'Slight, I hold my life,
This same is he met him in Holy-street.

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of Proper-
tius relisheth very strange with me.

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat scoundrel : what, is
this the mad boy you talk'd on ?

Cris. I, this is master Albius, captain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon ; we hear

¹ And be TIR'D on by yond' vulture] And be prey'd on, or torn to
pieces by yond' vulture. To tire is a term in Falconry, and signi-
fies the throwing the hawk or falcon a wing, or any part of a chic-
ken, to pull in pieces.

abroad thou art the Hector of citizens : what say
thou ? are we welcome to thee, noble Neptolemus ?

Alb. Welcome, captain, by Jove and all the gods
i' the Capitol——

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of the
is thy wedlock¹, Menelaus ? thy Helen ? thy
Larce ? that we may do her honour, mad boy.

Cris. She i' the little fine dressing, sir, is my
tress.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better, prophane rascal ? I cry thee me
(my good scroil) was't thou ?

Alb. No harm, captain.

Tuc. She is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpomene : or
hither Penelope ; what's thy name, Iris ?

Cblo. My name is Chloe, sir ; I am a gentle
woman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empress (Chloe
for an eye and a lip ; thou hast an emperor's nose)
kiss me again : 'tis a virtuous punk ; so. By
Jove, the gods were a sort of gossings, when
suffered so sweet a breath to perfume the bed of
stinkard : thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe ; the fates
infatuate, they were, punk, they were.

Cblo. That's sure, sir : let me crave your name
pray you, sir.

Tuc. I am known by the name of captain
punk ; the noble Roman, punk : a gentleman, a
commander, punk.

Cblo. In good time : a gentleman, and a commander
er ? that's as good as a poet, methinks.

¹ Which of these is thy WEDLOCK ?] i. e. thy wife. So *matrimonium* is used for *uxor* more than once by Justin. Mr. Symonds
In the same sense Fletcher,

“ Restore my matrimony undefiled.”

Little French lawyer, &c.

Cris. A pretty instrument! It's my cousin Cytheris' viol this, is't not?

Cyth. Nay, play, cousin; it wants but such a voice and hand to grace it, as yours is.

Cris. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspir'd.

Cyth. 'Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin; you know I do not hate you.

Tib. A most subtle wench! how she hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a song!

Cris. Cousin, 'pray you call mistress Chloe; she shall hear an essay of my poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her. Come hither, cockatrice: here's one will set thee up, my sweet punk, set thee up.

Chlo. Are you a poet so soon, sir?

Alb. Wife, mum.

S O N G

" Love is blind, and a wanton;
 " In the whole world, there is scant —
 " One such another:
 " No, not his mother.
 " He hath pluckt her doves and sparrows,
 " To feather his sharp arrows,
 " And alone prevaieth,
 " Whilst sick Venus waieth.
 " But if Cypris once recover
 " The wag; it shall behove her
 " To look better to him:
 " Or she will undo him.

Alb. O, most odoriferous musick!

Tuc. Aha, stinkard! Another Orpheus, you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion riding on the back of a dolphin, rascal!

Gal. Have you a copy of this ditty, sir?

Cris. Master Albius has.

Alb. I, but in truth they are my wife's verses, I may not shew 'em.

Tuc. Shew 'em, bankrupt, shew 'em; they have been in 'em, and will brook the air, stinkard.

Gal. How! to his bright mistress Canidia?

Cris. I, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovid's Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis or Delia, Tibullus.

Gal. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why, the ditty's all borrowed; 'tis Horace's hang him, plagiarist.

Tuc. How? he borrow of Horace? he shall pay himself to ten brokers first. Do you hear, Poetaster? I know you to be men of worship—He shall write with Horace, for a talent; and let Mecænas and his whole college of criticks take his part: thou shalt do, young Phœbus; thou shalt, Phaeton, thou shalt.

Dem. Alas, sir, Horace! he is a meer sponge; nothing but humours and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home squeezes himself dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou say'st true, my poor poetical fury, he will pen all he knows. A sharp thorny-tooth'd satirical rascal, fly him; he carries hay in his horn: he will sooner lose his best friend, than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper, against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave, tankard bearer, or water-man; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-house, but shall point at him: 'tis all dog, and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail. Fough, body of Jove! I'll have the slave whipt one of these days for his satires and his humours, by one cashier'd clerk or another.

Cris. We'll undertake him, captain.

Dem. I, and tickle him i'faith, for his arrogance and

his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his translating¹, I can trace him i'faith. O, he is the most open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new suit I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new suit; sling him, my little neusts; I'll give you instructions: I'll be your intelligencer, we'll all joyn, and hang upon him like so many horse-leeches, the players and all. We shall sup together, soon; and then we'll conspire i'faith.

Gal. O that Horace had stayed still here.

Tib. So would not I; for both these would have turn'd Pythagoreans then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. I, as fishes i'faith: come, ladies, shall we go?

Cyth. We wait you, sir. But mistress Chloe asks, if you have not a God to spare for this gentleman.

Gal. Who, captain Tuca?

Cyth. I, he.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Cblo. Has Mars any thing to do with Venus?

Tib. O most of all, lady.

Cblo. Nay, then I pray let him be invited; and what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, mistress Chloe.

Cblo. Mercury? that's a poet? is't?

¹ For his impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating.] This play was purposely intended to lash Decker the poet, who is designed by the character of Crispinus. Decker returned the attack against Jonson, whom he endeavoured to expose to the public ridicule in his *Satiricon*, or *the untrussing of the humorous poet*, where Jonson was stiled Horace jun. since in this play by Horace was meant himself. It is for this reason, perhaps, more than any other, that we have such long translations in this piece. As our poet was censured for his imitations, he was resolved to give full scope to the vulgar clamour by long and direct versions from his favourite author, whose character he had here assumed.

Gal. No, lady, but somewhat inclining that way ; he is a herald at arms.

Cblo. A herald at arms ? good ; and Mercury ? pretty ; he has to do with Venus too ?

Tib. A little with her face, lady ; or so.

Cblo. 'Tis very well ; pray let's go, I long to be at it.

Cyrb. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along ?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevail, lady. Come, sweet captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow : but thou must not talk of this now, my little bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here, mum.

Dem. I'll go write, sir.

Tuc. Do, do, stay : there's a drachm to purchase ginger-bread for thy muse.

S C E N E IV.

Lupus, Histrion, Licitors, Minos, Mecenas, Horace.

Lup. Come, let us talk here ; here we may be private : shut the door, Licitor. You are a player, you say.

Hist. I, an't please your worship.

Lup. Good : and how are you able to give this intelligence ?

Hist. Marry, sir, they directed a letter to me and my fellow-sharers.

Lup. Speak lower, you are not now i' your theatre stager : my sword, knave. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers : forward.

Hist. Yes, sir ; to hire some of our properties ; as sceptre, and crown, for Jove ; and a Caduceus for Mercury : and a Petasus——

Lup. Caduceus? and Petasus? let me see your letter. This is a conjuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'll act a tragœdie, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serve these poets to prophane? dispatch. Player, I thank thee. The emperor shall take knowledge of thy good service. Who's there now? Look, knave. A crown and a sceptre? this is good rebellion, now!

Lic. 'Tis your 'pothecary, sir, master Minos.

Lup. What tell'st thou me of 'pothecaries, knave? Tell him, I have affairs of state in hand; I can talk to no 'pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the 'pothecary there.

You shall see, I have fish'd out a cunning piece of plot now: they have had some intelligence, that their project is discover'd, and now have they dealt with my 'pothecary, to poyson me; 'tis so; knowing that I meant to take physick to day: as sure as death, 'tis there. Jupiter, I thank thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician. You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there; I have an antidote more than you wot off, sir; throw it on the ground there: so. Now fetch in the dog; and yet we cannot tarry to try experiments now: arrest him, you shall go with me, sir I'll tickle you, 'pothecary; I'll give you a glister, i' faith. Have I the letter? I, 'tis here. Come, your fasces, lictors: the half pikes and the halberds, take them down from the Lares, there. Player, assist me.

Mec. Whither now, Asinius Lupus, with this armory?

Lup. I cannot talk now; I charge you assist me: treason, treason.

Hor. How? treason?

Lup. I: if you love the emperor, and the state, follow me.

S C E N E V.

*Ovid, Julia, Gallus, Cytheris, Tibullus, Plautia, Albius,
Chloe, Tucca, Crispinus, Hermogenes, Pyrgus.*

Ovid. Gods and goddesses, take your several seats.
Now, Mercury, move your Caduceus, and in Jupiter's
name command silence.

Cris. In the name of Jupiter, silence.

Her. The crier of the court hath too clarified a voice.

Gal. Peace, Momus.

Ovid. Oh, he is the god of reprehension ; let him
alone. 'Tis his office. Mercury, go forward, and
proclaim after Phœbus, our high pleasure, to all the
deities that shall partake this high banquet.

Cris. Yes, sir.

<i>Gal.</i> The great god, Jupiter.	<i>Cris.</i> The great, &c.
Of his licentious goodness,	Of his, &c.
Willing to make this feast, no fast	Willing, &c.
From any manner of pleasure ;	From any, &c.
Nor to bind any god or goddess,	Nor to, &c.
To be any thing the more god or	
goddess, for their names :	To be, &c.
He gives them all free licence	He gives, &c.
To speak no wiser than persons of	
baser titles ;	To speak, &c.
And to be nothing better, than com-	
mon men, or women.	And to, &c.
And therefore no god	And there, &c.
Shall need to keep himself more strict-	
ly to his goddess	Shall need, &c.
Than any man do's to his wife.	Than any, &c.
Nor any goddess	Nor any, &c.
Shall need to keep herself more strict-	
ly to her god,	Shall need, &c.
Than any woman do's to her husband.	Than any, &c.
	But,

But, since it is no part of wisdom,
In these days, to come into bonds ;
It shall be lawful for every lover,
To break loving oaths,

But, since, &c.
In these, &c.
It shall, &c.
To break, &c.

To change their lovers, and make love
to others,

To change, &c.

As the heat of every ones blood,
And the spirit of our nectar shall in-
spire.

As the, &c.

And Jupiter, save Jupiter.

And Jupiter, &c.

Tib. So : now we may play the fools by authority.

Her. To play the fool by authority is wisdom.

Jul. Away with your mattery sentences, Momus ;
they are too grave and wise for this meeting.

Ovid. Mercury, give our jester a stool, let him sit
by ; and reach him one of our cates.

Tuc. Dost hear, mad Jupiter ? we'll have it enacted,
He that speaks the first wise word, shall be made cuck-
old. What say'st thou ? Is't not a good motion ?

Ovid. Deities, are you all agreed ?

All. Agreed, great Jupiter.

Alb. I have read in a book, that to play the fool
wisely, is high wisdom.

Gal. How now, Vulcan ! will you be the first wi-
zard ?

Ovid. Take his wife, Mars, and make him cuckold
quickly.

Tuc. Come, cockatrice.

Cblo. No, let me alone with him, Jupiter : I'll make
you take heed, sir, while you live again ; if there be
twelve in a company, that you be not the wisest of 'em.

Alb. No more ; I will not indeed, wife, hereafter ;
I'll be here : mum.

Ovid. Fill us a bowl of nectar, Ganymede : we will
drink to our daughter Venus.

Gal. Look to your wife, Vulcan : Jupiter begins to
court her.

Tib.

Tib. Nay, let Mars look to it: Vulcan must do as Venus does, bear.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy: Catamite. Look, you play Ganymede well now, you slave. Do not spill your nectar; carry your cup even: so. You should have rub'd your face with whites of eggs, you rascal; till your brows had shone like our sooty brother's here, as sleek as a horn-book: or ha' steep't your lips in wine, 'till you made them so plump, that Juno might have been jealous of 'em. Punk, kiss me, punk.

Ovid. Here, daughter Venus, I drink to thee.

Cblo. 'Thank you, good father Jupiter.

Tuc. Why, mother Juno! gods and fiends! what wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?

Tib. Mars is enrag'd, he looks big, and begins to stut for anger*.

Her. Well played, captain Mars.

Tuc. Well said, minstrel Momus: I must put you in, must I? when will you be in good fooling of yourself, fidler? never?

Her. O, 'tis our fashion to be silent, when there is a better fool in place ever.

Tuc. Thank you, rascal.

Ovid. Fill to our daughter Venus, Ganymede, who fills her father with affection.

Jul. Wilt thou be ranging, Jupiter, before my face?

Ovid. Why not, Juno? why should Jupiter stand in awe of thy face, Juno?

Jul. Because it is thy wife's face, Jupiter.

Ovid. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wife's face? will she paint it so horribly? we are a king, coquean; and we will reign in our pleasures; and we will cudgel thee to death, if thou find fault with us.

* *And begins to STUT for anger.] i. e. to flutter or stammer; extremely common to persons in a passion. Hence there is no necessity to adopt the word strut, which has been conjecturally proposed as the juster reading.*

Jul. I will find fault with thee, king cuckold-maker; what, shall the king of gods turn the king of good-fellows, and have no fellow in wickedness? This makes our poets, that know our profaneness, live as profane as we: by my god-head, Jupiter, I will join with all the other gods here, bind thee hand and foot, throw thee down into the earth, and make a poor poet of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

Gal. A good smart-tongu'd goddess, a right Juno.

Ovid. Juno, we will cudgel thee, Juno; we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert jealous of us for Thetis.

Pyr. Nay, to-day she had me in inquisition too.

Tuc. Well said, my fine Phrygian fry, inform, inform. Give me some wine, king of heralds, I may drink to my cockatrice.

Ovid. No more, Ganymede, we will cudgel thee, Juno; by Styx, we will.

Jul. I, 'tis well, gods may grow impudent in iniquity, and they must not be told of it——

Ovid. Yea, we will knock our chin against our breast, and shake thee out of Olympus into an oyster-boat, for thy scolding.

Jul. Your nose is not long enough to do it, Jupiter, if all thy strumpets thou hast among the stars took thy part. And there is never a star in thy forehead but shall be a horn, if thou persist to abuse me.

Cris. A good jest i'faith.

Ovid. We tell thee, thou anger'st us, cot-quean; and we will thunder thee in pieces for thy cot-queanity.

Cris. Another good jest.

Alb. O, my hammers and my Cyclops! "this boy
"fills not wine enough to make us kind enough to
"one another."

Tuc. Nor thou hast not collied thy face enough, stinkard.

Alb.

Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.

Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker, then.

Alb. "Wine and good livers make true lovers;" I'll sentence them together. Here father, here mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk, and forget this dissention^{*}; you two should cling together before our faces, and give us example of unity.

Gal. O, excellently spoken, Vulcan, on the sudden!

Tib. Jupiter may do well to prefer his tongue to some office for his eloquence.

Tuc. His tongue shall be gentleman-usher to his wit, and still go before it.

Alb. An excellent fit office!

Cris. I, and an excellent good jest besides.

Her. What, have you hired Mercury to cry your jests you make?

Ovid. Momus, you are envious.

Tuc. Why, I, you whoreson blockhead, 'tis your only block of wit in fashion, now-a-days, to applaud other folks jests.

Her. True; with those that are not artificers themselves. Vulcan, you nod, and the mirth of the jest droops.

Pyr. He has fill'd nectar so long, 'till his brain swims in it.

Gal. What, do we nod, fellow-gods? Sound musick, and let us startle our spirits with a song.

Tuc. Do, Apollo, thou art a good musician.

Gal. What says Jupiter?

Ovid. Ha? ha?

Gal. A song.

^{*} Here father, here mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk, &c.] Alb. who represents Vulcan, does not act out of character: the poet had Homer in his eye, who reconciles the quarrelsome deities by Vulcan's buffoonery and archness of behaviour, who takes on himself the office of skinker to the celestial assembly.

Ovid. Why, do, do, sing.

Pla. Bacchus, what say you?

Tib. Ceres?

Plan. But, to this song?

Tib. Sing, for my part.

Jul. Your belly weighs down your head, Bacchus;
here's a song toward.

Tib. Begin, Vulcan——

Alb. What else? what else?

Tuc. Say, Jupiter——

Ovid. Mercury——

Cris. I, say, say——

S O N G.

“**W**AKE, our mirth begins to die,
“ Quicken it with tunes and wines:
“ Raise your notes; you're out: fie, fie.
“ This drowiness is an ill sign.
“ We banish him the quire of gods,
“ That droops agen:
“ Then all are men,
“ For here's not one, but nods.”

Ovid. I like not this sudden and general heaviness
amongst our god-heads; 'tis somewhat ominous. A-
pollo, command us louder musick, and let Mercury
and Momus contend to please and revive our senses.

S O N G.

Herm. “**T**HEN, in a free and lofty strain,
“ Our broken tunes we thus repair;
Cris. “ And we answer them again,
“ Running division on the panting air;
Ambo. “ To celebrate this feast of sense,
“ As free from scandal as offence.

Herm.

Herm. "Here is beauty for the eye ;

Cris. "For the ear sweet melody ;

Herm. "Ambrosiack odours, for the smell ;

Cris. "Delicious nectar for the taste ;

Ambo. "For the touch, a lady's waste ;

"Which doth all the rest excel !"

Ovid. I, this has wak'd us. Mercury, our herald go from ourself, the great god Jupiter, to the great emperor Augustus Cæsar, and command him from us, of whose bounty he hath received the surname Augustus, that for a thank-offering to our beneficence he presently sacrifice, as a dish to this banquet, his beautiful and wanton daughter Julia : she's a coquette, tell him, and plays the scold behind his back therefore let her be sacrificed. Command him then Mercury, in our high name of Jupiter Altitonans.

Jul. Stay, feather-footed Mercury, and tell Augustus, from us the great Junio Saturnia ; if he thinks hard to do as Jupiter hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that he had better do so ten times than suffer her to love the well-nos'd poet, Ovid whom he shall do well to whip, or cause to be whipt about the Capitol, for soothing her in her follies.

S C E N E VI.

Cæsar, Mæcenas, Horace, Lupus, Histrion, Minos, Lilius, Ovid, Gallus, Tibullus, Tucca, Crispinus, Albius, Domogenes, Pyrgus, Julia, Cysberis, Plautia, Chloë.

Cæs. What sight is this ? Mæcenas ! Horace !
Have we our senses ? do we hear and see ?

Cæs. What sight is this ? Mæcenas, Horace, say !
Have we our senses ? do we hear and see ?] The friends
of Ovid may have much to object to the justice of

Or are these but imaginary objects
 Drawn by our phantasie? Why speak you not?
 "Let us do sacrifice?" Are they the gods?
 Reverence, amaze, and fury fight in me.
 What, do they kneel? Nay, then I see 'tis true
 I thought impossible: O impious sight!
 Let me divert mine eyes; the very thought
 Everts my soul with passion; look not, man,
 There is a panther, whose unnatural eyes
 Will strike thee dead: turn then, and die on her
 [He offers to kill his daughter.
 With her own death.

Mec. Hor. What means imperial Cæsar?

Cæs. What? would you have me let the strumpet live,
 That, for this pageant, earns so many deaths?

in his design of the preceding scene. Ovid had faults enough to answer for, without being charged with others of mere invention. It is generally supposed, that he was banished by Augustus, for an amour with his daughter Julia: and this circumstance our poet mentions with propriety: and he fancied, I presume, that an entertainment of the kind represented, was not inconsistent with the luxuriance of Ovid's imagination. But the truth is, that Jonson is partial; and Ovid does not appear to have had any share in the contrivance. Let us transfer, then, the infamy of this feast to its real author, who is no other than the emperor himself. The account is preserved in Suetonius, who tells us, that on this occasion, Augustus assumed the dress and character of Apollo. *Cæna quoque ejus secretior in fabulis fuit, quæ vulgo Δαδινάδιος vocabatur: in quâ deorum deorumque habitu discubuisse convivæ, et ipsum pro Apolline ornatum, non Antonii modo epistolæ singulorum nomina amarissime enumerantis exprobrant, sed et sine auctore notissimi versus:*

Cum primum istorum conduxit mensa Chorum,

Sexque deos vidit Mallia, sexque deas:

Impia dum Phœbi Cæsar mendacia ludit,

Dum nova divorum cœnat adulteria;

Omnia se à terris tunc numina declinârunt,

Fugit et auratos Jupiter ipse thronos.

Auxit cœnæ rumorem summa tunc in civitate penuria ac fames: acclamatumque est postridie, frumentum omne deos comedisse, et Cæsarem plane esse Apollinem, sed tortorem: quo cognomine is deus quadam in parte urbis colebatur. Sueton. August. c. 70. Jonson was desirous of representing Augustus as a perfect character, but he was far otherwise.

Tuc.

Tuc. Boy, sink boy.

Pyr. Pray Jupiter we be not followed by the secret master.

Ces. Say, sir, what are you?

Alb. I play Vulcan, sir.

Ces. But what are you, sir?

Alb. Your citizen and jeweller, sir.

Ces. And what are you, dame?

Chlo. I play Venus, forsooth.

Ces. I ask not what you play, but what you are.

Chlo. Your citizen and jeweller's wife, sir.

Ces. And you, good sir?

Cris. Your gentleman parcel-poet, sir.

Ces. O, that profaned name!

And are these secretly company for thee,
 Degenerate monster? all the rest I know,
 And hate all knowledge for their hateful sakes.
 Are you, that first the deities inspir'd
 With skill of their high natures and their powers,
 The first abusers of their useful light;
 Profaning thus their dignities in their forms;
 And making them, like you, but counterfeits?
 O, who shall follow virtue and embrace her,
 When her false bosom is found nought but air?
 And yet of those embraces centaurs spring,
 That war with human peace, and poison men.

Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend
 Her unseen being and her excellence;
 When you that teach, and should eternize her,
 Live as she were no law unto your lives:
 Nor liv'd herself but with your idle breaths?
 If you think gods but feign'd, and virtue painted,
 Know we sustain an actual residence,
 And with the title of an emperor,
 Retain his spirit and imperial power;
 By which, (in imposition too remiss
 - Licentious Naso, for thy violent wrong,

In soothing the declin'd affections
Of our base daughter) we exile thy feet
From all approach to our imperial court,
On pain of death; and thy mis-gotten love
Commit to patronage of iron doors;
Since her soft-hearted sire cannot contain her.

Mec. O, good my lord, forgive, be like the gods.

Hor. Let royal bounty, Cæsar, mediate.

Cæs. There is no bounty to be shew'd to such
As have no real goodness: bounty is
A spice of virtue; and what virtuous act
Can take effect on them, that have no power
Of equal habitude to apprehend it,
But live in worship of that idol, vice,
As if there were no virtue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, merely enforc'd?
This shews their knowledge is mere ignorance,
Their far-fetch'd dignity of soul a fancy,
And all their square pretext of gravity
A mere vain-glory: hence, away with 'em.
I will prefer for knowledge, none but such
As rule their lives by it, and can becalm
All sea of humour with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: others fight below
With gnats and shadows, others nothing know.

S C E N E VII.

*Tucca, Crispinus, Pyrgus, Horace, Mæcenas, Lupus,
Histrion.*

Tuc. What's become of my little punk Venus, and
the poult-foot stinkard, her husband? ha!

Cris. O, they are rid home i' the coach, as fast as
the wheels can run.

Tuc. God Jupiter is banish'd, I hear, and his cock-
atrice Juno lock'd up. 'Heart, an' all the poetry in
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Parnassus get me to be a player again, I'll sell 'em my share for a sesterce. But this is humorous Horace, that goat-footed envious slave; he's turn'd faun now, an informer, the rogue; 'tis he has betray'd us all. Did you not see him with the emperor crouching?

Cris. Yes.

Tuc. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libel, and I'll cudgel the rascal. Boy, provide me a truncheon. Revenge shall gratulate him, *tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

Pyr. I, but master, take heed how you give this out; Horace is a man of the sword.

Cris. 'Tis true, in troth; they say he's valiant.

Tuc. Valiant? so is mine arse. Gods and fiends! I'll blow him into air when I meet him next: he dares not fight with a puck-fist.

Pyr. Master, he comes.

Tuc. Where?

[*Horace passes by.*

Jupiter save thee, my good poet, my noble prophet, my little fat Horace. I scorn to beat the rogue i'the court; and I saluted him thus fair, because he should suspect nothing, the rascal. Come, we'll go see how far forward our journeyman is toward the untrusting of him.

Cris. Do you hear, captain? I'll write nothing in it but innocence, because I may swear I am innocent.

Hor. Nay, why pursue you not the emperor for your reward now, Lupus?

Mec. Stay, Asinius;

You and your stager, and your band of lictors: I hope your service merits more respect, Than thus without a thanks to be sent hence!

His. Well, well, jest on, jest on.

Hor. Thou base unworthy groom.

Lup. I, I, 'tis good.

Hor. Was this the treason, this the dangerous plot, Thy clamorous tongue so bellow'd thro' the court?

Hadst

Hadst thou no other project to encrease
Thy grace with Cæsar, but this wolfish train,
To prey upon the life of innocent mirth
And harmless pleasures, bred of noble wit?
Away, I loth thy presence; such as thou,
They are the moths and scarabs of a state,
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts;
Who (to endear themselves to an employment)
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life they endan-
And under a disguis'd and cobweb mask (ger,
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props and columns of their safety,
The guards unto his person and his peace,
Disturb it most, with their false lapwing-cries.

Lup. Good. Cæsar shall know of this, believe it.

Mec. Cæsar doth know it, wolf, and to his knowledge,
He will, I hope, reward your base endeavours.
“Princes that will but hear, or give access
“To such officious spies, can ne’er be safe:
“They take in poison with an open ear,
“And, free from danger, become slaves to fear.”

S C E N E VIII.

Ovid.

Banish’d the court? Let me be banish’d life,
Since the chief end of life is there concluded:
Within the court is all the kingdom bounded,
And as her sacred sphere doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else;
So every body, moving in her sphere,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other her choice orb excludes.
As in a circle, a magician then

F 2

Is

Is safe against the spirit he excites ;
 But out of it, is subject to his rage,
 And loseth all the virtue of his art :
 So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
 Lose all the good gifts that in it I 'joy'd.
 " No virtue current is, but with her stamp,
 " And no vice vicious, blanch'd with her white hand."
 The court's the abstract of all Rome's desert,
 And my dear Julia th'abstract of the court.
 Methinks, now I come near her, I respire
 Some air of that late comfort I receiv'd :
 And while the evening, with her modest vail,
 Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
 To steal abroad, I, like a heartless ghost,
 Without the living body of my love,
 Will here walk and attend her. For I know
 Not far from hence she is imprisoned,
 And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
 So much admittance, as to speak to me,
 And chear my fainting spirits with her breath.

S C E N E IX.

Julia, Ovid.

Jul. Ovid ? my love ?

[She appeareth above, as at her chamber window.

Ovid. Here, heavenly Julia.

(play

Jul. Here ? and not here ? O, how that word doth
 With both our fortunes, differing, like ourselves,
 Both one ; and yet divided, as oppos'd ?
 I high, thou low ? O, this our plight of place
 Doubly presents the two lets of our love,
 Local and ceremonial height, and lowness :
 Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low.
 Our minds are even yet ; O why should our bodies,

That

That are their slaves, be so without their rule?
 I'll cast myself down to thee; if I die,
 I'll ever live with thee: no height of birth,
 Of place, of duty, or of cruel power,
 Shall keep me from thee; should my father lock
 This body up within a tomb of brass,
 Yet I'll be with thee. If the forms, I hold
 Now in my soul, be made one substance with it;
 That soul immortal; and the same 'tis now;
 Death cannot raze th' affects she now retaineth:
 And then, may she be any where she will.
 The souls of parents rule not childrens souls,
 When death sets both in their dissolv'd estates;
 Then is no child nor father; then eternity
 Frees all from any temporal respect.
 I come, my Ovid, take me in thine arms,
 And let me breathe my soul into thy breast.

Ovid. O stay, my love; the hopes thou dost conceive

Of thy quick death, and of thy future life,
 Are not authentical. Thou choosest death,
 So thou might'st 'joy thy love in th' other life:
 But know, my princely love, when thou art dead,
 Thou only must survive in perfect soul;
 And in the soul are no affections:
 We pour out our affections with our blood,
 And with our blood's affections fade our loves.
 "No life hath love in such sweet state as this;
 "No essence is so dear to moody sense
 "As flesh and blood, whose quintessence is sense.
 "Beauty, compos'd of blood and flesh, moves more,
 "And is more plausible to blood and flesh,
 "Than spiritual beauty can be to the spirit."
 Such apprehension as we have in dreams
 (When sleep, the bond of senses, locks them up)
 Such shall we have, when death destroys them quite.

If love be then thy object, change not life ;
 Live high and happy still : I still below,
 Close with my fortunes, in thy height shall joy.

Jul. Ay me, that virtue, whose brave eagle's wings
 With every stroke blow stars in burning heaven,
 Should, like a swallow (preying towards storms)
 Fly close to earth, and with an eager plume,
 Pursue those objects which none else can see,
 But seem to all the world the empty air.
 Thus thou (poor Ovid) and all virtuous men,
 Must prey, like swallows on invisible food,
 Pursuing flies, or nothing ; and thus love,
 And every worldly fancy, is transpos'd
 By worldly tyranny to what plight it list.
 O father, since thou gav'st me not my mind,
 Strive not to rule it ; take but what thou gav'st
 To thy disposure. Thy affections
 Rule not in me ; I must bear all my griefs,
 Let me use all my pleasures ; virtuous love
 Was never scandal to a goddess state.
 But he's inflexible ! and, my dear love,
 Thy life may chance be shortned by the length
 Of my unwilling speeches to depart.
 Farewel, sweet life ; tho' thou be yet exil'd
 Th'official court, enjoy me amply still :
 My soul, in this my breath, enters thine ears,
 And on this turret's floor will I lie dead,
 Till we may meet again. In this proud height,
 I kneel beneath thee in my prostrate love,
 And kiss the happy sands that kiss thy feet.

" Great Jove submits a sceptre to a cell,
 " And lovers e're they part, will meet in hell."

Ovid. Farewel all company, and, if I could,
 All light with thee : hell's shade should hide my
 (brows,
 Till thy dear beauty's beams redeem'd my vows.

Jul. Ovid, my love ; alas, may we not stay
A little longer, think'st thou, undiscern'd ?

Ovid. For thine own good, fair goddess, do not stay.
Who would engage a firmament of fires
Shining in thee, for me, a falling star ?

Be gone, sweet life-blood ; if I should discern
Thy self but touch'd, for my sake, I should die.

Jul. I will be gone, then ; and not heaven itself
Shall draw me back.

Ovid. Yet, Julia, if thou wilt,
A little longer stay.

Jul. I am content.

Ovid. O mighty Ovid ! what the sway of heaven
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.

Jul. Who shall go first, my love ? my passionate eyes
Will not endure to see thee turn from me.

Ovid. If thou go first, my soul will follow thee.

Jul. Then we must stay.

Ovid. Ay me, there is no stay
In amorous pleasures ; if both stay, both die.
I hear thy father ; hence, my deity.
Fear forgets sounds in my deluded ears ;
I did not hear him : I am mad with love.
There is no spirit, under heaven, that works
With such illusion ; yet such witchcraft kill me,
E'er a sound mind, without it, save my life.
Here, on my knees, I worship the best place
That held my goddess ; and the loving air,
That clos'd her body in his silken arms.
Vain Ovid ! kneel not to the place, nor air ;
She's in thy heart ; rise then, and worship there.
" The truest wisdom silly men can have,
" Is dotage on the follies of their flesh.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Cæsar, Mæcenas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.

Cæs. **W**E, that have conquer'd still, to save the
conquer'd,
And lov'd to make inflictions fear'd, not felt ;
Griev'd to reprove, and joyful to reward ;
More proud of reconciliation than revenge ;
Resume into the late state of our love,
Worthy Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus :
You both are gentlemen ; you, Cornelius,
A soldier of renown, and the first provost
That ever let our Roman eagles fly
On swarthy Ægypt, quarried with her spoils.
Yet (not to bear cold forms, nor mens out-terms ¹,
Without the inward fires, and lives of men)
You both have virtues, shining through your shapes ;
To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues, which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reach'd from heaven !
Sweet poesy's sacred garlands crown your gentry :
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract and perfect ; if she be
True born, and nurs'd with all the sciences.
She can so mould Rome, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh and miraculous,
Even when they mix with innovating dust ;
In her sweet streams shall our brave Roman spirits
Chafe, and swim after death, with their choice deeds
Shining on their white shoulders ; and therein
Shall Tyber, and our famous rivers fall

¹ *Yet not to bear cold forms, nor mens OUT-TERMS.]* Merely the figures, and out-lines of men. A metaphor from painting.

With

With such attraction, that th' ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her center shrink,
To hear their musick : and, for these high parts,
Cæsar shall reverence the Pierian arts.

Mec. Your majesty's high grace to poesie,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden souls ; who (for the vain assumings
Of some, quite worthless of her sovereign wreaths)
Contain her worthiest prophets in contempt.

Gal. Happy is Rome of all earth's other states,
To have so true and great a president,
For her inferior spirits to imitate,
As Cæsar is ; who addeth to the sun
Influence and lustre : in increasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us.

Hor. Phœbus himself shall kneel at Cæsar's shrine,
And deck it with bay garlands dew'd with wine,
To quit the worship Cæsar does to him :
Where other princes, hoisted to their thrones
By fortune's passionate and disordered power,
Sit in their height, like clouds before the sun,
Hindring his comforts ; and (by their excess
Of cold in virtue, and cross heat in vice)
Thunder and tempest on those learned heads,
Whom Cæsar with such honour doth advance.

Tib. All human business fortune doth command
Without all order ; and with her blind hand,
She, blind, bestows blind gifts : that still have nurs'd,
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.

Cæs. Cæsar, for his rule, and for so much stuff
As fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it
(As if his hand had eyes and soul in it)
With worth and judgment. " Hands, that part with
" Or will restrain their use, without desert, [gifts,
" Or with a misery num'd to virtue's right,
" Work, as they had no soul to govern them,
" And

“ And quite reject her ; sev’ring their estates

“ From human order. Whosoever can,

“ And will not cherish virtue, is no man.”

Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial Cæsar.

Cæs. Rome’s honour is at hand then. Fetch a chair,

And set it on our right hand, where ’tis fit

Rome’s honour and our own should ever sit.

Now he is come out of Campania,

I doubt not he hath finish’d all his *Æneids*,

Which, like another soul, I long t’ enjoy.

What think * you three of Virgil, gentlemen,

(That are of his profession, though rank’d higher ?)

Or Horace, what say’st thou, that art the poorest,

And likeliest to envy, or detract ?

Hor. Cæsar speaks after common men in this,

To make a difference of me for my poorness :

As if the filth of poverty sunk as deep

Into a knowing spirit, as the bane

Of riches doth into an ignorant soul.

No, Cæsar, they be pathless moorish minds,

That being once made rotten with the dung

Of damned riches, ever after sink

Beneath the steps of any villany.

But knowledge is the Nectar that keeps sweet

A perfect soul, even in this grave of sin ;

And for my soul, it is as free as Cæsar’s ;

For what I know is due I’ll give to all.

“ He that detracts or envies virtuous merit,

“ Is still the covetous and the ignorant spirit.”

Cæs. Thanks, Horace, for thy free and wholesome
sharpness,

Which pleaseth Cæsar more than servile fawns.

“ A flatter’d prince soon turns the prince of fools.”

And for thy sake, we’ll put no difference more

Between the great and good, for being poor.

* *Viz.* Mæcenas, Gallus, Tibullus.

Say then, lov'd Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moods of common men;
Bearing the nature and similitude
Of a right heavenly body; most severe
In fashion and collection of himself;
And then as clear and confident as Jove.

Gal. And yet so chaste and tender is his ear,
In suffering any syllable to pass,
That he thinks may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examin'd self,
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his own poems, he doth still distaste;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.

Tib. But to approve his works of sovereign worth,
This observation (methinks) more than serves,
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

Cæs. You mean, he might repeat part of his works,
As fit for any conference he can use?

Tib. True, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Worthily observ'd;
And a most worthy virtue in his works.
What thinks material Horace of his learning?

Hor. His learning favours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in ecchoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrap'd in the curious generalities of arts;
But a direct and analytick sum

Of

Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
 And for his poesie, 'tis so ram'd with life,
 That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
 And live hereafter more admir'd than now.

Cæs. This one consent in all your dooms of him,
 And mutual loves of all your several merits,
 Argues a truth of merit in you all.

S C E N E II.

*Cæsar, Virgil, Mæcenas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace,
 Equites Ro.*

Cæs. See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet
 Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil. Cæsar and Virgil [him]
 Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil
 (Of his expressed greatness) shall be made
 A second surname, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
 Where are thy famous Æneids? do us grace
 To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

Virg. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
 If they were perfect; much more with their wants,
 Which are yet more than my time could supply.
 And, could great Cæsar's expectation
 Be satisfied with any other service,
 I would not shew them.

Cæs. Virgil is too modest;
 Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more.
 Shew them, sweet Virgil.

Virg. Then in such due fear
 As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
 I humbly shew them.

Cæs. Let us now behold
 A human soul made visible in life;
 And more refulgent in a senseless paper,
 Than in the sensual compliment of kings.

Read, read thy self, dear Virgil ; let not me
 Prophane one accent with an untun'd tongue.
 " Best matter, badly shown, shews worse than bad."
 See then this chair, of purpose set for thee
 To read thy poem in ; refuse it not.

" Virtue, without presumption, place may take
 " Above best kings, whom only she should make."

Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
 To present eyes, and to all future times
 A gross untruth, that any poet (void
 Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity)
 Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's chair.
 " Poor virtue rais'd, high birth and wealth set under,
 " Crosseth heav'n's courses, and makes wordlings
 wonder."

Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate itself in this
 Will Cæsar cross ; much more all worldly custom.

Hor. " Custom, in course of honour, ever errs ;
 " And they are best whom fortune least prefers."

Cæs. Horace hath (but more strictly) spoke our
 The vast rude swinge of general confluence [thoughts.
 Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense :
 And therefore reason (which in right should be
 The special rector of all harmony)

Shall shew we are a man distinct by it,
 From those, whom custom rapteth in her press.
 Ascend then, Virgil ; and where first by chance,
 We here have turn'd thy book, do thou first read.

Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will ; I will ascend.
 'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
 That sweeps the cobwebs from unused virtue,
 And makes her shine proportion'd to her worth,
 To be more nice to entertain his grace,
 Than he is choice, and liberal to afford it.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
 And let none enter ; peace. Begin, good Virgil.

Virg.

Virg. " * Mean while the skies 'gan thunder, and in tail
 " Of that, fell pow'ring storms of fleet and hail :
 " The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, each where
 " With Venus' Dardane † nephew, now, in fear,
 " Seek out for several shelter through the plain,
 " Whilst floods come rowling from the hills amain.
 " Dido a cave, the Trojan ‖ prince the same
 " Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's great
 ‡ dame,
 " That hath the charge of marriage, first gave sign
 " Unto his contract; fire and air did shine,
 " As guilty of the match; and from the hill
 " The nymphs with shriekings do the region fill.
 " Here first began their bane; this day was ground
 " Of all their ills: for now, nor rumour's sound,
 " Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido ought;
 " Her love no longer now by stealth is sought:
 " She calls this wedlock, and with that fair name
 " Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit and fame,
 " Through all the greatest Lybian towns is gone;
 " Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter none,
 " That moving grows, and flying gathers strength;
 " Little at first, and fearful; but at length
 " She dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
 " With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
 " This child, our parent earth, stir'd up with spight
 " Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some write,
 " She was last sister of that giant ¶ race,
 " That thought to scale Jove's court; right swift of
 pace,
 " And swifter far of wing; a monster vast,
 " And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are plac'd

* *Virg. lib. 4. Æncid.* † *Iulus.* ‖ *Æneas.* ‡ *Juno.* ¶ *Cæus*
Enceladus, &c.

" On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
 " Stick underneath; and (which may stranger rise
 " In the report) as many tongues she bears,
 " As many mouths, as many listning ears.
 " Nightly in midst of all the heaven, she flies,
 " And through the earth's dark shadow shrieking cries;
 " Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet sleep;
 " By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
 " Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
 " Cities and towns of most conspicuous sight.
 " As covetous she is of tales and lyes,
 " As prodigal of truth: this monster," &c.

S C E N E III.

*Lupus, Tucca, Crispinus, Demetrius, Histrio, Liſtors,
 Cæſar, Virgil, Mæcenat, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace,
 Equites Ro.*

Lup. Come, follow me, aſſiſt me, ſecond me;
 where's the emperor?

Eques 1. Sir, you muſt pardon us.

Eques 2. Cæſar is private now; you may not enter.

Tuc. Not enter? Charge 'em upon their allegiance.
Croſſhin.

Eques 1. We have a charge to the contrary, ſir.

Lup. I pronounce you all traitors, horrible traitors:
 What? do you know my affairs?

have matter of danger and ſtate to impart to Cæſar.

Cæſ. What noiſe is there? who's that names Cæſar?

Lup. A friend to Cæſar. One that for Cæſar's
 good would ſpeak with Cæſar.

Cæſ. Who is't? look, Cornelius.

Eques 1. Afinius Lupus.

Cæſ. O, bid the turbulent informer hence;
 We have no vacant ear now, to receive
 Unſeaſon'd fruits of his officious tongue.

Mæc.

Mec. You must avoid him there.

Lup. I conjure thee, as thou art Cæsar, or respect-
est thine own safety, or the safety of the state, Cæsar,
hear me, speak with me, Cæsar; 'tis no common bu-
ness I come about, but such, as being neglected, may
concern the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar? let him enter. Virgil
keep thy seat.

Equites. Bear back there: whither will you? keep
back.

Tuc. By thy leave good-man usher: mend thy po-
ruke; so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there; and on Mecænas,
lictors. Romans, offer no rescue, upon your allegi-
ance: read, royal Cæsar. I'll tickle you, satyr.

Tuc. He will, humours, he will: he will squeeze
you, poet puckfist.

Lup. I'll lop you off, for an unprofitable branch,
you satirical varlet.

Tuc. I, and Epaminondas your patron here, with
his flaggon chain; come resign: though 'twere your
great grand-father's, the law has made it mine now,
sir. Look to him, my party-colour'd rascals; look
to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus? I understand
not.

Lup. Not understand it? A libel, Cæsar; a dange-
rous seditious libel; a libel in picture.

Cæs. A libel!

Lup. I, I found it in this Horace his study, in Me-
cænas his house, here; I challenge the penalty of the
laws against 'em.

Tuc. I, and remember to beg their land betimes
before some of these hungry court-hounds scent
out.

Cæs. Shew it to Horace: ask him if he know it.

Lup. Know it? his hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then 'tis no libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for Mæcenas.

Lup. An emblem! right: that's Greek for a libel. Do but mark how confident he is.

Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish tribune; Not, though the malice of traducing tongues, The open vastness of a tyrant's ear, The senseless rigour of the wrested laws, Or the red eyes of strain'd authority Should, in a point, meet all to take his life. His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Lup. Innocence! O impudence! let me see, let me see. Is not here an eagle! and is not that eagle meant by Cæsar? ha? do's not Cæsar give the eagle? answer me; what sayest thou?

Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard?

Lup. Now he's turn'd dumb. I'll tickle you, satyr.

Hor. Pish: ha, ha.

Lup. Dost thou pish me? Give me my long sword.

Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, worthy Ro- Observe but this ridiculous comment; (mans, The soul to my device, was in this distick:

“ Thus oft, the base and ravenous multitude

“ Survive, to share the spoils of fortitude.”

Which in this body I have figur'd here,
A vulture——

Lup. A vulture? I, now, 'tis a vulture. O abominable! monstrous! monstrous! has not your vulture a beak? has it not legs, and talons, and wings, and feathers?

Tuc. Touch him, old buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an eagle?

Mec. Respect him not, good Horace : say your device.

Hor. A vulture and a wolf——

Lup. A wolf ! good : that's I ; I am the wolf : my name's Lupus ; I am meant by the wolf. On, on, a vulture and a wolf——

Hor. Preying upon the carcass of an afs——

Lup. An afs ! good still : that's I too ; I am the afs. You mean me by the afs——

Mec. 'Pr'y thee, leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modesty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beast, the old Egyptians
Were wont to figure in their hieroglyphicks,
Patience, frugality, and fortitude ;
For none of which we can suspect you, tribune.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that inform'd you first,
This should be meant by us ? or was't your comment ?

Lup. No, Cæsar : a player gave me the first light of it indeed.

Tuc. I, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.

Cæs. Where is that player ?

Tuc. He is without here.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player there : master Æsop, call him.

Equites. Player : where is the player ? bear back none but the player enter.

Tus. Yes, this gentleman and his Achates must.

Cris. 'Pray you, master usher ; we'll stand close here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gentleman of quality, this ; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell ye. Come, Æsop, hast a bay-leaf i' thy mouth ? Well said be

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cut, stinkard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirm'd to thee and thy covey², under the emperor's broad seal, for this service.

Cæs. Is this he?

Lup. I, Cæsar, this is he.

Cæs. Let him be whipt. Lictors, go take him hence. And Lupus, for your fierce credulity, One fit him with a pair of larger ears: 'Tis Cæsar's doom, and must not be revok'd. We hate to have our court and peace disturb'd With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

Lup. Cæsar.

Cæs. Gag him, we may have his silence.

Vir. Cæsar hath done like Cæsar. Fair and just Is his award, against these brainless creatures. 'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality, Or modest anger of a satirick spirit, That hurts or wounds the body of the state; But the sinister application Of the malicious, ignorant and base Interpreter: who will distort, and strain The general scope and purpose of an author, To his particular and private spleen.

Cæs. We know it, our dear Virgil, and esteem it A most dishonest practice in that man, Will seem too witty in another's work. What would Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus?

[*This while the rest whisper Cæsar.*

Tue. Nay, but as thou art a man, dost hear? a man of worship and honourable: hold, here, take thy

² *Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirm'd to thee and thy convey.*] A company of comedians cannot with any great propriety be styled a convey: we may therefore, without any scruple, admit the reading of the old Folio, which is convey, into the text, as the true expression of the author. Here is also a slight gird at the practice of monopolies, now growing into fashion.

chain again. Resume, mad Mecænas. What! dost thou think I meant t' have kept it, old boy? no: I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What! will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends friends? I scorn it with my three souls¹. Come, I love bully Horace as well as thou dost, I: 'tis an honest hieroglyphick, give me thy wrist, Helicon. Dost thou think I'll second e'er a rhinoceros of them all, against thee? ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'll turn stager first, and be whipt too: dost thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of Cæsar: use it Romans. Virgil shall be your prætor; and our self Will here sit by, spectator of your sports; And think it no impeach of royalty. Our ear is now too much prophan'd (grave Maro) With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines: Put up thy book, till both the time and we Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance For the receiving so divine a work. Proceed with your design.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great Cæsar.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the indictment then, whilst Horace arrests them on the statute of calumny. Mecænas and I will take our places here. Licitors assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser under heaven.

Gal. Tut, you must do it; 'twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. I, but the world takes knowledge.

¹ Will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends friends? scorn it with my THREE SOULS.] The peripatetic philosophy gave every man three souls; a vegetative or plastic, an animal, and rational soul. So *Shakespeare* in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. "Shall I rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls of one weaver." See Mr. Warburton's note.

Hor. Would the world knew,
How heartily I wish a fool should hate me.

Tuc. Body of Jupiter! what! will they arraign my
brisk Poetaster, and his poor journeyman, ha? Would
I were abroad skeldring for a drachm, so I were out
of this labyrinth again; I do feel myself turn stin-
kard already. But I must set the best face I have
upon't now. Well said, my divine, deſt Horace, bring
the whorſon detracting ſlaves to the bar, do: make
'em hold up their ſpread golls: I'll give in evidence
for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, Crispinus; would
thy man had a clean band.

Criſ. What muſt we do, captain?

Tuc. Thou ſhalt ſee anon: do not make diviſion
with thy legs ſo.

Cæſ. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæſar.

Tuc. I am one of thy commanders, Cæſar; a man
of ſervice and action: my name is Pantilius Tuc-
ca; I have ſerv'd i' thy wars againſt Mark Antony, I.

Cæſ. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the muſtering, or con-
voy of a company now and then: I never noted him
by any other employment.

Cæſ. We will obſerve him better.

Tib. Liſtor, proclaim ſilence in the court.

Liſt. In the name of Cæſar, ſilence.

Tib. Let the parties, the accuſer and the accuſed,
preſent themſelves.

Liſt. The accuſer, and the accuſed, preſent your
ſelves in court.

Criſ. Dem. Here.

Vir. Read the indictment.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius
"Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this
"time, jointly and ſeverally indicted, and here pre-
" ſently

" sently to be arraigned upon the statute of calumny,
 " or *lex remmia**, the one by the name of Rufus La-
 " berius Crispinus, alias Crispinas, poetaster and pla-
 " giary; the other by the name of Demetrius Fanni-
 " us, play-dresser and plagiarist. That you (not hav-
 " ing the fear of Phœbus, or his shafts, before your
 " eye) contrary to the peace of our liege lord, Au-
 " gustus Cæsar, his crown and dignity, and against
 " the form of a statute, in that case made and pro-
 " vided; have most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more
 " like your selves) maliciously, gone about to de-
 " prave, and calumniate the person and writings of
 " Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, poet, and
 " priest to the muses; and to that end have mutually
 " conspir'd and plotted, at sundry times, as by several
 " means, and in sundry places, for the better accom-
 " plishing your base and envious purpose; taxing
 " him, falsely, of self-love, arrogancy, impudence,
 " railing, filching by translation, &c. Of all which
 " calumnies, and every of them, in manner and form
 " aforesaid; what answer you? Are you guilty, or
 " not guilty?"

Tuc. Not guilty, say.

Cris. Dem. Not guilty.

Tib. How will you be tried?

Tuc. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

Cris. Dem. By the Roman gods, and the noblest
Romans.

Vir. Here sits Mæcenas and Cornelius Gallus,
Are you contented to be try'd by these?

Tuc. I, so the noble captain may be joined with
them in commission, say.

Cris. Dem. I, so the noble captain may be join'd
with them in commission.

* On the statute of calumny, or *LEX REMMIA*.] By this *Remmia*
law, persons convicted of calumny were to be stigmatized.

Vir. What says the plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Vir. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipful prætor! 'tis more of thy gentleness than of my deserving, I wusse. But since it hath pleas'd the court to make choice of my wisdom and gravity, come, my calumnious varlets; let's hear you talk for your selves, now, an hour or two. What can you say? make a noise. Act, act.

Vir. Stay, turn, and take an oath first. "You shall swear,

" By thunder-darting Jove, the king of gods;

" And by the genius of Augustus Cæsar;

" By your own white and uncorrupted souls;

" And the deep reverence of our Roman justice;

" To judge this case, with truth and equity:

" As bound, by your religion, and your laws."

Now read the evidence: but first demand
Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.

Tib. Shew this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say, I: what! dost thou stand upon it, pimp?
Do not deny thine own Minerva, thy Pallas, the issue
of thy brain.

Cris. Yes, it is mine.

Tib. Shew that unto Demetrius. Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father will not deny his own bastard
now, I warrant thee.

Vir. Read them aloud.

Tib. " Ramp up my genius, be not retrograde;

" But boldly nominate a spade, a spade.

" What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery muse

" Live, as she were defunct, like punk in
(stews?

—(*Tuc.* Excellent!)

" Alas! that were no modern consequence,

" To have cothurnal buskins frighted hence.

" No, teach thy Incubus to poetize ;
 " And throw abroad thy spurious snottories,
 " Upon that puffed-up lump of barmy froth,

—(Tuc. Ah ha !)

" Or clumfie chil-blain'd judgment : that with
 " Magnificates his merit ; and bespawls [oath
 " The conscious time, with humorous some
 (and brawls,
 " As if his organons of sense would crack
 " The sinews of my patience. Break his back,
 " O poets all, and some : for now we list
 " Of strenuous vengeance to clutch the fist."

Subscri. Cris.

Tuc. I marry, this was written like a Hercules in poetry, now.

Cæs. Excellently well threaten'd !

Vir. And as strangely worded, Cæsar.

Cæs. We observe it.

Vir. The other, now.

Tuc. This's a fellow of a good prodigal tongue too, this'll do well.

Tib. " Our muse is in mind for th' untrussing a poet ;

" I slip by his name, for most men do know it :

" A critick, that all the world bescumbers

" With satirical humours and lyrical numbers."

—(Tuc. Art thou there, boy ?)

" And for the most part, himself doth advance

" With much self-love, and more arrogance."

—(Tuc. Good again.)

" And (but that I would not be thought a prater

" I could tell you he were a translater.

" I know the authors from whence he has stole

" And could trace him too, but that I understand 'em not full and whole."

—(Tuc. That line is broke loose from all his fellows : chain him up shorter, do.)

" T

" The best note I can give you to know him by,
 " Is, that he keeps gallants company ;
 " Whom I could wish, in time should him fear,
 " Lest after they buy repentance too dear."

Subscri. Deme. Fan.

Tuc. Well said. This carries palm with it^s.

Hor. And why, thou motly gull ? why should they
 (fear ?

When hast thou known us wrong or tax a friend ?

I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.

Now thou curl'st up, thou poor and nasty snake,

And shrink'st thy pois'nous head into thy bosom :

Out viper, thou that eat'st thy parents, hence.

Rather, such speckled creatures, as thyself,

Should be eschew'd, and shunn'd : such as will bite

And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame ;

Catch at the loosest laughs, and affect

To be thought jesters ; such as can devise

Things never seen, or heard, t'impair mens names,

And gratify their credulous adversaries,

Will carry tales, do basest offices,

Cherish divided fires, and still increase

New flames, out of old embers ; will reveal

Each secret that's committed to their trust :

These be black slaves : Romans, take heed of these.

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace ; they be
 (indeed

A couple of chap-faln curs. Come, we of the bench,

Let's rise to the urn, and condemn 'em quickly.

Vir. Before you go together, worthy Romans,

We are to tender our opinion ;

And give you those instructions, that may add

Unto your even judgment in the cause :

Which thus we do commence. First, you must know,

That where there is a true and perfect merit,

^s *This carries palm with it.*] A Latin form of speaking, equivalent to our English phrase, " This bears the bell."

There

There can be no dejection; and the scorn
 Of humble baseness, oftentimes so works
 In a high soul, upon the grosser spirit,
 That to his bleared and offended sense,
 There seems a hideous fault blaz'd in the object;
 When only the disease is in his eyes.
 Here-hence it comes our Horace now stands tax'd
 Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance,
 By those who share no merit in themselves;
 And therefore think his portion is as small.
 For they, from their own guilt, assure their souls,
 If they should confidently praise their works,
 In them it would appear inflation:
 Which, in a full and well digested man,
 Cannot receive that soul abusive name,
 But the fair title of erection.
 And, for his true use of translating men,
 It still hath been a work of as much palm,
 In clearest judgments, as t' invent or make.
 His sharpness, that is most excusable;
 As being forc'd out of a suffering virtue,
 Oppressed with the licence of the time:
 And howsoever fools or jerking pedants,
 Players, or such like buffoon, barking wits*,
 May with their beggarly and barren trash,
 Tickle base vulgar ears, in their despite;
 This, like Jove's thunder, shall their pride controul,
 "The honest satire hath the happiest soul."

Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts; with
 draw when you please.

Tib. Remove the accused from the bar.

* *Players, or such like buffoons, barking wits*] I have inserted in the text the lection of the first folio, which seems the most preferable. It uses *buffoon* as an adjective, and reads,

"Players, or such like buffoon, barking wits."

And that was the intention of the author, as appears from the quarto of 1602, where the line is read thus,

"Players, or such like buffonary wits."

Tuc. Who holds the urn to us, ha? fear nothing: I'll quit you, mine honest pitiful stinkards; I'll do't.

Cris. Captain, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

Tuc. Go to.

Cæs. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately provided; we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Cæsar.

Cæs. Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears.

Hor. I. Please it, great Cæsar, I have pills about me, Mixt with the whitest kind of ellebore, Would give him a light vomit, that should purge His brain and stomach of those tumorous heats: Might I have leave to minister unto him.

Cæs. O! be his Æsculapius, gentle Horace? You shall have leave, and he shall be your patient. Virgil, use your authority, command him forth.

Vir. Cæsar is careful of your health, Crispinus; And hath himself chose a physician To minister unto you: take his pills.

Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very whole-
(some.
Take yet another; so: stand by, they'll work anon.

Tib. Romans, return to your several seats: lictors, bring forward the urn; and set the accused to the bar.

Tuc. Quickly, you whorson egregious varlets; come forward. What! shall we sit all day upon you? You make no more haste now, than a beggar upon pattins; or a physician to a patient that has no money, you pilchers.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius
"Fannius, hold up your hands. You have, according to the Roman custom, put yourselves
"upon trial to the urn, for divers and sundry
"calumnies, whereof you have, before this time,
"been

" been indicted, and are now presently arraigned:
 " prepare yourselves to hearken to the verdict of
 " your tryers. Caius Cilnius Mecænas pronoun-
 " ceth you, by this hand-writing, guilty. Cor-
 " nelius Gallus, guilty. Pantilius Tucca——"

Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.

Dem. He means himself; for it was he indeed
 Suborn'd us to the calumny.

Tuc. I, you whorson cantharides! was't I?

Dem. I appeal to your conscience, captain.

Tib. Then you confess it now?

Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the court.

Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Crisp. O, the captain, the captain——

Hor. My physick begins to work with my patient,
 I see.

Vir. Captain, stand forth and answer.

Tuc. Hold thy peace, poet prætor: I appeal from
 thee to Cæsar, I. Do me right, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Marry, and I will, sir. Liçtors, gag him: do
 And put a case of vizards o'er his head,
 That he may look bi-fronted as he speaks.

Tuc. Gods and fiends! Cæsar! thou wilt not, Cæ-
 sar, wilt thou? Away, you whorson vultures; away.
 You think I am a dead corps now, because Cæsar
 dispos'd to jest with a man of mark, or so. Hold your
 hook'd talons out of my flesh, you inhumane harpies.
 Go to, do't. What! will the royal Augustus cast
 away a gent'man of worship, a captain and a command-
 er, for a couple of condemn'd caitiff calumnious
 go's?

Cæs. Dispatch, liçtors.

Tuc. Cæsar.

Cæs. Forward, Tibullus.

Vir. Demand what cause they had to malign Horat

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I; I must con-
 fess; but that he kept better company (for the ma

Lexi
 uncor
 from
 Crisp

part) than I: and that better men lov'd him than lov'd me: and that his writings thriv'd better than mine, and were better lik'd and grac'd: nothing else.

Vir. Thus envious souls repine at others good.

Hor. If this be all, faith, I forgive thee freely.
 Envy me still, so long as Virgil loves me,
 Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Cæsar,
 My dear Mæcenas; while these, with many more
 (Whose names I wisely slip) shall think me worthy
 Their honour'd and ador'd society,
 And read and love, prove and applaud my poems;
 I would not wish but such as you should spite them.

Cris. O——

Tib. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O, I am sick——?

Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physick works.
 Faint not, man.

Cris. O——retrograde——reciprocal——incubus.

Cæf. What's that, Horace?

Hor. Retrograde and reciprocal incubus are come up.

Gal. Thanks be to Jupiter.

Cris. O——glibbery——lubrical——defunct——O——

Hor. Well said; here's some store.

Vir. What are they?

Hor. Glibbery, lubrical, and defunct.

Gal. O, they came up easy.

Cris. O——O——

Tib. What's that?

Hor. Nothing yet.

Cris. Magnificate.

Mec. Magnificate? That came up somewhat hard.

Hor. I. What chear, Crispinus?

[O, I am sick.] This part of the scene is copied from Lucian; Lexiphanes has a vomit given him, to bring up his affected and uncommon words. Some of the speeches are literal translations from the Greek, and the directions which are afterwards given to Crispinus, are in imitation of the same author.

Cris.

Cris. O, I shall cast up my—spurious—snotteries—

Hor. Good. Again.

Cris. Chilblain'd—O—O—clumsie—

Hor. That clumsie stuck terribly.

Mec. What's all that, Horace?

Hor. Spurious, snotteries, chilblain'd, clumsie.

Tib. O Jupiter.

Gal. Who would have thought there should ha' been such a deal of filth in a poet?

Cris. O—barmy froth—

Cas. What's that?

Cris. —Puffie—inflate—turgidous—ventositous.

Hor. Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous, and ventositous are come up.

Tib. O terrible windy words.

Gal. A sign of a windy brain.

Cris. O—oblatrant—furibund—fatuate—strenuous—

Hor. Here's a deal; oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.

Cas. Now all's come up, I trow. What a tumult he had in his belly!

Hor. No, there's the often conscious damp behind still.

Cris. O—conscious—damp.

Hor. It's come up, thanks to Apollo and Æsculapius: yet there's another; you were best take a pill more.

Cris. O, no; O—O—O—O—

Hor. Force yourself then a little with your finger.

Cris. O—O—prorumped.

Tib. Prorumped? what a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumped with it.

Cris. O—O—O.

Vir. Help him, it sticks strangely, whatever it is.

Cris. O—clutcht.

Hor. Now it's come; clutcht.

Cas.

Cef. Clutcht? it's well that's come up; it had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O——

Vir. Again, hold him, hold his head there.¹

Cris. Snarling gusts——quaking custard.

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O——obstupefact.

Tib. Nay, that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Vir. These pills can but restore him for a time,

Not cure him quite of such a malady,

Caught by so many surfeits, which have fill'd

His blood and brain thus full of crudities:

'Tis necessary therefore he observe

A strict and wholesome diet. Look you take

Each morning of old Cato's principles

A good draught next your heart; that walk upon²,

Till it be well digested: then come home,

And taste a piece of Terence, suck his phrase

Instead of liquorish; and, at any hand,

Shun Plautus, and old Ennius; they are meats

Too harsh for a weak stomach. Use to read

(But not without a tutor) the best Greeks,

As Orpheus, Musæus, Pindarus,

Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,

High Homer; but beware of Lycopron,

He is too dark and dangerous a dish.

You must not hunt for wild outlandish terms,

To stuff out a peculiar dialect;

But let your matter run before your words.

And if at any time you chance to meet

Some Gallo-Belgick phrase, you shall not straight

Rack your poor verse to give it entertainment,

¹ A good draught next your heart, AND WALK UPON'T.] The first folio has, that walk upon.

But

But let it pass; and do not think yourself
 Much damnify'd, if you do leave it out,
 When nor your understanding, nor the sense
 Could well receive it. This fair abstinence,
 In time, will render you more sound and clear:
 And this have I prescrib'd to you, in place
 Of a strict sentence; which 'till he perform,
 Attire him in that robe. And henceforth learn
 To bear yourself more humbly; not to swell,
 Or breathe your insolent and idle spite
 On him whose laughter can your worst affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Cris. Jupiter guard Cæsar.

Vir. And for a week or two see him lockt up
 In some dark place, remov'd from company;
 He will talk idly else after his physick.
 Now to you, sir. Th' extremity of law
 Awards you to be branded in the front,
 For this your calumny: but since it pleaseth
 Horace (the party wrong'd) t'intreat of Cæsar,
 A mitigation of that juster doom,
 With Cæsar's tongue thus we pronounce your sentence.
 Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
 That coat and cap, and henceforth think thy self
 No other than they make thee; vow to wear them
 In every fair and generous assembly,
 'Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
 As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only (grave prætor) here, in open court,
 I crave, the oath for good behaviour
 May be administred unto them both.

Vir. Horace, it shall: Tibullus, give it them.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius
 "Fannius, lay your hands on your hearts. You shall
 "here solemnly attest and swear, that never (after
 "this instant) either at booksellers stalls, in taverns
 "two-penny rooms, tiring-houses, noblemens but
 "teries

"teries, puiſne's chambers (the beſt and fartheſt places
 "where you are admitted to come) you ſhall once
 "offer or dare (thereby to endear your ſelf the more
 "to any player, enghle, or guilty gull in your com-
 "pany) to malign, traduce, or detract the perſon or
 "writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or any
 "other eminent man, tranſcending you in merit,
 "whom your envy ſhall find cauſe to work upon,
 "either for that, or for keeping himſelf in better ac-
 "quaintance, or enjoying better friends; or if (tranſ-
 "ported by any ſudden and deſperate reſolution) you
 "do, that then you ſhall not under the baſtoun, or in
 "the next preſence, being an honourable aſſembly of
 "his favourers, be brought as voluntary gentlemen
 "to undertake the forſwearing of it. Neither ſhall
 "you at any time (ambitiouſly affecting the title of
 "the untruſſers or whippers of the age) ſuffer the
 "itch of writing to over run your performance in
 "libel, upon pain of being taken up for lepers in
 "wit, and (loſing both your time and your papers)
 "be irrecoverably forfeited to the hoſpital of fools.
 "So help you our Roman gods, and the genius of
 "great Cæſar."

Vir. So, now diſſolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. Vir. And thanks to Cæſar,
 That thus hath exerciſ'd his patience.

Cæſ. We have, indeed, you worthieſt friends of
 [Cæſar.

It is the bane and torment of our ears,
 To hear the diſcords of thoſe jangling rimers,
 That with their bad and ſcandalous practices
 Bring all true arts and learning in contempt.
 But let not your high thoughts deſcend ſo low
 As theſe deſpiſed objects; let them fall,
 With their flat groveling ſouls: be you yourſelves;
 And as with our beſt favours you ſtand crown'd,
 So let your mutual loves be ſtill renown'd.

Envy will dwell where there is want of merit,
Tho' the deserving man should crack his spirit:

S O N G.

“ **B**Lush, folly, blush : here's none that fears
“ The wagging of an ass's ears,
“ Although a wolfish case he wears.
“ Detraction is but baseness varlet ;
“ And apes are apes, tho' cloath'd in scarlet.”

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

At the conclusion of this play, the quarto edition gives us the following advertisement, which seems to refer to the dialogue which immediately succeeds it. I have therefore given it a place in the present edition, as it serves to connect the several parts together.

“ Here, reader, in place of the epilogue, was meant to thee an
“ apology from the author, with his reasons for the publishing
“ of this book : but, since he is no less restrained, than thou de-
“ prived of it by authority, he prays thee to think charitably of
“ what thou hast read, till thou mayest hear him speak what he
“ hath written.”

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

IF, by looking on what is past, thou hast deserved that name, I am willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which follows, an Apologetical Dialogue ; which was only once spoken upon the stage, and all the answer I ever gave to sundry impotent libels then cast out (and some yet remaining) against me, and this play. Wherein I take no pleasure to revive the times ; but that posterity may make a difference between their manners that provok'd me then, and mine that neglected them ever. For, in these strifes, and on such persons, were as wretched to affect a victory, as it is unhappy to be committed with them. *Non annorum canities est laudanda, sed morum.*

The P E R S O N S.

NASUTUS, POLYPOSUS, AUTHOR.

Nasutus.

I Pray you let's go see him, how he looks
After these libels.

Pol. O vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.

Nas. Do you think so ? I should be sorry for him,
If I found that.

Pol. O, they are such bitter things,
He cannot chuse.

H 2

Nas.

Nas. But he is guilty of 'em ?

Pol. Fuh ! that's no matter.

Nas. No ?

Pol. No. Here's his lodging.

We'll steal upon him : or, let's listen ; stay.

He has a humour oft to talk t' himself.

Nas. They are your manners lead me, not mine own.

Aut. The fates have not spun him the coarsest
That (free from knots of perturbation) [thread,

Doth yet so live, although but to himself,

As he can safely scorn the tongues of slaves,

And neglect fortune, more than she can him.

It is the happiest thing this, not to be

Within the reach of malice ; it provides

A man so well, to laugh off injuries ;

And never sends him farther for his vengeance,

Than the vex'd bosom of his enemy.

I, now, but think, how poor their spite sets off,

Who, after all their waste of sulphurous terms,

And burst-out thunder of their charged mouths,

Have nothing left but the unsav'ry smoke

Of their black vomit, to upbraid themselves :

Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,

And as unhurt of envy, as unhit.

Pol. I, but the multitude they think not so, sir ;

They think you hit, and hurt ; and dare give out,

Your silence argues it, in not rejoyning

To this or that late libel.

Aut. 'Las, good rout !

I can afford them leave to err so still ;

And, like the barking students of Bears-college¹,

To swallow up the garbage of the time

With greedy gullets, whilst my self sit by,

Pleas'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beastly feeding.

'Tis a sweet madness runs along with them,

¹ *Students of Bear's-college.]* The dogs at the bear-garden.

To think, all that are aim'd at still are struck ;
 Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the mark.
 And so, each fear, or fever-shaken fool,
 May challenge Teucer's hand in archery.
 Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,
 To act the crimes these whippers reprehend²,
 Or what their servile apes gesticulate,
 I should not then much muse their shreds were lik'd ;
 Since ill men have a lust t' hear others sins,
 And good men have a zeal to hear sin sham'd.
 But when it is all excrement they vent,
 Base filth and offal ; or thefts, notable
 As ocean-pyracies, or high-way stands ;
 And not a crime there tax'd, but is their own,
 Or what their own foul thoughts suggested to them ;
 And that in all their heat of taxing others,
 Not one of them but lives himself (if known)

Improbior satiram scribente cinædo,

What should I say more, than turn stone with wonder !

Nas. I never saw this play bred all this tumult :
 What was there in it could so deeply offend,
 And stir so many hornets ?

Aut. Shall I tell you ?

Nas. Yes, and ingenuously.

Aut. Then by the hope
 Which I prefer unto all other objects,
 I can profess, I never writ that piece
 More innocent or empty of offence.
 Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall,
 Nor was there in it any circumstance
 Which, in the setting down, I could suspect
 Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue ;

² *These WHIPPERS reprehend* } Decker, who intitled his play,
 the *Untrussing the humorous poet*. A little lower he calls him the
Untrusser.

Only it had the fault to be call'd mine ;
That was the crime.

Pol. No ? why they say you tax'd
The law and lawyers, captains and the players,
By their particular names ¹.

Aut. It is not so.

I us'd no name. My books have still been taught
To spare the persons, and to speak the vices.
These are meer slanders, and enforc'd by such
As have no safer ways to mens disgraces,
But their own lies and loss of honesty :
Fellows of practis'd and most laxative tongues,
Whose empty and eager bellies, i' the year,
Compel their brains to many desp'rate shifts,
(I spare to name 'em, for their wretchedness
Fury it self would pardon.) These, or such,
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch t'have me their adversary (I know not)
Or all these mixt ; but sure I am, three years
They did provoke me with their petulant styles
On every stage : and I at last, unwilling,
But weary, I confess, of so much trouble,
Thought I would try if shame could win upon 'em ;
And therefore chose Augustus Cæsar's times,
When wit and arts were at their height in Rome,

¹ ————— *They say you tax'd
The law and lawyers, captains and the players,*

By the'r particular names.] As to the lawyers, so secure was our poet of his innocence, that he inscribed the play to a gentleman eminent in the profession of the law, and who had the candour and good sense to be his advocate to the public, as he gratefully acknowledges in the dedication. With regard to the players, it is remarked above, that he certainly alluded to some who were then well known ; and then marks he gave of them were probably plain enough to point them out to the audience, who were to make the application. Yet, as he replies, it was the vices only he reprov'd ; and as no names are mentioned, it is not possible at this distance, nor is it worth the inquiry, to say who they were.

To shew that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits, did not want
Detractors then, or practisers against them :
And by this line (although no parallel)
I hop'd at last they would sit down and blush :
But nothing I could find more contrary.
And though the impudence of flies be great,
Yet this hath so provok'd the angry wasps,
Or, as you said, of the next nest, the hornets,
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrils,
And, like so many screaming grasshoppers
Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise.
And what ? those former calumnies you mention'd,
First, of the law : indeed I brought in Ovid
Chid by his angry father for neglecting
The study of their laws for poetry :
And I am warranted by his own words.

• *Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas ?
Meonides nullas ipse relinquit opes.*

And in far harsher terms elsewhere, as these :

† *Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me
Ingrato voces prestituisse foro.*

But how this should relate unto our laws,
Or the just ministers, with least abuse,
I reverence both too much to understand !

Then, for the Captain, I will only speak
An epigram I here have made : it is

“Unto true soldiers.” That's the *lemma* †. Mark it.
“Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view
“Such as are mis call'd captains, and wrong you,
“And your high names ; I do desire, that thence,
“Be nor put on you, nor you take offence :

• Trist. lib. 4. eleg. 10. † Amo. lib. 1. eleg. 15.

♦ *That's the LEMMA*] The subject proposed, or title of the epigram.

" I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
 " Your great profession which I once did prove ⁵ ;
 " And did not shame it with my actions then,
 " No more than I dare now do with my pen.
 " He that not trusts me having vow'd thus much,
 " But's angry for the captain, still : is such ⁶."

Now for the players, it is true, I tax'd 'em,
 And yet but some ; and those so sparingly,
 As all the rest might have sat still unquestion'd,
 Had they but had the wit or conscience
 To think well of themselves. But, impotent, they
 Thought each man's vice belong'd to their whole

[tribe ;

And much good do't 'em. What th' have done
 'gainst me,

I am not mov'd with. If it gave 'em meat,
 Or got 'em cloths, 'tis well ; that was their end.
 Only amongst them, I am sorry for
 Some better natures, by the rest so drawn,
 To run in that vile line ⁷.

Pol. And is this all ?

Will you not answer then the libels ?

⁵ ————— I love

Your great profession, which I once did prove.] Jonson once bore arms in Flanders, where he acquitted himself with reputation.

⁶ *Is such.]* i. e. such as are mis-called captains.

⁷ ————— I am sorry for

Some better natures, by the rest so drawn,

To run in that vile line.] It has been thought that Shakespear was here alluded to, under the expression of *better natures*. But I see no reason to confine the phrase to so particular a restriction. It makes good sense to take it in the most obvious meaning : nor does it appear there was any difference subsisting between Shakespear and our author ; for, on the contrary, Shakespear was not only a performer in our author's *Sejanus*, the next play which he brought upon the stage ; but actually wrote some parts of the drama itself.

Aut. No.

Aut. No.

Pol. Nor the untrussers ?

Aut. Neither.

Pol. Y'are undone then.

Aut. With whom ?

Pol. The world.

Aut. The baud.

Pol. It will be taken

To be stupidity or tameness in you.

Aut. But they that have incens'd me, can in soul
Acquit me of that guilt. They know I dare
To spurn or baffle 'em, or squirt their eyes
With ink or urine ; or I could do worse,
Arm'd with Archilochus' fury, write Iambicks,
Should make the desperate lashers hang themselves,
Rhime 'em to death, as they do Irish rats
In drumming tunes. Or, living, I could stamp
Their foreheads with those deep and publick brands,
That the whole company of barber-surgeons
Should not take off, with all their art and plaisters.
And these my prints should last, still to be read
In their pale fronts ; when, what they write 'gainst me
Shall, like a figure drawn in water, fleet,
And the poor wretched papers be employ'd
To clothe tobacco, or some cheaper drug.
This I could do, and make them infamous.
But, to what end ? when their own deeds have mark'd
And that I know, within his guilty breast ['em ;
Each slanderer bears a whip that shall torment him
Worse than a million of these temporal plagues :
Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
And far beneath the dignity of man.

Nas. 'Tis true ; for to revenge their injuries,
Were to confess you felt 'em. Let 'em go,
And use the treasure of the fool, their tongues,
Who makes his gain, by speaking worst of best.

Pol.

Pol. O, but they lay particular imputations—

Aut. As what?

Pol. That all your writing is meer railing.

Aut. Ha! if all the salt in the old comedy
Should be so censur'd, or the sharper wit
Of the bold satire termed scolding rage,
What age could then compare with those for buffoons?
What should be said of Aristophanes,
Persius, or Juvenal? whose names we now
So glorifie in schools, at least pretend it.
Ha! they no other?

Pol. Yes, they say you are slow,
And scarce bring forth a play a year.

Aut. 'Tis true.

I would they could not say that I did that.
There's all the joy that I take i' their trade,
Unless such scribes as these might be proscib'd
Th' abused theatres. They would think it strange, now,
A man should take but colts-foot for one day,
And, between whiles, spit out a better poem
Than e'er the master of art, or giver of wit,
Their belly, made. Yet, this is possible,
If a free mind had but the patience,
To think so much together, and so vile.
But that these base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted work, oppos'd
To the stuff'd nostrils of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things that were born when none but the still night,
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes:
Were not his own free merit a more crown
Unto his travails than their reeling claps?

Thi

This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apt me rather to sleep out my time,
Than I would waste it in contemned strifes
With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,
That make their mouths their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrails. But I leave the monsters
To their own fate. And since the comic muse
Hath prov'd so ominous to me, I will try
If tragedy have a more kind aspect;
Her favours in my next I will pursue,
Where if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be, he shall b' alone
A theatre unto me: once I'll 'say,
To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some of wonder, some despight,
And unto more despair to imitate their sound.

————— Since the comic muse
Hath prov'd so ominous to me, I will try
If tragedy have a more kind aspect.] But the aspect of
the tragic muse, it is said, was so little favourable to the poet
when in buskins, that even in the choice of his subject he failed:
Sejanus and *Catiline* are historical characters so well known, that
no distress which befalls them can possibly raise any kind of pi-
ty, the chiefest and noblest passion belonging to tragedy, in the
breast of the beholder. But pity is not the only passion, which
the tragic poet is concerned with. To excite dread and terror
in the mind of the spectator is equally the design of tragedy,
with raising the softer and more tender emotions of the heart.
Wickedness and guilt, when they are represented to an audience,
should naturally create no other sensations but those of fear and
horror; and the catastrophe should be designed as a monitory
lesson, to deter others from perpetrating the like crimes. Our poet
is not singular in the choice of his subjects. One of them has
lately been exhibited on a stage, that is no way famous for pre-
senting scenes of cruelty to the beholder. The rival wits of France,
monieur Crebillon in his *Catiline*, and monieur Voltaire in his
Rome sauvée, have actually pitched on the same event with Jon-
son, in their contest for the dramatic laurel.

I, that

I, that spend half my nights, and half my days,
 Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,
 To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
 And in this age can hope no other grace—
 Leave me. There's something come into my thought,
 That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's
 hoof.

Naf. I reverence these raptures, and obey e'm.

This comical satire was first acted in the year 1601.

By the then children of queen Elizabeth's chappel.

The principal comedians were,

NAT. FIELD.
 SAL. PAVY.
 THO. DAY.

JOH. UNDERWOOD.
 WILL. OSTLER.
 THO. MASTON.

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S





Sejanus.

Lud. Puccinotti sculp.

SEJANUS

HIS

FALL,

A

TRAGEDY.

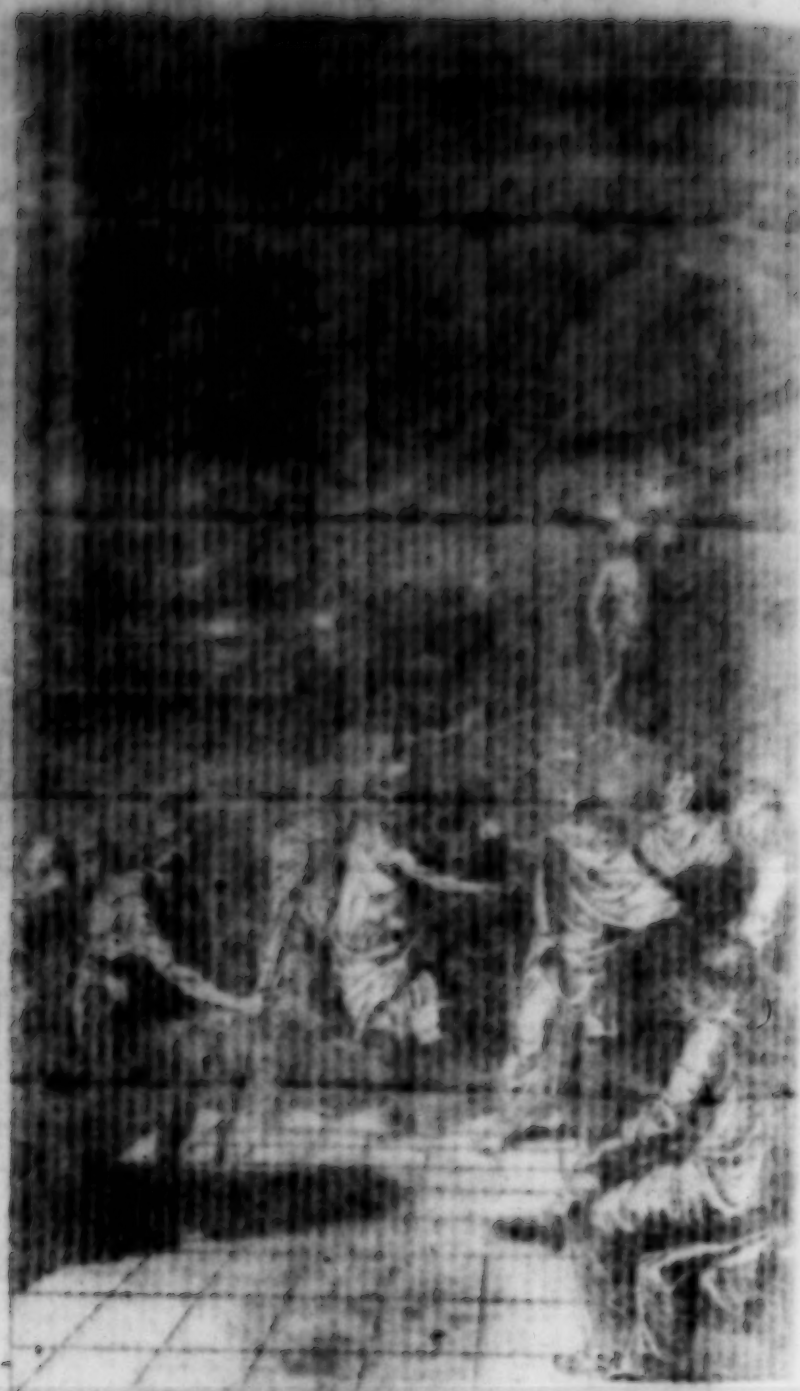
First acted in the Year 1603.

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

*Non hic centurion, non zergonas, barpyiasque
Invenies: benevolum pagina nostra lapit.*

MARC.



Interior of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, New York

By the

W

Non

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S E J A N U S

H I S

F A L L,

A

T R A G E D Y.

First acted in the Year 1603.

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

*Non hic centauros, non gorgonas, harpyiasque
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

Mart.



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TO THE

No less Noble by VIRTUE than BLOOD,

ESME LORD AUBIGNY.

My LORD,

IF ever any ruin were so great as to survive, I think
this be one I send you, The Fall of SEJANUS.
It is a poem, that, if I well remember, in your lord-
ship's sight, suffered no less violence from our people here,
than the subject of it did from the rage of the people
of Rome; but with a different fate, as, I hope, merit:
for this hath out-liv'd their malice, and begot itself a
greater favour than he lost, the love of good men.
Amongst whom, if I make your lordship the first it
thanks, it is not without a just confession of the bond
your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me,

Your Lordship's most faithful Honourer,

BEN. JONSON.

TO

THE LORD ALBANY

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I always find time to think of my friends. I hope to hear from you soon. I am your affectionate friend, Lord Albany.

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T O T H E R E A D E R S.

TH E following and voluntary labours * of my friends, prefixt to my book, have relieved me in much; whereat, without them, I should necessarily have touched. Now I will only use three or four short and needful notes, and so rest.

First, if it be objected, that what I publish is no true poem, in the strict laws of time, I confess it: as also in the want of a proper chorus; whose habit and moods are such and so difficult, as not any, whom I have seen, since the antients, (no, not they who have most presently affected laws) have yet come in the way of. Nor is it needful, or almost possible in these our times, and to such auditors as commonly things are presented, to observe the old state and splendor of dramatic poems, with preservation of any popular delight. But of this I shall take more seasonable cause to speak, in my observations upon Horace his art of poetry, which, with the text translated, I intend shortly to publish. In the mean time, if in truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fullness and frequency of sentence, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of these forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, and without my boast, to think I could better prescribe, than omit the due use for want of a convenient knowledge.

* *The following and voluntary labours of my friends*] Commendatory copies of verses on the following tragedy, which the reader will find prefixed to the first volume of this edition.

The next is, lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know, that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to shew my integrity in the story, and save myself in those common torturers that bring all wit to the rack; whose noses are ever like swine spoiling and rooting up the muses gardens; and their whole bodies like moles, as blindly working under earth, to cast any, the least, hills upon virtue.

Whereas they are in Latin, and the work in English, it was presupposed none but the learned would take the pains to confer them; the authors themselves being all in the learned tongues, save one, with whose English side I have had little to do. To which it may be required, since I have quoted the page, to name what editions I followed. *Tacit. Lips. in 4to. Antwerp. edit. 600. Dio. folio, Hen. Steph. 92.* For the rest, as *Sueton, Seneca, &c.* the chapter doth sufficiently direct, or the edition is not varied.

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book, in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the publick stage; wherein a second pen had good share: in place of which, I have rather chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than defraud so happy a genius of his right by my lothed usurpation¹.

Fare you well, and if you read farther of me, and

¹ *Defraud so happy a genius of his right by my lothed usurpation.* The genius here alluded to undoubtedly was Shakespear, who was also a performer in the play; but I believe, posterity wishes, that Jonson had rather have let them stood with some note of distinction, than have substituted his own in their room, from a false point of modesty, or to render the whole more uniform and of a piece.

I have restored this preface from the quarto edition of this play, which was printed by itself in 1605.

To the Readers.

131

like, I shall not be afraid of it, though you praise me out.

Neque enim mihi cornea fibra est.

But that I should plant my felicity in your general saying, good, or well, &c. were a weakness which the better sort of you might worthily contemn, if not absolutely hate me for.

BEN. JONSON;

and no such,

Quem

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

I 2

THE

T H E A R G U M E N T.

ÆL I U S Sejanus, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulturnum; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius; grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the emperor's son, not brooking; after many smother'd dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publickly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus (being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her physician called Eudemus, and one Lygdus an eunuch, to poison Drusus. This their inhumane act having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to further and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the empire; where finding the lets he must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, (who were next in hope for the succession¹) he deviseth to make Tiberius' self his means, and instill into his ears many doubts and suspicions, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Caesar jealously hearkning to, as covetously consenteth to their ruin, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his design, Sejanus labours to

¹ *For the succession.*] These words, wanting in the edition of 1609, were added by the poet, to complete the sense.

marry Livia, and worketh (with all his ingine^a) to remove Tiberius from the knowledge of publick business, with allurements of a quiet and retired^b life; the latter of which, Tiberius (out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to hide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publickly practise) embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or suspect towards Sejanus: against whom he raiseth (in private) a new instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the others counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts them: at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure, (with pretext of doing him an unwonted honour in the senate) he trains him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people^c.

^a With all his *INGINE*.] From the Latin *ingenium*; it was spelt in this manner by the writers of that age.

^b RETIRED *life*.] The quarto reads *separated*.

^c By the rage of the people.] After this, the quarto has the following: "This do we advance, as a mark of terror to all traitors, and treasons; to shew how just the heavens are, in pouring and thundering down a weighty vengeance on their unnatural intents, even to the worst princes; much more to those, for guard of whose piety and virtue the angels are in continual watch, and God himself miraculously working."

This seems to have been added, in compliment to K. James, on the discovery of the *powder-plot*.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

TIBERIUS.
DRUSUS senior.
NERO.
DRUSUS junior.
CALIGULA.
ARRUNTIVS.
SILIUS.
SABINUS.
LEPIDUS.
CORDUS.
GALLUS.
REGVLUS.
TERENTIUS.
LACO.
EUEMUS.
RUFUS.

SEJANUS.
LATIARIS.
VARRO.
MACRO.
COTTA.
AFER.
HATERIUS.
SANQUINIUS.
POMPONIVS.
POSTHUMUS.
TRIO.
MINUTIVS.
SATRIUS.
NATTA.
OPSIUS.
TRIBUNI.

AGRIPPINA.
LIVIA.
SOSIA.

PRÆCONES.
FLAMEN.
TUBICINES.
NUNTIUS.

LICTORES.
MINISTRI.
TIBICINES.
SERVUS.

The SCENE, ROME.

The principal TRAGEDIANS were,

RICH. BURBADGE.
AUG. PHILIPS.
WIL. SLY.
JOH. LOWIN.

WIL. SHAKESPEAR.
JOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.
ALEX. COOKE.

SE-

SEJANUS his Fall.

A C T I.

*Sabinus, Silius, Natta, Latiaris, Cordus, Satrius, Ar-
runtius, Eudemus, Haterius, &c.*

Sab. **H**AIL, Caius Silius.

Sil. Titius Sabinus, hail.

You're rarely met in court!

Sab. Therefore, well met.

Sil. 'Tis true: indeed, this place is not our sphere.

Sab. No, Silius, we are no good ingineers.

We want their fine arts, and their thriving use,

Should make us grac'd, or favour'd of the times:

We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues,

No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick,

Like snails on ' painted walls; or, on our breasts,

Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to which

We did by slavery, not by service climb.

We are no guilty men, and then no great;

We have no place in court, office in state,

That we can say, we owe unto our crimes:

We burn with no black secrets, which can make

' On painted walls.] Sense, and the old copies direct us to read on.

Us dear to the pale authors ; or live fear'd
Of their still waking jealousies, to raise
Ourselves a fortune, by subverting theirs.
We stand not in the lines, that do advance
To that so courted point.

Sil. But yonder lean
A pair that do.

(*Sab.* Good cousin Latiaris.)

Sil. Satrius Secundus, and Pinnarius Natta,
The great Sejanus' clients : there be two,
Know more than honest counsels : whose close breasts,
Were they rip'd up to light, it would be found
A poor and idle sin², to which their trunks
Had not been made fit organs. These can lye,
Flatter and swear, forswear, deprave, inform,
Smile, and betray ; make guilty men ; then beg
The forfeit lives, to get their livings ; cut
Mens throats with whisperings ; sell to gaping suitors
The empty smoke, that flies about the palace ;
Laugh when their patron laughs ; sweat when he sweats ;
Be hot and cold with him ; change every mood,
Habit, and garb, as often as he varies ;
Observe him, as his watch observes his clock ;
³ And true, as turkoise in the dear lord's ring,
Look well or ill with him : ready to praise

² *A poor and idle sin.]* That is, barren, unprofitable.

Mr. SYMPSON.

The word is so used by Shakespear,

"Of antres vast, and deserts idle."

Othello.

So in the first chapter of Genesis, "The earth was without form,
"and void," is rendered in the Saxon, "The earth was *yeæl*."

³ *And true, as TURKISH in the dear lord's ring,*

Look well or ill with him.] Alluding to the fable of the turkoise stone, which is said to change its colour, as the wearer is in good or bad health. The lines that follow, are a translation from these of Juvenal :

————— *Laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,
Si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo.*

Sat. 3. 106.
His

His lordship, if he spit, or but piss fair,
Have an indifferent stool, or break wind well,
Nothing can 'scape their catch.

Sab. Alas! these things
Deserve no note, conferr'd with other vile,
And filthier flatteries, that corrupt the times:
When, not alone our gentries chief are fain
To make their safety from such sordid acts,
But all our consuls, and no little part
Of such as have been prætors, yea, the most
Of senators (that else not use their voices ⁴)
Start up in publick senate, and there strive
Who shall propound most abject things, and base;
So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,
Leaving the court, to cry, O race of men,
Prepar'd for servitude ⁵! which shew'd that he,
Who least the publick liberty could like,
As lothly brook'd their flat servility.

Pedarii.

Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate,
Have so provok'd the justice of the gods.
We, that (within these fourscore years) were born
Free: equal lords of the triumphed world ⁶,
And knew no masters, but affections;
To which betraying first our liberties,

⁴ *Senators, that else not use their voices.*] The poet has here added in the margin the word *Pedarii*. It is the classical expression for those who never spoke in the senate, but only went over to the side they voted for: hence they were said *pedibus ire in sententiam*.

⁵ ——— O race of men,

Prepar'd for servitude! &c.] Tacitus explains this; *Memoriae prodatur Tiberium, quotiens curiâ egrederetur, Græcis verbis in hunc modum aliqui solitum, "O homines ad servitutem paratos! scilicet etiam illum, qui libertatem publicam nollet, tam projectæ servientium patientiæ tædebat.* Annal. l. 3. c. 65.

⁶ *Equal lords of the triumphed world.*] i. e. The Roman empire. The expression is fine, and gives us an admirable idea of what every private citizen of Rome esteem'd himself, in the times of the republick.

We

We since became the slaves to one man's lusts;
 And now to many: every ministring spy
 That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,
 Of me, of all our fortunes and our lives.
 Our looks are call'd to question, and our words,
 How innocent soever, are made crimes;
 We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,
 Or think, but 'twill be treason.

Sab. "Tyrants arts

"Are to give flatterers grace; accusers, power:
 "That those may seem to kill whom they devour."
 Now good Cremutius Cordus.

Cor. Hail to your lordship.

Nat. Who's that salutes your cousin?

Lat. 'Tis one Cordus,

[*They whisper.*]

A gentleman of Rome: one that has writ
 Annals of late, they say, and very well.

Nat. Annals? of what times?

Lat. I think of Pompey's,
 And Caius Cæsar's; and so down to these.

Nat. How stands h' affected to the present state?
 Is he or Drusian? or Germanican?
 Or ours? or neutral?

Lat. I know him not so far.

Nat. Those times are somewhat queasie to be toucht.
 Have you or seen, or heard part of his work?

Lat. Not I; he means they shall be publick shortly.

Nat. O, Cordus do you call him?

Lat. I.

Sab. But these our times
 Are not the same, Arruntius.

Arr. Times? the men,
 The men are not the same: 'tis we are base,
 Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain
 Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
 Of god-like Cato? he, that durst be good,
 When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power,

As not to live his slave, to die his master.
 Or where's the constant Brutus? that (being proof
 Against all charm of benefits) did strike
 So brave a blow into the monster's heart
 That fought unkindly? to captive his country.
 O, they are fled the light. Those mighty spirits
 Lie rak'd up with their ashes in their urns,
 And not a spark of their eternal fire
 Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
 Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
 There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good,
 Gallant, or great: 'tis true that Cordus says,
 "Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

[*Drusus passes by.*]

Sab. Stand by, lord Drusus.

Hat. Th' emperor's son, give place.

Sil. I like the prince well.

Arr. A riotous youth.

There's little hope of him.

Sab. That fault his age

Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears
 Himself each day, more nobly than other:

And wins no less on mens affections,

Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I love him;

And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus^a.

Sil. And I, for gracing his young kinsmen so,

The sons of prince Germanicus: it shews

A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind,

That envies not, in them, their father's name.

[^a UNKINDLY to captive his country.] i. e. unnaturally: for the
 word *kind*, signifying nature, with its compounds and derivatives,
 is thus used by the writers of that age.

[^b For opposing to Sejanus.] This construction is a glaring Latinism.
 The *Transfer* has many instances of the same nature: and the *Arcadia*
 supplies us with one exactly parallel; "Resist to its oppressor."
 5. p. 455. edit. fol. 1674.

Mr. SYMPSON.

Our translation of the bible furnisheth us with another instance of
 the same nature; a construction by no means inelegant, even in prose:
 "His servants ye are, to whom ye obey," i. e. are obedient, *Rom. vi. 16.*

Arr.

Arr. His name was, while he liv'd, above all envy
And being dead, without it. O, that man!
If there were seeds of the old virtue left,
They liv'd in him.

Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius,
More than the seeds: Sabinus, and my self
Had means to know him, within; and can report him
We were his followers, (he would call us friends.)
⁹ He was a man most like to virtue; in all,
And every action, nearer to the gods,
Than men, in nature; of a body as fair
As was his mind; and no less reverend
In face, than fame: he could so use his state,
Temp'ring his greatness with his gravity,
As it avoided all self-love in him,
And spight in others. What his funerals lack'd
In images, and pomp, they had supply'd
With honourable sorrow, soldiers sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such, as men
(Who know no tears, but from their captives) use
To shew in so great losses.

Cor. I thought once ¹⁰,

Considering

⁹ *He was a man most like to virtue; in all
And every action, nearer to the gods,*

Than men, in nature.] Jonson has borrowed the noble character which Paterculus hath given Cato, and applies it with propriety to Germanicus. *Homo virtuti simillimus, & per amorem genio diis quam hominibus propior.* Paterculus, l. 2. c. 35. The margin of the edition in 1605, is crowded with references to the Roman historians; but they are chiefly brought as vouchers for the facts alluded to, or the descriptions which he gives of the persons concerned. When he borrows the sentiment or thought, he is frequently silent; and particularly, he takes no notice of being indebted to Paterculus.

¹⁰ *I thought once* —————

T' have parallel'd him with great Alexander.] This obligation comes with great decorum of character from the mouth of Cordus the historian: but Tacitus, from whom it is taken, says

Considering their forms, age, manner of deaths,
The nearness of the places where they fell,
T' have parallel'd him with great Alexander :
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Year'd but to thirty, and, in foreign lands,
By their own people, alike made away.

Sab. I know not, for his death, how you might
wrest it :

But. for his life, it did as much disdain
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
Doth with my bond-man's. All the good in him,
(His valour, and his fortune) he made his ;
But he had other touches of late Romans,
That more did speak him : Pompey's dignity,
The innocence of Cato, Cæsar's spirit,
Wise Brutus' temperance ; and every virtue,
Which parted unto others, gave them name,
Flow'd mix'd in him. He was the soul of goodness :
And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.

Arr. I am sure

He was too great for us, and that they knew
Who did remove him hence.

Sab. When men grow fast

Honour'd and lov'd, there is a trick in state
(Which jealous princes never fail to use)
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassy, the war, or such,
To shift them forth into another air,
Where they may purge, and lessen ; so was he :

And

no particular person as the author of the parallel. *Erant qui*
formam, ætatem, genus mortis, ob propinquitatem etiam locorum in quibus
interiit, magni Alexandri satis adequarent. Annal. l. 2. c. 73.

And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius,
 And his more subtle dam, to discontent him;
 To breed and cherish mutinies; detract
 His greatest actions; give audacious check
 To his commands; and work to put him out
 In open act of treason. All which snares
 When his wife cares prevented, a fine poison
 Was thought on, to mature their practices.

Cor. Here comes Sejanus.

Sil. Now observe the sloops,
 The bendings, and the falls.

Arr. Most creeping base!

Sejanus, Satrius, Terentius, &c.

[They pass over the stage.]

Sej. I note 'em well: no more. Say you.

Sat. My lord,

There is a gentleman of *Rome* would buy——

Sej. How do you call him you talk'd with?

Sat. 'Please your lordship,

It is Eudemus, the physician
 To Livia, Drusus' wife.

Sej. On with your suit.

Would buy, you said——

Sat. A tribune's place, my lord.

Sej. What will he give?

Sat. Fifty sesteria¹¹.

Sej. Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow?

Sat. It is, my lord; your lordship's answer.

Sej. To what?

Sat. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman,
 You lordship will well like of, when you see him;
 And one, that you may make yours, by the grant.

Sej. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.

¹¹ *Fifty sesteria.*] That is of our money, as Jonson himself hath noted, 375 l. for which he refers us to *Budaus de asse*, l. 2. p. 64.

Sat. 'Thank your lordship. He shall, my lord.

Sej. Come hither.

Know you this same Eudemus? is he learn'd?

Sat. Reputed so, my lord, and of deep practice.

Sej. Bring him in, to me, in the gallery;

And take you cause to leave us there together:

I would confer with him, about a grief——On.

Arr. So, yet! another? yet? O desperate state
Of grov'ling honour! seest thou this, O sun,

And do we see thee after? Methinks, day

Should lose his light, when men do lose their shames,

And for the empty circumstance of life¹,

Betray their cause of living.

Sil. Nothing so.

Sejanus can repair, if Jove should ruin.

He is the now court-god; and well applied

With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and cringe;

He will do more than all the house of heav'n

Can, for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he

Makes us our day, or night; hell, and elysium

Are in his look: we talk of Rhadamanth,

Torments, and firebrands; but 'tis his frown

That is all these; where, on the adverse part,

His smile is more, than e'er (yet) poets feign'd

Of blifs, and shades, nectar——

Arr. A serving boy!

I knew him, at Caius' trencher², when for hire

He prostituted his abused body

¹ And for the empty circumstance of life,

Betray their cause of living.]

Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causam.

Juvenal. sat. 8. v. 84.

Dr. GREY.

² I knew him at Caius' trencher.] He means Caius Cæsar, the
adoption of Augustus. *Primâ juventâ C. Cæsarem Divi Augusti*

seclatus, non sine rumore Apicio diviti & prodigo stuprum

dedisse. Tacit. Annal. l. 4. c. 1.

To that great gormond, fat Apicius ¹⁴ :
And was the noted pathic of the time.

Sab. And, now, the second face of the whole world,
The partner of the empire, hath his image
Rear'd equal with Tiberius, born in ensigns ;
Commands, disposes every dignity,
Centurions, tribunes, heads of provinces,
Prætors and consuls ; all that heretofore
Rome's general suffrage gave, is now his sale.
The gain, or rather spoil, of all the earth,
One, and his house, receives.

Sil. He hath of late
Made him a strength too, strangely, by reducing
All the prætorian bands into one camp,
Which he commands : pretending that the soldiers,
By living loose and scatter'd, fell to riot ;
And that if any sudden enterprize
Should be attempted, their united strength
Would be far more than sever'd ; and their life
More strict, if from the city more remov'd.

¹⁴ *To that great GORMOND fat APICIUS.]* Apicius was a thorough-paced epicure. *Apicius homo luxuriosissimus ; 128 libros de condimentis juseulorum & ferculorum scripsit.* To him Juvenal alludes, sat. xi. 2, 3.

*Quid enim majore cacbinno
Excipitur vulgi, quam pauper Apicius ?*

Not. Lubini. *Pauper Apicius, prorsus proverbii speciem habet in illis qui gulosus & inops est. Tres fuisse Apicios, eosdemque gulosos, diversos fuisse temporibus, animadvertit Lippius. Comment. ad l. 4. Annal. Tacit. Vide plura Fabricii bibliothec. Latin.* He calls him gormond from Gormond, called likewise Guthrum, the Danish king who was overcome by king Alfred. "In regard the Danes consumed their time in profuseness and belly-cheer, in idleness, in sloth—in so much, that from the laziness of the Danes in general, we even to this day call a slothful, idle person a Lurdan." "So from the licentiousness of this Gormond and his army, we brand all luxurious people with the name of gormondizers."

Webb's Vindication of Stone-heng restored, 2d ed. 1725. p. 22.
"Gormond lived about the middle of the ninth century."

Dr. Galt

Sab. Where, now, he builds, what kind of forts he please,

Is heard to court the soldier, by his name,
Wooes, feasts the chiefest men of action,
Whose wants, not loves, compel them to be his.
And tho' he ne'er were liberal by kind¹¹,
Yet to his own dark ends, he's most profuse,
Lavish, and letting fly, he cares not what
To his ambition.

Arr. Yet, hath he ambition?

Is there that step in state can make him higher?
Or more? or any thing he is, but less?

Sil. Nothing but emperor.

Arr. The name Tiberius,
I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath foregone
The dignity and power.

Sil. Sure, while he lives.

Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he fail,
To the brave issue of Germanicus;
And they are three: too many (ha?) for him
To have a plot upon?

Sab. I do not know
The heart of his designs; but, sure, their face
Looks farther than the present.

Arr. By the gods,
If I could guess he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleave him down from head to heart,
But I would find it out: and with my hand
I'd hurl his panting brain about the air
In mites, as small as atomes, to undo
The knotted bed——

Sab. You are observ'd *Arruntius*.

Arr. Death! I dare tell him so; and all his spies:
[He turns to *Sejanus' Clients*.]

¹¹ He ne'er were liberal BY KIND.] By nature. See note 7.

You, sir, I would, do you look? and you.

Sab. Forbear.

Satrius, Eudemus, Sejanus.

Sat. Here he will instant be: let's walk a turn,
You're in a muse, Eudemus?

Eud. Not I, sir.

I wonder he should mark me out so! well,
Jove and Apollo form it for the best.

Sat. Your fortune's made unto you now, Eudemus,
If you can but lay hold upon the means;
Do but observe his humour, and—believe it—
He is the noblest Roman, where he takes—
Here comes his lordship.

Sej. Now, good Satrius.

Sat. This is the gentleman, my lord.

Sej. Is this?

Give me your hand, we must be more acquainted.
Report, sir, hath spoke out your art and learning:
And I am glad I have so needful cause,
(However in itself painful and hard)
To make me known to so great virtue. Look,
Who is that, Satrius?—I have a grief, sir,
That will desire your help. Your name's Eudemus?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. Sir?

Eud. It is, my lord.

Sej. I hear you are
Physician to Livia, the princess?

Eud. I minister unto her, my good lord.

Sej. You minister to a royal lady then.

Eud. She is, my lord, and fair.

Sej. That's understood

Of all their sex, who are or would be so;
And those that would be, physick soon can make 'em:
For

For those that are, their beauties fear no colours.

End. Your lordship is conceited ¹⁶.

Sej. Sir, you know it.

And can (if need be) read a learned lecture,
On this, and other secrets. 'Pray you tell me,
What more of ladies, besides Livia,
Have you your patients?

End. Many, my good lord.

The great Augusta, Urgulania,
Mutilia Prisca, and Plancina; divers—

Sej. And, all these tell you the particulars
Of every several grief? how first it grew,
And then increas'd, what action caused that;
What passion that: and answer to each point
That you will put 'em.

End. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies.

Sej. Go to,

You are a subtle nation, you physicians!
And grown the only cabinets in court,
To ladies privacies. Faith, which of these
Is the most pleasant lady in her physick?
Come, you are modest now.

End. 'Tis fit, my lord.

Sej. Why, sir, I do not ask you of their urines,
Whose smell's most violet? or whose siege is best?
Or who makes hardest faces on her stool?
Which lady sleeps with her own face a nights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hair? which her complexion?
And, in which box she puts it? These were questions,
That might, perhaps, have put your gravity
To some defence of blush. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittiest? merriest? wantonnest?

¹⁶ *Your lordship is conceited.*] Merry, disposed to joke. So in *Every Man in his Humour*, "You are conceited, sir."

Harmless inter'gatories, but conceits ¹⁷.
Methinks Augusta should be most perverse,
And froward in her fit?

Eud. She's so, my lord.

Sej. I knew it. And Mutilia the most jocund.

Eud. 'Tis very true, my lord.

Sej. And why would you
Conceal this from me, now? Come, what is Livia?
I know she's quick and quaintly spirited,
And will have strange thoughts, when she is at leisure?
She tells 'em all to you.

Eud. My noblest lord,
He breathes not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
(In any act, that may preserve mine honour)
Before your lordship.

Sej. Sir, you can lose no honour,
By trusting ought to me. The coarsest act
Done to my service, I can so requite,
As all the world shall stile it honourable:
"Your idle virtuous definitions
"Keep honour poor, and are as scorn'd as vain:
"Those deeds breathe honour that do suck in gain."

Eud. But, good, my lord, if I should thus betray
The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth; what might your
[lordship

(Who presently are to trust me with your own)
Judge of my faith?

Sej. Only the best I swear.
Say now that I should utter you my grief?
And with it the true cause; that it were love,
And love to Livia; you should tell her this?

¹⁷ *Harmless inter'gatories, BUT conceits.] i. e. nothing, but conceits.* Tho' Mr. Sympson conjectures that *pure* is the true reading.

Should she suspect your faith? I would you could
Tell me as much from her; see if my brain
Could be turn'd jealous.

End. Happily, my lord,
I could in time tell you as much and more;
So I might safely promise but the first
To her from you.

Sej. As safely, my Eudemus,
(I now dare call thee so) as I have put
The secret into thee.

End. My lord——

Sej. Protest not.
Thy looks are vows to me, use only speed,
And but affect her with Sejanus' love,
Thou art a man, made to make consuls. Go.

End. My lord, I'll promise you a private meeting
This day together.

Sej. Canst thou?

End. Yes.

Sej. The place?

End. My gardens, whither I shall fetch your lord-

Sej. Let me adore my Æsculapius. [ship.

Why, this indeed is physick! and out-speaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or——Be gone my friend,
Not barely stiled, but created so;
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes,
To overtake thee: fortune shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deserv'd thus long,
To come behind thy wishes. Go, and speed.
"Ambition makes more trusty slaves than need."
These fellows, by the favour of their art,
Have still the means to tempt; oft-times the power.
If Livia will be now corrupted, then

Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out
 His secrets, who (thou knowst) endures thee not,
 Her husband Drusus: and to work against them.
 Prosper it, Pallas, thou that better'st wit;
 For Venus hath the smallest share in it.

Tiberius, Sejanus, Drusus.

[*One kneels to him.*

Tib. We not endure these flatteries, let him stand;
 Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods and state
 Take not away our human nature from us:
 Look up, on us, and fall before the gods.

Sej. How like a god speaks Cæsar!

Arr. There observe!

He can endure that second, that's no flattery.
 O, what is it, proud slime will not believe
 Of his own worth, to hear it equal prais'd
 Thus with the gods?

Cor. He did not hear it, sir.

Arr. He did not? Tut, he must not, we think
 meanly.

'Tis your most courtly known confederacy,
 To have your private parasite redeem
 What he in publick subtilly will lose,
 To making him a name.

Hat. Right mighty lord——

Tib. We must make up our ears 'gainst these assaults
 Of charming tongues; we pray you use no more
 These contumelies to us; stile not us
 Or lord, or mighty, who profess our self
 The servant of the senate, and are proud
 T' enjoy them our good, just, and favouring lords.

Cor. Rarely dissembled.

Arr. Prince-like to the life.

Sab.

Sab. "When power that may command, so much descends,

"Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends."

Tib. Whence are these letters?

Lat. From the senate.

Tib. So.

Whence these?

Lat. From thence too.

Tib. Are they sitting now?

Lat. They stay thy answer, Cæsar.

Sil. If this man

Had but a mind allied unto his words,
How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome?

We could not think that state for which to change,
Although the aim were our old liberty:

The ghosts of those that fell for that, would grieve
Their bodies liv'd not, now, again to serve.

"¹³ Men are deceiv'd, who think there can be thrall

"Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty

"Ne're lovelier looks, than under such a crown."

But, when his grace is meerly but lip-good,

And that, no longer than he airs himself

Abroad in publick, there, to seem to shun

The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within

Are lechery unto him, and so feed

His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,

As (dead to virtue) he permits himself

Be carried like a pitcher by the ears,

To every act of vice: this is a case

Deserves our fear, and doth presage the nigh

¹³ Men are deceiv'd, who think there can be thrall

Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty

Ne'er lovelier looks than under such a crown.] An instance of

the poet's zeal for monarchy, and of his complaisance to the prince then reigning. He has given us a translation of the Latin,

——— *Nunquam libertas gratior exstat,
Quam sub rege pio.*

And close approach of blood and tyranny.

“ Flattery is midwife unto princes rage :

“ And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyrant,

“ Than that, and whisperers grace, who have the time,

“ The place, the pow’r, to make all men offenders.”

Arr. He should be told this ; and be bid dissemble
With fools and blind men : we that know the evil,
Should hunt the palace rat, or give them bane ;
Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour
The quick, where they but prey upon the dead :
He shall be told it.

Sab. Stay, Arruntius,
We must abide our opportunity ;
And practice what is fit, as what is needful.

“ It is not safe t’ enforce a sovereign’s ear :

“ Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Arr. Ha ? say you so, well. In the mean time, Jove,
(Say not, but I do call upon thee now)

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant ;
And of all tame, a flatterer.

Sil. ’Tis well pray’d.

Tib. Return the lords this voice, we are their
creature,

And it is fit a good and honest prince,
Whom they out of their bounty have instructed ¹⁹
With so dilate and absolute a power,

Should

¹⁹ *Whom they out of their bounty have INSTRUCTED*

With so dilate and absolute a power.] This is the reading of all the editions ; but Mr. Seward imagines *instructed* to be a corruption for *intrusted*, which gives a more easy and natural construction ; and Mr. Theobald has the same correction in the margin of his copy. Perhaps a Latinism is here intended, and Jonson uses *instructed* in the sense, which the Romans sometimes assigned to *instruo*, of supplying, or furnishing. And consulting the original, I find this to be really the case ; for the beginning of this speech is a translation of what is preserved by Suetonius ; *Dixit, & nunc, & sepe alias,*
P. C.

Should owe the office of it to their service,
 And good of all and every citizen.
 Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wish'd
 The senate just, and fav'ring lords unto us,
 " Since their free loves do yield no less defence
 " T' a prince's state, than his own innocence."
 Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
 Shall want to please us, that hath pleased them;
 Our suffrage rather shall prevent, than stay
 Behind their wills: 'tis empire to obey,
 Where such, so great, so grave, so good determine.
 Yet, for the suit of Spain, t' erect a temple
 In honour of our mother and our self,
 We must (with pardon of the senate) **not**
 Assent thereto. Their lordships may **object**
 Our not denying the same late request
 Vnto the Asian cities: we desire
 That our defence for suffering that be known
 In these brief reasons, with our after purpose.
 Since deified Augustus hindered not
 A temple to be built at Pergamum,
 In honour of himself and sacred Rome;

*P. C. bonum & salutarem principem, quem vos tantâ & tam liber-
 gitate instraxistis, senatui servire debere, & universis civibus sæp-
 & plerumque etiam singulis: neque id dixisse me pœnitet; & bonos
 & æquos & fave-tes vos habui dominos, & adhuc habeo.* Tiber. Cæs.
 c. 29. In this instance, as well as in many others, Jonson has verified
 the remark of Mr. Dryden, who says of him, that perhaps he did
 a little too much **romanize** our tongue, leaving the words which
 he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein,
 though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough
 comply with the idiom of ours. What follows, to the conclusion
 of the speech, is to be met with in *Tacitus, Annal.* l. 4. c. 37.
 & 38. I would observe, however, that the translation of the
 poet is entirely in the sententious manner of the original, and
 concludes with the well-known maxim,

Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.

We,

We, that have all his deeds and words observ'd
Ever, in place of laws, the rather follow'd
That pleasing precedent, because with ours,
The senate's reverence also, there, was join'd.
But as, t' have once receiv'd it, may deserve
The gain of pardon; so, to be ador'd
With the continu'd stile, and note of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,
And no less pride: yea even Augustus' name
Would early vanish, should it be prophan'd
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are covetous
Posterity should know it, we are mortal;
And can but deeds of men: 'twere glory enough,
Could we be truly a prince. And, they shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory,
That shall report us worthy our fore-fathers,
Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown
For publick good. These things shall be to us
Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest, and most during imagin'd:
For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in judgment of posterity,
Are more contemn'd as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then
Make here our suit, alike to gods and men;
The one, until the period of our race,
T' inspire us with a free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws;
The other, to vouchsafe us after death,
An honourable mention, and fair praise,
T' accompany our actions and our name:
The rest of greatness princes may command,
And (therefore) may neglect; only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memory

They should, without being satisfied, pursue.
Contempt of fame, begets contempt of virtue.

Nat. Rare!

Sat. Most divine!

Sej. The oracles are ceas'd,
That only Cæsar, with their tongue, might speak ¹⁰.

Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and open this ¹¹!

Cor. Stay.

Arr. What, to hear more cunning, and fine words,
With their sound flatter'd, e're their sense be meant?

Tib. Their choice of Antium, there to place the gift
Vow'd to the goddess for our mother's health,
We will the senate know, we fairly like; [*Fortuna*
As also of their grant to Lepidus, *equestris.*
For his repairing the Æmilian place,
And restauration of those monuments:
Their grace too in confining of Silanus
To th' other isle Cithera, at the suit

¹⁰ ————— The oracles are ceas'd,

[That only Cæsar, with their tongue, might speak.] The poet with great judgment lays hold on the common opinion of the cessation of oracles about this time, and turns it to a very artful piece of flattery. The fact may be false, but the received notions of Jonson's age sufficiently justify the application. If the reader is desirous to know the sentiments of the learned with regard to the cessation of oracles at this time, I refer him to *Vandale de Oraculis*, and *Foutenelle's Histoire des Oracles*.

¹¹ Let me be gone, most FELT, and open this!] The honest-hearted Arruntius is impatient to be gone, and vent his indignation at such gross flattery; but the present reading, *most felt*, conveys no idea of this kind. The true reading seems to be *felt*, which agrees with the intention of the speaker. Mr. SEWARD.

The diction is forced, and uncommon; but I believe the pointing should be corrected, and the present word retained, which is the reading of all the copies.

Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and open this.

The meaning is, "Let me hasten away; this flattery is not to be endured, it is too gross, (*felt* for) palpable, and open." The poet seems to have made perspicuity of expression give place to the measure of his verse.

Of

Of his religious sister, much commends
Their policy, so temp'ed with their mercy.
But for the honours which they have decreed
To our Sejanus, to advance his statue
In Pompey's theatre (whose ruining fire
His vigilance, and labour kept restrain'd
In that one loss) they have therein out-gone
Their own great wisdoms, by their skillful choice,
And placing of their bounties on a man,
Whose merit more adorns the dignity,
Than that can him : and gives a benefit,
In taking, greater than it can receive.
Blush not, Sejanus, thou great aid of Rome,
Associate of our labours, our chief helper ;
Let us not force thy simple modesty
With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,
Since there's no voice can take it. No man here
Receive our speeches as hyperboles :
For we are far from flattering our friend,
(Let envy know) as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them ask the causes of our praise ;
Princes have still their grounds rear'd with themselves,
Above the poor low flats of common men ;
And who will search the reasons of their acts,
Must stand on equal bases. Lead away.
Our loves unto the senate.

Arr. Cæsar.

Sab. Peace.

Cor. Great Pompey's theatre was never ruin'd
Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
Rear'd on his ashes.

Arr. Place the shame of soldiers,
Above the best of generals ? crack the world !
And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
E're we behold it !

Sil. Check your passion ;
Lord Drusus tarries.

Dr.

Dru. Is my father mad?

Weary of life, and rule, lords? thus to heave
An idol up with praise! make him his mate!
His rival in the empire!

Arr. O, good prince.

Dru. Allow him statues, titles, honours, such
As he himself refuseth?

Arr. Brave, brave Drusus!

Dru. The first ascents to sovereignty are hard;
But, entered once, there never wants or means,
Or ministers, to help th' aspirer on.

Arr. True, gallant Drusus.

Dru. We must shortly pray
To Modesty, that he will rest contented—

Arr. I, where he is, and not write emperor.

Sejanus, Drusus, Arruntius, &c.

[He enters follow'd with clients.]

Sej. There is your bill, and yours; bring you your
I have mov'd for you, too, Latiaris. [man.]

Dru. What?

Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us?

Sej. Why then give way.

Dru. Give way, Colossus? do you list? advance you?
Take that. [Drusus strikes him.]

Arr. Good! brave! excellent, brave prince!

Dru. Nay, come, approach. What, stand you off?
(at gaze?)

It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits.
Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword
Shall make thy brav'ry fitter for a grave,
Than for a triumph. I'll advance a statue
O' your own bulk; but 't shall be on the cross:
Where I will nail your pride at breadth and length,
And crack those sinews, which are yet but stretch'd
With your swoln fortune's rage.

Arr. A noble prince!

All.

All. A Castor, a Castor, a Castor, a Castor ²¹!

Sej. He that, with such wrong mov'd, can bear ^{(through}

With patience, and an even mind, knows how
To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries fate:
Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate.
What was my practice late, I'll now pursue,
As my fell justice. This hath stil'd it new.

CHORUS — *Of musicians* ²².

ACT II.

Sejanus, Livia, Eudemus.

Sej. **P**hysician, thou art worthy of a province,
For the great favours done unto our loves;
And, but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,

²¹ *A Castor, a Castor, &c.*] This appellation, as Jonson himself informs us from Dion Cassius, was given by the people to Drusus, on account of the warmth and violence of his temper. In this action of Drusus, the poet professeth to have followed the account of Tacitus; for the story is told otherwise by Dion, and his epitomizer Xiphilin; and the general character of Drusus is represented by them in disadvantageous colours: Τη μάλιστα οργη εἰς χαλεπὴν ἐκτρέφεται, καὶ ὡς ὀλέθρα; ἢ ὡς ἐπιβροχὴ δυνάει, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο καὶ Καστωρ παρὰ τοὺς ἄλλους ἵστανται.

Xiphilin. p. 104. edit. Hen. Steph. Par. 1551.

"He was of so passionate a disposition, that he beat an illustrious person of the equestrian order, for which reason he had the name of *Castor* given him."

²² *Chorus of musicians.*] A band of fiddlers as a chorus to a tragedy, wrote upon the plan of the antients, makes, as Mr. Symphon observes, a very different appearance from what we meet with in Æschylus, or Sophocles. Jonson was sensible of this, and offers some sort of apology for it in his preface. In the *Catiline* he hath endeavoured to be more exact; and introduces, yet without much mending the matter, a proper chorus, in imitation of the antient tragedians.

I should

I should alone despair of ought, like means,
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Eudemus (I will see it) shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.
But for this potion we intend to Drusus,
(No more our husband! now) whom shall we chuse
As the most apt and abled instrument¹,
To minister it to him?

End. I say, Lygdus.

Sej. Lygdus? what's he?

Liv. An eunuch Drusus loves.

End. I, and his cup-bearer.

Sej. Name not a second.

If Drusus love him, and he have that place,
We cannot think a fitter.

End. True, my lord.

For free access, and trust, are two main aids.

Sej. Skilful physician!

Liv. But he must be wrought
To th'undertaking, with some labour'd art.

Sej. Is he ambitious?

Liv. No.

Sej. Or covetous?

Liv. Neither.

End. Yet, gold is a good general charm.

Sej. What is he then?

Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.

Sej. How! is he young and fair?

End. A delicate youth.

Sej. Send him to me, I'll work him. Royal lady,
Though I have lov'd you long, and with that height

¹ *As the most apt, and blest instrument.*] The measure is here defective, by the loss of a foot; and *blest* instrument is a phrase not very congruous to the place it stands in. The quarto of 1605, and folio of 1616, both read *abled*, which undoubtedly is the genuine word; and as such I have admitted it into the text. *Ablest* seems to have been designed by the editor, which is the reading of the folio in 1640.

Of zeal and duty, (like the fire, which more
 It mounts it trembles) thinking nought could add
 Unto the fervour which your eye had kindled;
 Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
 Quickness, and will, to apprehend the means
 To your own good and greatness, I protest
 Myself through rarified, and turn'd all flame
 In your affection: such a spirit as yours,
 Was not created for the idle second
 To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
 Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
 And share the sov'reignty of all the world.
 Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
 When she and her Sejanus shall divide
 The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
 Be dimm'd with glory of a brighter beam:
 When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
 And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
 His little light from us, whose folded arms
 Shall make one perfect orb. Who's that? Eudemus
 Look, 'tis not Drusus? Lady, do not fear.

Liv. Not I, my lord: my fear and love of him
 Left me at once.

Sej. Illustrious lady, stay ———

Eud. I'll tell his lordship.

Sej. Who is it, Eudemus?

Eud. One of your lordship's servants brings you word
 The emp'ror hath sent for you.

Sej. O: where is he?

With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
 A question, and return. [He goes out]

Eud. Fortunate princess!

How are you blest in the fruition
 Of this unequal'd man, the soul of Rome,
 The empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world!

Liv. So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know
 The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe

The means that wrought it. How do I look to-day?

Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This same fucus
Was well laid on.

Liv. Methinks 'tis here not white.

Eud. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun
Hath giv'n some little taint unto the ceruse²,
You should have us'd of the white oil I gave you.
Sejanus, for your love! his very name
Commandeth above Cupid or his Shafts——

(*Liv.* Nay, now you've made it worse.

Eud. I'll help it straight.)

And but pronounc'd, is a sufficient charm
Against all rumour; and of absolute power
To satisfy for any lady's honour.

(*Liv.* What do you now, Eudemus?

Eud. Make a light fucus,
To touch you o'er withal.) Honour'd Sejanus!
What act (tho' ne'er so strange and insolent)
But that addition will at least bear out,
If 't do not expiate?

Liv. Here, good physician.

Eud. I like this study to preserve the love
Of such a man, that comes not every hour
To greet the world. ('Tis now well, lady, you should
Use of the dentifrice I prescrib'd you too,
To clear your teeth, and the prepar'd pomatum,
To smoothe the skin :) A lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that still would hold
The heart of such a person, made her captive,

² ——— 'Tis the sun

Hath given some little taint unto the CERUSE.] By the *ceruse*,
I should imagine is to be understood, not any white-wash, or the
common preparation of lead with vinegar, but a colour rather in-
clining to what the painters call *carnation*. It was a composition
that could not stand the warmth of the sun. Martial alludes to it,
and seems to make a difference between a common *white* and the
ceruse :

Quàm cretata timet Fabulla nimbum,

Cerussata timet Sabella solem.

L. 2. ep. 41.

As

As you have his : who, to endear him more
In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
To your new pleasures.

Liv. Have not we return'd
That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery
Of all his counsels ?

End. Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
And reckon it an act, without your sex :
It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound,
Than mix'd with Drusus : but, when they shall hear
That, and the thunder of Sejanus meet,
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave ; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, stile and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus :
They then will lose their thoughts, and be asham'd
To take acquaintance of them.

Enter Sejanus.

Sej. I must make
A rude departure, lady : Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot ; you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.
And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtil operation
Upon some natural disease of his.
Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.

Liv. My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewel. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loves you not ;

You

You know what I have told you : his designs
Are full of grudge and danger ; we must use
More than a common speed.

Sej. Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood !

Liv. Well, you must go ?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show.

End. When will you take some physick, lady ?

Liv. When
I shall, Eudemus : but let Drusus' drug
Be first prepar'd.

End. Were Lygdus made, that's done ;
I have it ready. And to-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the cutis ; against when
I'll have an excellent new fucus made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours.
This change came timely, lady, for your health,
And the restoring your complexion,
Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up :
Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you better
Than art could do.

Liv. Thanks, good physician,
I'll use my fortune (you shall see) with reverence.
Is my coach ready ?

End. It attends your highness.

Sejanus.

If this be not revenge, when I have done
And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves,
Parthians, and bare-foot Hebrews brand my face,
And print my body full of injuries.
Thou lost thyself, child Drusus, when thou thoughtst
Thou couldst out-skip my vengeance ; or out-stand
The power I had to crush thee into air.

L 2

Thy

Thy follies now shall taste what kind of man
 They have provok'd, and this thy father's house
 Crack in the flame of my incensed rage,
 Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean.
 Adultery ! it is the lightest ill
 I will commit. A race of wicked acts
 Shall flow out of my anger, and o'er-spread
 The world's wide face, which no posterity
 Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent : things
 That for their cunning, close, and cruel mark,
 Thy father would wish his ; and shall, perhaps,
 Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
 On then, my soul, and start not in thy course ;
 Tho' heav'n drop sulphur, and hell belch out fire,
 Laugh at the idle terrors : tell proud Jove,
 Between his pow'r and thine there is no odds :
 'Twas only fear first in the world made gods⁴.

Tiberius, Sejanus.

Tib. Is yet Sejanus come ?

Sej. He's here, dread Cæsar.

Tib. Let all depart that chamber, and the next :
 Sit down, my comfort. When the master prince
 Of all the world, Sejanus, saith he fears ;
 Is it not fatal ?

Sej. Yes, to those are fear'd.

Tib. And not to him ?

Sej. Not, if he wisely turn
 That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.

³ ————— Which no posterity
 Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent.] This sentiment, with
 what precedes and follows it, is expressed from the *Thyestes* of Seneca:

*Age, anime, fac quod nulla posteritas probet,
 Sed nulla taceat : aliquod audendum est nefas
 Atrox, cruentum ; tale quod frater meus
 Suum esse malit.* —————

⁴ 'Twas only fear first in the world made gods] A translation from
 Petronius Arbiter :

Primus in orbe deos fecit timor.

A& II. v. 192.

Dr. GRAY.
Tib.

Tib. That nature, blood, and laws of kind¹ forbid.

Sej. Do policy and state forbid it?

Tib. No.

Sej. The rest of poor respects, then, let go by;
State is enough to make th'act just, them guilty.

Tib. Long hate pursues such acts.

Sej. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sov'reignty.

Tib. Are rites
Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down,
Forgotten, and made vain?

Sej. All for a crown.
The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
Shall never dare do any thing, but fear;
All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:
Whole empires fall, sway'd by those nice respects;
It is the license of dark deeds protects
Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.

Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.

Sej. Yes, and do them thoroughly.

Tib. Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at?

Sej. I,
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err:
'Tis Agrippina.

Tib. She, and her proud race.

Sej. Proud! dangerous, Cæsar. For in them apace
The father's spirit shoots up. Germanicus
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t' upbraid
With his close death, if not revenge the same. [us

Tib. The act's not known.

Sej. Not prov'd: but whispering fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,

¹ *Laws of KIND forbid.*] Laws of nature.

⁶ Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe,
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a parent's death.

Tib. It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.

Sej. Stay, till they strike at Cæsar; then their crime
Will be enough, but late and out of time
For him to punish.

Tib. Do they purpose it?

Sej. You know, sir, thunder speaks not till it hit.
Be not secure; none swifter are oppress'd,
Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:
All power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
The youths are of themselves hot, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-spirited dame,
Their mother, lacks no means to put them on:
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train, and state, suing for titles;
Hath them commended with like prayers, like vows,
To the same gods, with Cæsar: days and nights
She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts
For the nobility; where Caius Silius,
Titius Sabinus, old Arruntius,
Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus,
And others of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests. There, and to these, she tells
⁷ Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife.
And then must they compare her with Augusta;

⁶ *Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.] i. e.* Who, rather than want, or fail of proof, would believe the mere evidence of their own thoughts. Jonson affects great brevity in his expression, and, in consequence of that, is not always so clear as he might be.

⁷ ———— *She tells,*

Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife] Agrippina was the niece of Augustus, the daughter of Agrippa and Julia, and the wife of Germanicus.

I, and prefer her too ; commend her form,
Extol her fruitfulness ; at which a shower
Falls for the memory of Germanicus,
Which they blow over straight with windy praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons,
Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleas'd,
And wantonly conceited of themselves,
As now, they stick not to believe they're such
As these do give them out ; and would be thought
(More than competitors) immediate heirs.
Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the rout
(That's still the friend of novelty) with hope
Of future freedom, which on every change
That greedily, though emptily expects.
Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keep old dignity
Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by ;
Not their own issue ; but so darkly set
As shadows are in picture, to give height
And lustre to themselves.

Tib. We will command
Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter hand
Than we have yet put forth ; their trains must bate,
Their titles, feasts and factions.

Sej. Or your state.
But how, sir, will you work ?

Tib. Confine 'em.

Sej. No.

They are too great, and that too faint a blow
To give them now ; it would have serv'd at first,
When with the weakest touch their knot had burst.
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect ;
For such, who know the weight of princes fear,
Will, when they find themselves discover'd, rear
Their forces, like seen snakes, that else would lie
Roul'd in their circles, close : nought is more high,
L 4 Daring,

Daring, or desperate, than offenders found ;
 Where guilt is, rage and courage both abound.
 The course must be, to let them still swell up,
 Riot, and surfeit on blind fortune's cup ;
 Give 'em more place, more dignities, more stile,
 Call 'em to court, to senate ; in the while,
 Take from their strength some one or twain, or more,
 Of the main fautors ; (it will fright the store)
 And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
 You shall disarm them first ; and they (in night
 Of their ambition) not perceive the train,
 Till in the engine they are caught and slain.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how to save ;
 Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave.
 Is there no way to bind them by deserts ?

Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but not their
 While thus your thought unto a mean is ty'd, [heart.
 You neither dare enough, nor do provide.
 All modesty is fond ; and chiefly where
 The subject is no less compell'd to bear,
 Than praise his sov'reign's acts.

Tib. We can no longer
 Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus ;
 Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but prov'd
 Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting
 Hath more confirm'd us, than if heartning Jove
 Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,
 * And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumbs.
 But who shall first be struck ?

* *And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumbs.]* The sense is obscure ; but the poet hath let us into his meaning, by his own note upon the place. It alludes to the Roman custom of shewing favour, or pronouncing death, to the vanquished gladiators, by bending the thumb. Jonson's words are these : *Premere pollicem, apud Romanos, maximi favoris erat signum.* Horat. ep. ad Lollium. *Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.* Et Plin. nat. hist. lib. 28. cap. 2. *Pollices, cum faveamus, premere etiam proverbio jubemur.*

Sej. First, Caius Silius;

He is the most of mark, and most of danger :
In power and reputation equal strong,
Having commanded an imperial army
Seven years together, vanquish'd Sacrovir
In Germany, and thence obtain'd to wear
The ornaments triumphal. His steep fall,
By how much it doth give the weightier crack,
Will send more wounding terror to the rest,
Command them stand aloof, and give more way
To our surprising of the principal.

Tib. But what, Sabinus?

Sej. Let him grow a while,

His fate is not yet ripe : we must not pluck
At all together, lest we catch ourselves.
And there's Arruntius too, he only talks.
But Sofia, Silius' wife, would be wound in
Now, for she hath a fury in her breast,
More than Hell ever knew ; and would be sent
Thither in time. Then is there one Cremutius
Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got
To gather notes of the precedent times,
And make them into annals ; a most tart
And bitter spirit (I hear ;) who under colour
Of praising those, doth tax the present state,
Censures the men, the actions, leaves no trick,
No practice un-examin'd, parallels
The times, the governments ; a profest champion
For the old liberty——

Tib. A perishing wretch.

As if there were that chaos bred in things,
That laws and liberty would not rather chuse
To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,
Than have the stain to be preserv'd by such.
Have we the means to make these guilty first?

Sej. Trust that to me : let Cæsar, by his power,

But

But cause a formal meeting of the senate,
I will have matter, and accusers ready.

Tib. But how? let us consult.

Sej. We shall mispend

The time of action. Counsels are unfit
In business, where all rest is more pernicious
Than rashness can be. Acts of this close kind
Thrive more by execution than advice.
There is no lingering in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Tib. Our edict shall forthwith command a court.
While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury:

Ἐγὼ δ' αὖτοὶ γὰρ μυχθῆτω τυφί.

Posthumus, Sejanus.

Pos. My lord Sejanus——

Sej. Julius Posthumus

Come with my wish! what news from Agrippina's?

Pos. Faith none. They all lock up themselves a-laz;
Or talk in character; I have not seen
A company so chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by augury of our practice.

Sej. When were you there?

Pos. Last night.

Sej. And what guests found you?

Pos. Sabinus, Silius, (the old list) Arruntius,
Furnius and Gallus.

Sej. Would not these talk?

Pos. Little.

And yet we offer'd choice of argument.
Satrius was with me.

Sej. Well: 'tis guilt enough

Ἐγὼ δ' αὖτοὶ γὰρ μυχθῆτω τυφί.] This Greek verse, as the
historians say, Tiberius had often in his mouth, and the poet
thought it too memorable to omit it.

The

And th

Their often meeting. You forgot t' extoll
The hospitable lady?

Pos. No, that trick
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,
But that Sabinus coug't a caution out;
For she began to swell:

Sej. And may she burst.
Julius, I would have you go instantly
Unto the palace of the great Augusta,
And (by your kindest friend) get swift access; [*Mutilia*
Acquaint her with these meetings: tell the *Prisca.*
words

" You brought me (th' other day) of Silius,
Add somewhat to 'em. Make her understand
The danger of Sabinus, and the times,
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius words
Of malice against Cæsar; so, to Gallus:
But, (above all) to Agrippina. Say,
(As you may truly) that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful womb,
With popular studies gapes for sovereignty,
And threatens Cæsar. Pray Augusta then,
That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the publick
" Safety, she be pleas'd to urge these dangers.
Cæsar is too secure (he must be told,
And best he'll take it from a mother's tongue)
Alas! what is't for us to sound, t' explore,

¹⁰ ————— *Tell the words*

You brought me (th' other day) of Silius.] The words of Silius, which the poet refers, are related by Tacitus in this manner; *Immodice jactantis (sc. Silii) suum militem in obsequio duravisse, cum alii ad seditiones prolaberentur: neque mansurum Tiberio imperium, si iis pugne legionibus cupido novandi fuisset.* Annal. l. 4. c. 18.

¹¹ *The publick safety, &c.*] To complete the measure of the verse, Jonson, by a licence common in the ancient poets, divides the word *publick* into both these verses; ending one of them with the first syllable of it, and beginning the other with the last;

That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the publick safety, she be pleas'd to urge these dangers.
And they are so printed in the folio of 1616.

To

To watch, oppose, plot, practice, or prevent,
 If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
 Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be
 Supinely negligent? our city's now
 Divided as in time o' th' civil war,
 And men forbear not to declare themselves
 Of Agrippina's party. Every day
 The faction multiplies; and will do more,
 If not resisted: you can best enlarge it,
 As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
 Commend me to your Prisca: and pray her,
 She will solicit this great business,
 To earnest and most present execution,
 With all her utmost credit with Augusta.

Pes. I shall not fail in my instructions.

Sej. This second (from his mother) will well urge
 Our late design, and spur on Cæsar's rage:
 Which else might grow remiss. The way to put
 A prince in blood, is to present the shapes
 Of dangers, greater than they are (like late,
 Or early shadows) and, sometimes, to feign
 Where there are none, only to make him fear;
 His fear will make him cruel: and once entred,
 He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare
 Where he may doubt. This have I made my rule,
 To thrust Tiberius into tyranny,
 And make him toil, to turn aside those blocks,
 Which I alone could not remove with safety.
 Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sons
 Would clog my way; whose guards have too much
 faith

To be corrupted: and their mother known
 Of too-too unprov'd a chastity,
 To be attempted, as light Livia was.
 Work then, my art, on Cæsar's fears, as they

On those they fear, 'till all my lets be clear'd²² :
 And he in ruins of his house, and hate
 Of all his subjects, bury his own state.
 When with my peace, and safety, I will rise,
 By making him the public sacrifice.

Satrius, Natta.

Sat. They're grown exceeding circumspect, and wary.

Nat. They have us in the wind : and yet Arruntius
 Cannot contain himself.

Sat. Tut, he's not yet
 Look'd after, there are others more desir'd,
 That are more silent.

Nat. Here he comes. Away.

Sabinus, Arruntius, Cordus.

Sab. How is it, that these beagles haunt the house
 Of Agrippina ?

Arr. O, they hunt, they hunt.
 There is some game here lodg'd, which they must
 rouse,
 To make the great ones sport.

Cor. Did you observe
 How they inveigh'd 'gainst Cæsar ?

Arr. I, baits, baits,
 For us to bite at : would I have my flesh
 Torn by the publick hook, these qualified hangmen
 Should be my company.

Cor. Here comes another.

²² 'Till all my ~~lets~~ be clear'd] This reading is corrupt, and the expression unintelligible : the quarto gives us the true word *lets* ; obstructions, impediments. It occurs likewise in the argument, " Finding the *lets* he must encounter to be many and hard." Mr. Edward and Mr. Sympton both corrected it in this manner by conjecture.

Arr.

Arr. I, there's a man, Afer the orator !
 One that hath phrases, figures, and fine flowers,
 To strew his rhetorick with, and doth make haste
 To get him note, or name, by any offer
 Where blood, or gain be objects ; steeps his words,
 When he would kill in artificial tears :
 The crocodile of Tyber ! him I love,
 That man is mine ; he hath my heart and voice,
 When I would curse ! he, he.

Sab. Contemn the slaves,
 Their present lives will be their future graves.

Silius, Agrippina, Nero, Sofia.

Sil. May't please your highness not forget your self,
 I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
 Your trouble farther.

Agr. Farewel, noble Silius.

Sil. Most royal princess.

Agr. Sofia stays with us ?

Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe your grace
 An honest, but unprofitable love.

Agr. How can that be, when there's no gain, but
 virtuous ¹¹ ?

Sil. You take the moral, not the politick sense.
 I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech,
 Earnest to utter what her zealous thought
 Travails withal, in honour of your house ;
 Which act, as it is simp'y born in her,
 Partakes of love and honesty ; but may,
 By th' over-often, and unseason'd use,
 Turn to your loss and danger : for your state
 Is waited on by envies, as by eyes ;
 And every second guest your tables take

¹¹ *How can that be, when there's no gain, but VIRTUOUS.]* i. e. no
 real gain, but virtuous gain ; what is acquired and proceeds from
 virtue. The quarto, with less embarrassment of the sense, reads
 virtue's.

Is a fee'd spy, t' observe who goes, who comes.
 What conference you have, with whom, where, when,
 What the discourse is, what the looks, the thoughts
 Of ev'ry person there, they do extract,
 And make into a substance.

Agr. Hear me, Silius.

Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes,
 And ev'ry wall and hanging in my house
 Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air;
 Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long
 As to my inmost closet, I would hate
 To whisper any thought, or change an act,
 To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces
 Shew ever noblest in conspicuous courses.

Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely spoken, like the spirit
 Of Agrippina: yet, your highness knows,
 There is nor loss, nor shame in providence:
 Few can, what all should do, beware enough.
 You may perceive with what officious face,
 Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest
 Visit your house, of late, t' enquire the secrets;
 And with what bold and privileg'd art, they rail
 Against Augusta: yea, and at Tiberius;
 Tell tricks of Livia, and Sejanus; all
 T' excite, and call your indignation on,
 That they might hear it at more liberty.

Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.

Sil. Pray the gods,
 I be so Agrippina: but I fear
 Some subtle practice. They that durst to strike
 At so examp-less, and unblam'd a life,

“At so EXAMP-LESS and unblam'd a life.” At a life that had
 no parallel; was beyond all example, or imitation. *Examp-less* is
 a term of the author's coining; and by the same poetical prero-
 gative, Chapman, in his verses on this tragedy, uses the word
exampling.

“Our Phœbus may with his exempling beams.”

As

As that of the renown'd Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone :
" " He threatens many, that hath injur'd one."

Ner. 'I were best rip forth their tongues, tear out
their eyes,
When next they come.

Sof. A fit reward for spies.

Drusus ju. Agrippina, Nero, Silius.

Dru. Hear you the rumour ?

Agr. What ?

Dru. Drusus is dying.

Agr. Dying !

Ner. That's strange !

Agr. Yo' were with him yesternight.

Dru. One met Eudemus, the physician,
Sent for, but now : who thinks he cannot live.

Sil. Thinks ! if it be arriv'd at that, he knows,
Or none.

Agr. This's quick ! what should be his disease ?

Sil. Poison, poison——

Agr. How, Silius !

Ner. What's that ?

Sil. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certain blow
Giv'n o' the face.

Ner. I, to Sejanus ?

Sil. True.

Dru. And what of that ?

¹⁵ *He threatens many, that hath injur'd one.]*

Multis minatur, qui uni facit injuriam.

PUB. STAN

In this fulness and frequency of sentence, as he calls it in his
face, Jonson placeth one part of the office of a tragic poet :
the learned reader will perceive, from the brevity and number
these maxims, that instead of copying after the models of anti-
Greece, he hath conformed to the practice of Seneca the
gedian.

Gal

j. 77

except

and,

Vol.

Sil. I'm glad I gave it not.

Ner. But there is somewhat else ?

Sil. Yes, private meetings,
With a great lady at a physician's,
And a wife turn'd away——

Ner. Ha !

Sil. Toys, mere toys :
What wisdom's now i' th' streets, i' th' common
[mouth ?

Dru. Fears, whisp'rings, tumults, noise, I know
They say the senate sit. [not what :

Sil. I'll thither straight ;
And see what's in the forge.

Agr. Good Silius do ;
Sofia, and I will in.

Sil. Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sick prince ; tender your loves,
And sorrows to the people. This Sejanus
(Trust my divining soul) hath plots on all !
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

CHORUS——of musicians.

A C T III.

The S E N A T E.

Sejanus, Varro, Latiaris, Cotta, Afer.

Gallus, Lepidus, Arruntius. Præcones, Liélores.

SEJ. 'TIS only you must urge against him, Varro ;
Nor I, nor Cæsar may appear therein,
Except in your defence, who are the consul :
And, under colour of late enmity

Vol. II.

M

Between

Between your father, and his, may better do it,
As free from all suspicion of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at, read:
Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.

Var. But is he summon'd?

Sej. No. It was debated
By Cæsar, and concluded as most fit
To take him unprepar'd.

Afer. And prosecute
All under name of treason.

Var. I conceive.

Sab. Drusus being dead, Cæsar will not be here.

Gal. What should the business of this senate be?

Arr. That can my subtil whisperers tell you: we
That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keep the marble warm.
What should we do with those deep mysteries,
Proper to these fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, help us be sav'd
From whips and furies.

Gall. See, see, see their action!

Arr. I, now their heads do travail, now they work;
Their faces run like shittles, they are weaving
Some curious cobweb to catch flies.

Sab. Observe,
They take their places.

Arr. What, so low?

Gal. O yes,
They must be seen to flatter Cæsar's grief,
Though but in sitting.

Var. Bid us silence.

Præ. Silence.

Var. "Fathers conscript, may this our present
meeting
"Turn fair, and fortunate to the common-wealth."

Silius, Senate.

Sej. See, Silius enters.

Sil. Hail grave Fathers.

Lic. Stand.

Silius, forbear thy place.

Sen. How!

Præ. Silius stand forth,

The consul hath to charge thee.

Lic. Room for Cæsar.

Arr. Is he come too? nay then expect a trick.

Sab. Silius accus'd? sure he will answer nobly.

Tiberius, Senate.

We stand amazed, Fathers, to behold
This general dejection. Wherefore sit
Rome's consuls thus dissolv'd¹, as they had lost
All the remembrance both of stile and place?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit weight,
To make the honour of the empire stoop:
Though I, in my peculiar self may meet
Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a grief, would greet the senate,
When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies,
(Inspir'd with comforts) lothly are endur'd,
The face of men not seen, and scarce the day,

¹ ————— *Wherefore sit*

Rome's consuls thus dissolv'd, as they had lost

All the remembrance both of stile and place? Gallus had just
fore taken notice of the consuls descending from their proper
aces to an inferior seat, in complaisance to Cæsar's grief for the
ath of Drusus. Tiberius, on his entrance, reproves them for
in dispiritedness. Tacitus gives us the account in the words,
hich the poet hath translated: *Consules, sede vulgari per speciem*
positi sedentes, honoris locique admonuit. Annal. l. 4. c. 8.

To thousands that communicate our loss².
 Nor can I argue these of weakness; since
 They take but natural ways; yet I must seek
 For stronger aids, and those fair helps draw out
 From warm embraces of the common-wealth.
 Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with time,
 Our self imprest with aged characters,
 Drusus is gone, his children young and babes;
 Our aims must now reflect on those that may
 Give timely succour to these present ills,
 And are our only glad-surviving hopes,
 The noble issue of Germanicus,
 Nero and Drusus: might it please the consul
 Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
 I would present them to the senates care,
¹ And raise those suns of joy that should drink up
 These floods of sorrow in your drowned eyes.

Arr. By Jove, I am not Oedipus enough
 To understand this Sphynx.

Sab. The princes come.

Tiberius, Nero, Drusus junior.

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble Drusus.
 These princes, Fathers, when their parent dy'd,
 I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer,
 That though h' had proper issue of his own,
 He would no less bring up, and foster these,
 Than that self-blood; and by that act confirm
 Their worths to him, and to posterity:
 Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you,
 And 'fore our country, and our gods, beseech

² That COMMUNICATE our loss.] Share in our loss.

³ And raise those SUMS of joy that should drink up, &c.] Mr. Symonds conjectured that *suns* is the genuine word, which I have placed in the text, on the authority likewise of the first folio. The quarto edition, still more erroneously, reads *springs of joy*.

You take, and rule Augustus' nephews sons,
 Sprung of the noblest ancestors ; and so
 Accomplish both my duty, and your own.
 Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you
 In place of parents, these your fathers, these ;
 And not unfitly : for you are so born,
 As all your good, or ill's the common-wealth's.
 Receive them, you strong guardians ; and blest gods,
 Make all their actions answer to their bloods :
 Let their great titles find increase by them,
 Not they by titles. Set them as in place,
 So in example, above all the Romans :
 And may they know no rivals but themselves *.
 Let Fortune give them nothing ; but attend
 Upon their virtue : and that still come forth
 Greater than hope, and better than their fame.
 Relieve me, Fathers, with your general voice.

Sen. " May all the gods consent to Cæ- [*A form*
 far's wish, *speaking*

" And add to any honours that may crown *they had.*

" The hopeful issue of Germanicus.

Tib. We thank you reverend Fathers, in their right.

Arr. If this were true now ! but the space, the space
 Between the breast and lips—Tiberius' heart
 Lies a thought farther than another man's.

Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my joys,
 As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost,
 No less than are land-waters in the sea,
 Or showers in rivers ; though their cause was such,
 As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with tears :

* *And may they know no rivals but themselves.*] Which is as much
 as to say in other words, none but themselves may be their paral-
 lel: a method of speaking, which, however ridiculed, hath been
 proved entirely similar to what we meet with in several of the
 classics ; and Mr. Theobald hath wrote over-against this line, in the
 margin, *parallel*, as if he had designed it as a similar instance of
 the phrase I have quoted.

Yet since the greater doth embrace the less,
We covetously obey.

(*Arr.* Well acted, Cæsar.)

Tib. And now I am the happy witness made
Of your so much desir'd affections
To this great issue, I could wish, the fates
Would here set peaceful period to my days;
However to my labours, I entreat
(And beg it of this senate) some fit ease.

(*Arr.* Laugh, Fathers, laugh: ha' you no spleen
about you?)

Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain
On my unwilling shoulders; and I pray
It may be taken off, and reconfer'd
Upon the consuls, or some other Roman,
More able, and more worthy.

(*Arr.* Laugh on still.)

Sab. Why this doth render all the rest suspected!

Gal. It poisons all.

Arr. O, do you taste it then?

Sab. It takes away my faith to any thing
He shall hereafter speak.

Arr. I, to pray that,
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,
(*'Gainst which he wears that charm**)^s should but the court
Receive him at his word.

[** A wreath
of laurel.*]

Gal. Hear.

Tib. For my self
I know my weakness, and so little covet
(Like some gone past) the weight that will oppress me,
As my ambition is the counter-point.

^s (*'Gainst which he wears that charm.*)] A wreath of laurel.
The great dread which Tiberius had of thunder, and this method
which he took to preserve himself against the stroke of it, is taken
notice of both by Suetonius, and Pliny. *Tonitrua præter modum ex-
veſcebat; & turbatiore celo nunquam non coronam lauream capite geſta-
vit, quod fulmine afflari negetur id genus frondis.* Sueton. Tib. c. 69.

(*Arr.* Finely maintain'd ; good still.)

Sej. But Rome, whose blood,
Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame relies
On Cæsar's strength, no less than heav'n on Atlas,
Cannot admit it but with general ruin.

(*Arr.* Ah ! are you there to bring him off ?)

Sej. Let Cæsar
No more then urge a point so contrary
To Cæsar's greatness, the griev'd senate's vows,
Or Rome's necessity.

(*Gal.* He comes about.

Arr. More nimbly than Vertumnus.)

Tib. For the publick,
I may be drawn, to shew I can neglect
All private aims ; though I affect my rest :
But if the senate still command me serve,
I must be glad to practise my obedience.

Arr. You must and will, sir. We do know it.

Sen. " Cæsar,

" Live long and happy, great and royal [*Another*
Cæsar ; *form.*

" The gods preserve thee and thy modesty,

" Thy wisdom and thy innocence."

Arr. (Where is't ?

The prayer's made before the subject.)

Sen. " Guard

" His meekness, Jove, his piety, his care,

" His bounty——"

Arr. And his subtilty, I'll put in :

Yet he'll keep that himself, without the gods.

All prayers are vain for him.

Tib. We will not hold

Your patience, Fathers, with long answer ; but

Shall still contend to be what you desire,

And work to satisfy so great a hope :

Proceed to your affairs.

Arr. Now, Siljus, guard thee ;

The curtain's drawing. Afer advanceth.

Præ. Silence.

Afe. Cite Caius Silius.

Præ. Caius Silius.

Sil. Here.

Afe. The triumph that thou hadst in Germany
For thy late victory on Sacrovir,
Thou hast enjoy'd so freely, Caius Silius,
As no man it envy'd thee; nor would Cæsar,
Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours thy deserts could claim,
In the fair service of the common-wealth:
But now, if, after all their loves and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courses being discover'd)
It shall appear to Cæsar, and this senate,
Thou hast defil'd those glories with thy crimes—

Sil. Crimes?

Afe. Patience, Silius.

Sil. Tell thy moil of patience

I am a Roman. What are my crimes? proclaim
[them.]

Am I too rich? too honest for the times?
Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses
That some informer gapes for? is my strength
Too much to be admitted? or my knowledge?
These now are crimes.

Afe. Nay, Silius, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?

Sil. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorn than fear;
Employ your mercenary tongue and art,
Where's my accuser?

Var. Here.

Arr. Varro the consul,
Is he thrust in?

Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.
Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar,

do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
First of beginning and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the war in Gallia,
For which thou late triumph'st ; dissembling long
That Sacrovir to be an enemy,
Only to make thy entertainment more.
Whilst thou, and thy wife Sofia poli'd the province :
Wherein, with sordid-base desire of gain,
Thou hast discredited thy actions worth,
And been a traitor to the state.

Sil. Thou liest.

Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still and often.

Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar, but unjustly
Have call'd him into trial ; here I bind
My self to suffer, what I claim against him ;
And yield to have what I have spoke, confirm'd
By judgment of the court, and all good men.

Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause deferr'd,
Till this man's consulship be out.

Tib. We cannot,
Nor may we grant it.

Sil. Why ? shall he design
My day of trial ? is he my accuser ?
And must he be my judge ?

Tib. It hath been usual,
And is a right that custom hath allow'd
The magistrate, to call forth private men ;
And to appoint their day : which priviledge
We may not in the consul see infring'd,
Whose deep watches, and industrious care
Is so labour'd, as the common-wealth
Receive no loss, by any oblique course.

Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than violence.

Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use
The credit of the consul to thy wrong ;
But only do preserve his place and power,

So

So far as it concerns the dignity
And honour of the state.

Arr. Believe him, Silius.

Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.

Arr. I say so.

And he may choose too.

Tib. By the Capitol,

And all our gods, but that the dear republick,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interests'd therein, I should be silent.

Afe. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial,
He shall have justice.

Sil. Nay, I shall have law;
Shall I not, Afer? speak.

Afe. Would you have more?

Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;
Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afe. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
Had'st thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me.

Var. This betrays his spirit.

This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I? speak.

Var. An enemy to the state.

Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratifie it with thine own disgrace.

Sej. This to the consul, is most insolent!
And impious!

Sil. 1, take part. Reveal your selves,
 Alas! I scent not your confed'racies,
 Your plots, and combinations! I not know
 Minion Sejanus hates me; and that all
 This boast of law, and law, is but a form,
 A net of Vulcan's filing, a meer ingine,
 To take that life by a pretext of justice,
 Which you pursue in malice? I want brain,
 Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends,
 And purposes are made to what they are,
 Before my answer? O, you equal gods,
 Whose justice not a world of wolf-turn'd men
 Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provok'd;
 Have I for this so oft engag'd my self?
 Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
 When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
 Than I the field, against the blew-ey'd Gauls,
 And crisped Germans? when our Roman eagles
 Have fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
 And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
 When I have charg'd, alone, into the troops
 * Of curl'd Sicambrians, routed them, and came
 Not off, with backward ensigns of a slave;
 But forward marks, wounds on my breast and face,
 Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy Rome?
 And have I this return? did I, for this,
 Perform so noble, and so brave defeat,
 On Sacrovir? (O Jove let it become me
 To boast my deeds, when he, whom they concern,
 Shall thus forget them.)

Ase. Silius, Silius,
 These are the common customs of thy blood,
 When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
 This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt,

* *Of curl'd Sicambrians.*] By this expression he alludes to the description which Martial gives of the Sicambri:
Crinibus in nectum tortis venere Sicambri.

Spest. 3.
 Thou

Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's table ⁷,
 That, when all other of the troops were prone
 To fall into rebellion, only thine
 Remain'd in their obedience. Thou wert he
 That sav'd the empire, which had then been lost,
 Had but thy legions, there, rebell'd, or mutin'd,
 Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril.
 Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome their surety,
 Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
 Their being was a donative from thee.

Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.

Tib. Is this true, Silius?

Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,
 Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it ⁸.

Arr. Excellent Roman!

Sab. He doth answer stoutly.

Sej. If this be so, there needs no farther cause
 Of crime against him.

Var. What can more impeach
 The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
 Than to be urged with a benefit
 He cannot pay?

Cot. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
 Is made unequal to the courtesie.

Lat. His means are clean destroy'd that should requite.

Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.

Arr. Gallus on that side too?

Sil. Come, do not hunt,
 And labour so about for circumstance,

⁷ ————— That intemperate vaunt

Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's table, &c.] It follows in the subsequent lines. See act II. not. 10. It should be observed, that instead of *you* and *yours*, the quarto reads *thou* and *thine*: this variation I have inserted in the text, as being more remov'd from common speech, and perhaps more expressive of contempt, than the other.

⁸ *Thy spy of FAMOUS credit hath affirm'd it.*] Jonson, by *famous* credit, means *infamous*: it is taken from the Latin *famosus*, which is generally used in that sense.

To make him guilty, whom you have fore-doom'd :
 Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes.
 The words were mine, and more I now will say :
 Since I have done thee that great service, Cæsar,
 Thou still hast fear'd me ; and, in place of grace,
 Return'd me hatred : so soon all best turns,
 With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
 In estimation, when they greater rise
 Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
 Are of no longer pleasure, than you can
 With ease restore them ; that transcended once,
 Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
 It is your nature, to have all men slaves
 To you, but you acknowledging to none.
 The means that make your greatness, must not come
 In mention of it ; if it do, it takes
 So much away, you think : and that which help'd,
 Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
 Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.

Cot. Suffer him speak no more.

Var. Note but his spirit.

Afe. This shews him in the rest.

Lat. Let him be censur'd.

Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him Cæsar's foe.

Cot. His thoughts look through his words.

Sej. A censure.

Sil. Stay,

Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
 Delude thy fury. Silius hath not plac'd
 His guards within him, against fortune's spight,
 So weakly, but he can escape your gripe
 That are but hands of fortune : she herself,
 When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.

All that can happen in humanity,

The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus' hatred,

Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,

The

" The senate's servile flattery, and these
 " Must' red to kill, I'm fortified against ;"
 And can look down upon : they are beneath me.
 It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd ;
 Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
 " The coward and the valiant man must fall,
 " Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them :"
 Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.
 Romans, if any here be in this senate,
 Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
 " Look upon Silius, and so learn to die. [*Stabs himself.*]

Var. O desperate act !

Arr. An honourable hand !

Tib. Look, is he dead ?

Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.

Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewel,
 Silius.

Be famous ever for thy great example.

Tib. We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,
 That thus hath stalled ¹⁰, and abus'd our mercy,
 Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman :
 And to prevent thy hopes.

⁹ Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.] Silius (says the historian) *imminentem damnationem voluntario sine prævertit*. Annal. l. 4. c. 10.
 It doth not appear, however, that this happened in the senate-house, or at the immediate time of his accusation : yet the liberty which the poet hath taken, is easily allowable. Afer has a part in this transaction not assigned him by Tacitus ; but it is given him with the utmost probability, and with the exactest preservation of character. For we may remark, to the honour of Jonson's judgment, that whenever he departs from the thread of the narration, it is always with an improvement of the subject, and upon the strongest grounds of presumption. Thus, by introducing Afer as a manager of the impeachment against Silius, he hath a proper opportunity of displaying the mercenary oratory, and art of the informers, prevalent in the reign of Tiberius, which are finely contrasted by the truly honest, and spirited replies of Silius.

¹⁰ That thus hath stalled and abus'd our mercy.] i. e. forestalled, hindered.

Mr. SYMPSON.

Arr.

Arr. Excellent wolf!

Now he is full he howls.

Sej. Cæsar doth wrong

His dignity and safety, thus to mourn
The deserv'd end of so profest a traitor,
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factious, to the like offence.

Tib. The confiscation merely of his state
Had been enough.

Arr. O, that was gap'd for then?

Var. Remove the body.

Sej. Let citation

Go out for Sofia.

Gal. Let her be proscrib'd.

And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.

Lep. With leave of Cæsar, I would think, that
[fourth

part, which the law doth cast on the informers,
Should be enough; the rest go to the children.
Wherein the prince shall shew humanity,
And bounty; not to force them by their want
Which in their parents trespass they deserv'd)
To take ill courses.

Tib. It shall please us.

Arr. I,

out of necessity. This Lepidus
grave and honest, and I have observ'd
moderation still in all his censures.

Sab. And bending to the better—— Stay, who's
this?

Emutius Cordus? what! is he brought in?

Arr. More blood into the banquet? noble Cordus,
With thee good: be, as thy writings, free,
and honest.

Tib. What is he?

Sej.

Sej. For th' annals, Cæsar ¹¹.

Præco, Cordus, Satrius, Natta.

Præ. Cremutius Cordus.

Cor. Here.

Præ. Satrius Secundus,
Pinnarius Natta, you are his accusers.

Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds, whom he breeds
With human flesh, to bay at citizens.

Ase. Stand forth before the senate, and confront him.

Sat. I do accuse thee here, Cremutius Cordus,
To be a man factious and dangerous,
A sower of sedition in the state,
A turbulent and discontented spirit,
Which I will prove from thine own writings; here,
The annals thou hast publish'd; where thou bit'st
The present age, and with a viper's tooth,
Being a member of it, dar'st that ill
Which never yet degenerated bastard did ¹²
Upon his parent.

Nat. To this, I subscribe;
And, forth a world of more particulars,
Instance in only one: comparing men,
And times, thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st
That Cassius was the last of all the Romans ¹³.

¹¹ *Tib.* What is he? *Sej.* For th' annals, Cæsar.] These speeches
are so divided in all the editions; but Mr. Upton, supposing the
vision faulty, would correct, and read them in this manner:

Tib. "What is he for?" i. e. of what is he accused?

Sej. "The annals, Cæsar."

¹² Which never yet DANGEROUS bastard did

Upon his parent.] The sense and measure are both defective: the
first editions read *degenerous*, which being right, I have admitted
into the text.

¹³ Thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st

That Cassius was the last of all the Romans.] The historians give
this account of Cordus: *Objectum est historico* (Cremutius Cordus)
Tacit. annal. l. 4. c. 34. quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanos
dixit

Col. How! what are we then?

Var. What is Cæsar? nothing?

Ase. My lords, this strikes at every Roman's private,
In whom reigns gentry, and estate of spirit,
To have a Brutus brought in parallel,
A parricide, an enemy of his country,
Rank'd, and prefer'd to any real worth
That Rome now holds. This is most strangely invective,
Most full of spight, and insolently upbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here dispris'd,
But the whole man of time, yea, Cæsar's self
Brought in disvalue; and he aim'd at most
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
Cæsar, if Cassius were the last of Romans,
Thou hast no name.

Tib. Let's hear him answer. Silence.

Cor. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argu'd: yet those words
Not reaching either prince, or prince's parent;
The which your law of treason comprehends.
Brutus and Cassius I am charg'd t' have prais'd;
Whose deeds, when many more, besides myself,
Have writ, not one hath mention'd without honour.
Great Titus Livius, great for eloquence,
And faith, amongst us, in his history,
With so great praises Pompey did extol,
As oft Augustus call'd him a Pompeian:
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his book
He often names Scipio, Afranius,
Yea, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too,
As worthiest men; not thieves and parricides,
Which notes upon their fames are now impos'd.
Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout

dissect. Suet. *Tiber.* 1. 3. c. 61. And the following speech of
Cordus in his defence, is a translation from Tacitus, *annal.* 1. 4.
p. 72. edit. Lips. 1589. Dr. GREY.

Give them a noble memory ; so Messala
 Renown'd his general Cassius : yet both these
 Liv'd with Augustus, full of wealth and honours.
 * To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up
 Equal with heav'n, what else did Cæsar answer,
 Being then dictator, but with a penn'd oration,
 As if before the judges ? Do but see
 Antonius' letters ; read but Brutus' pleadings :
 What vile reproach they hold against Augustus,
 False, I confess, but with much bitterness.
 The epigrams of Bibaculus and Catullus
 Are read, full stuf't with spite of both the Cæsars ;
 Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus,
 Both bore them, and contemn'd them : (I not know,
 Promptly to speak it, whether done with more
 Temper, or wisdom) for such obloquies.
 If they despis'd be, they die suppress'd ;
 But if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
 The Greeks I slip, whose licence not alone,
 But also lust did 'scape unpunished :
 Or where some one (by chance) exception took,
 He words with words reveng'd. But, in my work,
 What could be aim'd more free, or farther off
 From the times scandal, than to write of those,
 Whom death from grace or hatred had exempted ?
 Did I, with Brutus, and with Cassius,
 Arm'd, and possess'd of the Philippi fields,
 Incense the people in the civil cause,
 With dangerous speeches ? or do they, being slain
 Seventy years since, as by their images
 (Which not the conqueror hath defac'd) appears,
 Retain that guilty memory with writers ?

* To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up

Equal with heav'n, what else did Cæsar answer.] Cicero published a book, which was an essay upon the character of Cato ; and Cæsar, who perhaps might be reflected upon in it, published an answer, which he called *Anti-Cato* : both these pieces are now lost.

Poste

Posterity pays every man his honour.
 Nor shall there want, though I condemned am,
 That will not only Cassius well approve,
 And of great Brutus' honour mindful be,
 But that will also mention make of me.

Arr. Freely and nobly spoken.

Sab. With good temper,

I like him, that he is not mov'd with passion.

Arr. He puts 'em to their whisper.

Tib. Take him hence,

We shall determine of him at next sitting.

Cot. Mean time, give order, that his books be burnt,
 To the ædiles ¹⁴.

Sej. You have well advis'd.

Ase. It fits not such licentious things should live
 T'upbraid the age.

Arr. If th'age were good, they might.

Lat. Let 'em be burnt.

Gal. All fought, and burnt to-day.

Pra. The court is up; lictors, resume the fasces.

Arruntius, Sabinus, Lepidus.

Arr. Let 'em be burnt! O, how ridiculous
 Appears the senate's brainless diligence,
 Who think they can, with present power, extinguish
 The memory of all succeeding times!

Sab. 'Tis true, when (contrary) the punishment
 Of wit, doth make th' authority increase.
 Nor do they ought, that use this cruelty
 Of interdiction, and this rage of burning,
 But purchase to themselves rebuke and shame,
 And to the writers an eternal name.

¹⁴ *Cot.* ——— Give order, that his books be burnt,
 To the ÆDILES.] *Libros per ædiles cremandos censuere patres, se!*
inserunt occultati et editi. Tacit. ibid.

Dr. GREY.

Ædiles is here a word of three syllables.

Lep. It is an argument the times are sore,
When virtue cannot safely be advanc'd;
Nor vice reprov'd.

Arr. I, noble Lepidus;
Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer¹⁵
Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce
The Roman race most wretched, that should live
Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruising.

Tiberius, Sejanus.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well, Sejanus;
And quite remov'd all jealousy of practice
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our ingines
For th'other pair, Sabinus and Arruntius,
And Gallus too; (howe'er he flatter us)
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Cæsar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect crown,
What we, with so good vultures have begun¹⁶:
Sabinus shall be next.

Tib. Rather Arruntius.

Sej. By any means, preserve him. His frank tongue
Being lent the reins, would take away all thought
Of malice, in your course against the rest.
We must keep him to stalk with.

¹⁵ *Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer*

Under Tiberius, &c.] This observation is preserved in Suetonius who gives it us as a popular surmise: *Scio vulgo persuasum, quod gressu post secretum sermonem Tiberio, vox Augusti per cubicularios cepta sit; "Miserum populum Romanum, qui sub tam lentis maxillis"*

SUET. *Tiber. c. 20*

¹⁶ *What we with so good vultures have begun.]* The expression is ambiguous and satirical. The Roman phrase, *bonis avibus*, signified prosperously, or with a good omen: he uses the word *vultures* in reference to the blood-thirsty nature of the informers, whom he represents as so many birds of prey.

Tib. Dearest head,
To thy most fortunate design I yield it.

Sej. Sir,—I have been so long train'd up in grace,
First with your father, great Augustus; since,
With your most happy bounties so familiar¹⁷;
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the Gods, than to your ears.
Nor have I ever, yet, been covetous
Of over-bright and dazling honours: rather
To watch and travail in great Cæsar's safety,
With the most common soldier.

Tib. 'Tis confest.

Sej. The only gain, and which I count most fair
Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Cæsar
Has thought me worthy his alliance†. Hence
Begin my hopes.

Tib. Um!

Sej. I have heard, Augustus,
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But even of gentlemen of Rome: if so,
(I know not how to hope so great a favour)
But if a husband should be sought for Livia,
And I be had in mind, as Cæsar's friend,
I would but use the glory of the kindred.
It should not make me slothful, or less caring
For Cæsar's state; it were enough to me
It did confirm, and strengthen my weak house,
Against the now-unequal opposition
Of Agrippina; and for dear regard
Unto my children, this I wish: myself
Have no ambition farther than to end

¹⁷ *With your most happy bounties so familiar.*] This is the reading of the folio in 1616, which I have retained, as more emphatical than that of the quarto:

"To your most happy bounties so *inur'd*."

† His daughter was betrothed to Claudius his son.

My days in service of so dear a master.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety,
Most lov'd Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such remember.
But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit:
Princes, alone, are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame.
We therefore will take time to think and answer.
For Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family: besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandame yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her by:
But I will simply deal. That enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should (as 'twere in parts)
Divide th' imperial house; an emulation
Between the women might break forth: and discord
Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the wife
To Caius Cæsar, then my Drusus, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,
Born but a private gentleman of Rome?
And raise thee with her loss, if not her shame?
Or say, that I should wish it, canst thou think
The senate, or the people (who have seen
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it?
The state thou hold'st already, is in talk;
Men murmur at thy greatness; and the nobles
Stick not, in publick, to upbraid thy climbing
Above our father's favours, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide these things

For friendship's dear respect. Nor will we stand
Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.
What we have purpos'd to thee, in our thought,
And with what near degrees of love to bind thee,
And make thee equal to us: for the present,
We will forbear to speak. Only, thus much
Believe, our lov'd Sejanus, we not know
That height in blood, or honour, which thy virtue,
And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
And this we'll publish, on all watcht occasion
The senate, or the people shall present.

Sej. I am restor'd, and to my sense again,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
Cæsar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth Cæsar
T'imbrace my late advice for leaving Rome?

Tib. We are resolv'd.

Sej. Here are some motives more
Which I have thought on since, may more confirm.

Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight peruse them:
Go forward in our main design, and prosper.

Sejanus.

If those but take, I shall: dull, heavy Cæsar!
Wouldst thou tell me, thy favours were made crimes?
And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy faults?
That thou for me wert hated? and not think
I would with winged haste prevent that change,
When thou might'st win all to thyself again,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armour
T'encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst snuft up hemlock, or ta'en down
The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,

Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
 Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
 To publick cares; awake but to thy lusts,
 The strength of which makes thy libidinous soul
 Itch to leave Rome; and I have thrust it on;
 With blaming of the city business,
 The multitude of suits, the confluence
 Of suitors, then their importunacies,
 The manifold distractions he must suffer,
 Besides ill rumours, envies, and reproaches,
 All which a quiet and retired life
 (Larded with ease and pleasure) did avoid;
 And yet for any weighty and great affair,
 The fittest place to give the soundest counsels.
 By this shall I remove him both from thought
 And knowledge of his own most dear affairs;
 Draw all dispatches through my private hands;
 Know his designments, and pursue mine own;
 Make mine own strengths by giving suits and places;
 Conferring dignities and offices:
 And these that hate me now, wanting access
 To him, will make their envy none, or less:
 For when they see me arbiter of all,
 They must observe; or else, with Cæsar fall.

Tiberius, Servus.

Tib. To marry Livia? will no less, Sejanus,
 Content thy aims? no lower object? well!
 Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our trust;
 Woven in our design; and think't we must
 Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are:
 'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
 And, now we better think—who's there within?

Ser. Cæsar?

Tib. To leave our journey off, were sin
 'Gainst our decreed delights; and would appear
 Doubt;

Doubt : or (what less becomes a prince) low fear.
 Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their excuse,
 Where princes states plead necessary use ;
 As ours doth now : more in Sejanus' pride,
 Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside ¹⁸.
 These are the dreadful enemies, we raise
 With favours, and make dangerous with praise :
 The injur'd by us may have will alike :
 But 'tis the favourite hath the power to strike ;
 And fury ever boils more high and strong,
 Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.
 'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
 No man too much ; but hold a certain space
 Between the ascender's rise, and thine own flat,
 Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim be that.
 'Tis thought——Is Macro in the palace ? see :
 If not, go seek him, to come to us——He
 Must be the organ we must work by now ;
 Though none less apt for trust : need doth allow
 What choice would not. I have heard that aconite,
 Being timely taken, hath a healing might ¹⁹
 Against the scorpion's stroke ; the proof we'll give :
 That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live.
 He hath a spirit too working to be us'd
 But to th' encounter of his like ; excus'd
 Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill
 Against another, and both safely kill :
 The prince that feeds great natures, they will sway him ;
 Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him.

¹⁸ *Then in all AGRIPPINA's hates beside.*] The old copies vary the line in the manner it now stands in the text.

¹⁹ ——— *I have heard that aconite,*

Being timely taken, hath a healing might

Against the scorpion's stroke.] A piece of natural history taken from Pliny : *Hoc quoque tamen in usus humanae salutis convertere ; scorpionum ictibus adversari experiendo, datum in vino calido.* Nat. hist. l. 27.

2. de aconito.

Dr. GREY.

Tiberius, Macro.

Tib. Macro, we sent for you.

Mac. I heard so, Cæsar.

Tib. (Leave us a while!) when you shall know,
good Macro,

The causes of our sending, and the ends,
You then will hearken nearer; and be pleas'd
You stand so high both in our choice and trust.

Mac. The humblest place in Cæsar's choice or trust,
May make glad Macro proud; without ambition,
Save to do Cæsar service.

Tib. Leave your courtings.

We are in purpose, Macro, to depart
The city for a time, and see Campania;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A pair of temples, one to Jupiter
At Capua; th' other at Nola, to Augustus:
In which great work, perhaps our stay will be
Beyond our will produc'd. Now, since we are
Not ignorant what danger may be born
Out of our shortest absence in a state
So subject unto envy, and embroil'd
With hate and faction; we have thought on thee,
(Amongst a field of Romans) worthiest Macro,
To be our eye and ear: to keep strict watch
On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus; I,
And on Sejanus: not that we distrust
His loyalty, or do repent one grace,
Of all that heap we have confer'd on him:
(For that were to disparage our election,
And call that judgment now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as unquestion'd as an oracle)
But, greatness hath his cankers. Worms and moths

Breed

"Breed out of too much humour, in the things
 Which after they consume, transferring quite
 The substance of their makers int' themselves.
 Macro is sharp, and apprehends: besides,
 I know him subtil, close, wise, and well-read
 In man, and his large nature; he hath studied
 Affections passions, knows their springs, their ends,
 Which way, and whether they will work: 'tis proof
 Enough of his great merit, that we trust him.
 Then to a point; (because our conference
 Cannot be long without suspicion)
 Here, Macro, we assign thee, both to spy,
 Inform, and chastise; think, and use thy means,
 Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt;
 Explore, plot, practise: all thou dost in this,
 Shall be, as if the senate, or the laws
 Had giv'n it privilege, and thou thence stil'd
 The saviour both of Cæsar and of Rome.
 We will not take thy answer but in act:
 Whereto, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear
 By trusted messengers. If't be enquir'd,
 Wherefore we call'd you, say you have in charge
 To see our chariots ready, and our horse.
 Be still our lov'd and (shortly) honour'd Macro.

Macro.

I will not ask, why Cæsar bids do this:
 But joy, that he bids me. It is the bliss
 Of courts, to be employ'd, no matter how;
 A prince's power makes all his actions virtue.

¹⁰ ————— *Worms and moths*

Breed out of too much HONOUR, &c.] No, surely: *humour* is the genuine word, and, as I find upon examination, the reading of the first copies. This is agreeable to the notion of equivocal generation received in that age.

We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,
 To do, but not enquire: his great intents
 Are to be serv'd, not search'd. Yet, as that bow
 Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know
 T' affect his aims; so let that statesman hope
 Most use, most price, can hit his prince's scope.
 Nor must he look at what, or whom to strike,
 But loose at all; each mark must be alike.
 Were it to plot against the same, the life
 Of one, with whom I twin'd: remove a wife
 From my warm side, as lov'd as is the air;
 Practise away each parent; draw mine heir
 In compass²¹, though but one; work all my kin
 To swift perdition; leave no untrain'd engine,
 For friendship, or for innocence; nay make
 The Gods all guilty: I would undertake
 This, being impos'd me, both with gain and ease.
 The way to rise is to obey and please.
 He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
 The trodden paths that truth and right respect;
²² And prove new, wilder ways: for virtue there
 Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere;
 Mens fortune there is virtue; reason their will;
 Their licence, law; and their observance, skill.
 Occasion is their foil; conscience, their stain;
 Profit their lustre: and what else is vain.
 If then it be the lust of Cæsar's power,
 T' have rais'd Sejanus up, and in an hour

²¹ ————— Draw mine heir

In compass.] It is a periphrasis of the Latin *circumvenire*,
 over-reach, circumvent. Mr. SYMPSON

²² *And prove new, wilder ways.*] As this is exhibited by all
 the editions, I have retained it in the text. The expression is not
 uncommon; but *wilder* may perhaps be thought the juster reading
 as virtue immediately after is called a *narrow* thing.

O'erturn him, tumbling down, from height of all;
We are his ready engine: and his fall
May be our rise. It is no uncouth thing
To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

CHORUS—*of musicians.*

A C T IV.

Gallus, Agrippina, Nero, Drusus, Caligula.

Gal. YOU must have patience, royal Agrippina.

Agr. I must have vengeance, first: and
that were nectar

Unto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
Let it be sudden thou prepar'd against me;
Strike all my powers of understanding blind,
And ignorant of destiny to come:
Let me not fear, that cannot hope.

Gal. Dear princess,

These tyrannies on your self, are worse than Cæsar's.

Agr. Is this the happiness of being born great?
Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?
To live the subject of all jealousies?

At least the colour made, if not the ground
To every painted danger? who would not
Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for ever?

Gal. You might be safe if you would——

Agr. What, my Gallus?

Be lewd Sejanus' strumpet? or the bawd
To Cæsar's lusts, he now is gone to practise?
Not these are safe, where nothing is. Your self,
While thus you stand but by me, are not safe.

Was

Was Silius safe? or the good *Sofia* safe?
 Or was my niece dear *Claudia Pulchra* safe?
 Or innocent *Furnius*? They that latest have
 (By being made guilty) added reputation
 To *Afer's* eloquence? O, foolish friends,
 Could not so fresh example warn your loves,
 But you must buy my favours with that loss
 Unto your selves; and when you might perceive
 That *Cæsar's* cause of raging must forsake him,
 Before his will? Away, good *Gallus*, leave me.
 Here to be seen, is danger; to speak, treason:
 To do me least observance, is call'd faction.
 You are unhappy in me, and I in all.
 Where are my sons, *Nero* and *Drusus*? we
 Are they be shot at; let us fall apart:
 Not in our ruins, sepulchre our friends.
 Or shall we do some action like offence,
 To mock their studies that would make us faulty?
 And frustrate practice by preventing it?
 The danger's like: for what they can contrive,
 They will make good. No innocence is safe,
 When power contests. Nor can they trespass more,
 Whose only being was all crime before.

Ner. You hear *Sejanus* is come back from *Cæsar*?

Gal. No. How? disgrac'd?

Dru. More graced now than ever.

Gal. By what mischance?

Cal. A fortune like enough
 Once to be bad.

Dru. But turn'd too good to both.

Gal. What was't?

Ner. *Tiberius* sitting at his meat¹,
 In a farm-house they call *Spelunca*, sited

¹ *Tiberius sitting at his meat, &c.*] It may be just necessary to take notice, that this account is translated from *Tacitus, annal. l. 4. c. 59.*

By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills,
Within a natural cave, part of the grot
(About the entry) fell and overwhelm'd
Some of the waiters; others ran away:
Only Sejanus with his knees, hands, face,
O'er hanging Cæsar, did oppose himself
To the remaining ruins, and was found
In that so labouring posture by the soldiers
That came to succour him. With which adventure,
He hath so fix'd himself in Cæsar's trust,
As thunder cannot move him, and is come
With all the height of Cæsar's praise to Rome.

Agg. And power, to turn those ruins all on us;
And bury whole posterities beneath them.
Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,
Your places are the next, and therefore most
In their offence. Think on your birth and blood,
Awake your spirits, meet their violence,
'Tis princely when a tyrant doth oppose;
And is a fortune sent to exercise
Your virtue, as the wind doth try strong trees:
Who by vexation grow more sound and firm.
After your father's fall, and uncle's fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of stroke
That force or slight can give? then stand upright:
And though you do not act, yet suffer nobly:
Be worthy of my womb, and take strong cheer;
What we do know will come, we should not fear.

Macro.

Return'd so soon? renew'd in trust and grace?
Is Cæsar then so weak? or hath the place
But wrought this alteration with the air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Macro, thou art engag'd: and what before
Was publick; now, must be thy private, more.

The

The weal of Cæsar, fitness did imply ;
 But thine own fate confers necessity
 On thy employment : and the thoughts born nearest
 Unto ourselves, move swiftest still, and dearest.
 If he recover, thou art lost : yea, all
 The weight of preparation to his fall
 Will turn on thee, and crush thee. Therefore strike
 Before he settle, to prevent the like
 Upon thy self. He doth his vantage know,
 That makes it home, and gives the foremost blow.

Latiaris, Rufus, Opfius.

Lat. It is a service, lord Sejanus will^a
 See well requited, and accept of nobly.
 Here place your selves between the roof and ceiling^b ;
 And when I bring him to his words of danger,
 Reveal your selves, and take him.

Ruf. Is he come ?

Lat. I'll now go fetch him.

Opf. With good speed. I long
 To merit from the state in such an action.

Ruf. I hope, it will obtain the consulship
 For one of us.

Opf. We cannot think of less,
 To bring in one, so dangerous as Sabinus.

Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
 And still is an observer of his wife
 And children, though they be declin'd in grace ;
 A daily visitant, keeps them company
 In private and in public, and is noted

^a *It is a service, GREAT Sejanus will*

See well requited.] The quarto has *lord Sejanus*, which I have preferred, as best suiting with the servility of the speaker.

^b *Here place your selves between the roof and ceiling.]* This and the following scene are taken from Tacitus, *annal.* l. 4. c. 68, 69.

Dr. GARRICK
To

To be the only client of the house :

Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiaris.

Opf. H'is ally'd to him, and doth trust him well.

Ruf. And he'll requite his trust ?

Opf. To do an office

So grateful to the state, I know no man

But would strain nearer bands, than kindred——

Ruf. Lift,

I hear them come.

Opf. Shift to our holes with silence.

Latiaris, Sabinus.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you shew

To this afflicted house: that not like others,

(The friends of season) you do follow fortune,

And, in the winter of their fate, forsake

The place whose glories warm'd you. You are just,

And worthy such a princely patron's love,

As was the world's renown'd Germanicus :

Whose ample merit when I call to thought,

And see his wife, and issue, objects made

To so much envy, jealousy, and hate ;

It makes me ready to accuse the gods

Of negligence, as men of tyranny.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we.

Lat. O Jove,

What will become of us or of the times,

When, to be high or noble, are made crimes ?

When land and treasure are most dangerous faults ?

Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed assaults

Our peace and safety ? when our writings are,

By any envious instruments (that dare

Apply them to the guilty) made to speak

What they will have to fit their tyrannous wreak ?

When ignorance is scarcely innocence ;

And knowledge made a capital offence ?

VOL. II.

O

When

When not so much, but the bare empty shade
Of liberty is left us? and we made,
The prey to greedy vultures and vile spies,
That first transfix us with their murdering eyes?

Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of liberty might be reviv'd again,
(Which no good man but with his life should lose)
And we not sit like spent and patient fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal,
Held on by hope till the last spark is out.
The cause is publick, and the honour, name,
The immortality of every soul,
That is not bastard or a slave in Rome,
Therein concern'd: whereto, if men would change
The wearied arm, and for the weighty shield
So long sustain'd, employ the ready sword⁴,
We might have soon assurance of our vows.
This asses fortitude doth tire us all.
It must be active valour must redeem
Our loss, or none. The rock and our hard steel
Should meet t' enforce those glorious fires again,
Whose splendor cheer'd the world, and heat gave life,
No less than doth the sun's.

Sab. 'Twere better stay
In lasting darkness, and despair of day.
No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sovereign, more than hell should make
The gods do wrong. A good man should and must
Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust.
Though, when the Romans first did yield themselves
To one man's power, they did not mean their lives,
Their fortunes and their liberties should be
His absolute spoil as purchas'd by the sword.

⁴ *Employ the READY sword.] The facile sword. Edit. 4to, and folio, 1616.*

Lat. Why we are worse, if to be slaves, and bond
To Cæsar's slave be such, the proud Sejanus !
He that is all, does all, gives Cæsar leave
To hide his ulcerous, and anointed face,
With his bald crown at Rhodes ¹, while he here stalks
Upon the heads of Romans, and their princes,
Familiarly to empire.

Sab. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shews his art,
As well as power.

Lat. And villainy in both.
Do you observe where Livia lodges ? how
Drusus came dead ? what men have been cut off ?

Sab. Yes, those are things remov'd : I nearer lookt
Into his later practice, where he stands
Declar'd a master in his mystery.

First, e're Tiberius went, he wrought his fear
To think that Agrippina sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her ; sent her oft word,
Under the show of friendship, to beware
Of Cæsar, for he laid to poison her :

¹ To hide his ulcerous, and anointed face.

With his bald crown at Rhodes.] This seems to be a total
contradiction to the whole play : for how can Cæsar be at Rhodes,
when he was certainly at Capræ ? this appears almost immediate-
ly after,

" Cæsar is but the rector of an isle," *i. e.* Capræ.

Mr. SYMPSON.

The objection is just, and the mistake a plain one ; but it is ea-
sily accounted for. The whole passage is from Tacitus, an author
at least favourable to Tiberius ; and the poet hath therefore co-
pyed him in his description of the face and person of the empe-
ror. *Nudus capillo vertex*, says the historian, *ulcerosa facies, ac ple-
nè medicaminibus interstincta*. Immediately follows, *Et Rhodi-
um vitare cætus, recondere voluptates insuerat*, l. 4. c. 57. But
this refers to the former part of his life, and regards his behaviour
during the period of his exile at Rhodes. These sentences really
convince, Jonson in the fury of translating hath thrown together into
one ; and hence hath arose the embarrassment taken notice of
before.

Drive them to frowns, to mutal jealousies,
 Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
 Since, he hath had his hired instruments
 To work on Nero; and to heave him up;
 To tell him Cæsar's old, that all the people,
 Yea, all the army have their eyes on him;
 That both do long to have him undertake
 Something of worth, to give the world a hope;
 Bids him to court their grace: the easie youth,
 Perhaps gives ear, which strait he writes to Cæsar,
 And with this comment; See yon dangerous boy;
 Note but the practice of the mother, there;
 She's tying him for purposes at hand,
 With men of sword Here's Cæsar put in fright
 'Gainst son and mother. Yet, he leaves not thus.
 The second brother, Drusus, (a fierce nature,
 And fitter for his snares, because ambitious
 And full of envy) him he clasps and hugs,
 Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts he wears,
 How bright he stands in popular expectance;
 That Rome doth suffer with him in the wrong
 His mother does him, by preferring Nero:
 Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst other,
 Projects the course, that serves him to condemn,
 Keeps in opinion of a friend to all,
 And all drives on to ruin.

Lat. Cæsar sleeps,
 And nods at this?

Sab. Would he might ever sleep,
 Bogg'd in his filthy lusts.

Ops. Treason to Cæsar.

Ruf. Lay hands upon the traitor, Latiaris,
 Or take the name thy self.

Lat. I am for Cæsar.

Sab. Am I then catch'd?

Ruf. How think you, sir? you are.

Sab. Spies of this head! so white! so full of years!

Well

Well, my most reverend monsters, you may live
To see your selves thus snar'd.

Opf. Away with him.

Lat. Hale him away.

Ruf. To be a spy for traitors,
Is honourable vigilance.

Sab. You do well,
My most officious instruments of state ;
Men of all uses : drag me hence, away.
The year is well begun, and I fall fit
To be an offering to Sejanus. Go.

Opf. Cover him with his garments, hide his face.

Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude assault.
The fault's not shameful, villainy makes a fault.

Macro, Caligula.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your dangers meet
In his clear drifts ! your mother and your brothers,
Now cited to the senate ! their friend Gallus,
Feasted to-day by Cæsar, since committed !
Sabinus here we met, hurried to fetters !
The senators all strook with fear and silence,
Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,
But force their private prey from publick spoil !
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subject of his hate,
As now the object.

Cal. What would you advise me ?

Mac. To go for Capreæ presently : and there
Give up your self entirely to your uncle.
Tell Cæsar (since your mother is accus'd
To fly for succours to Augustus' statue,
And to the army, with your brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your aids in him,
Than live suspected ; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out, by bold Sejanus' plots :

Which, you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the state, and Cæsar,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety.
All which (upon the second) I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with Cæsar gain.

Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our journey.

Arruntius.

Still, dost thou suffer heaven? will no flame,
No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to boil
In thy distemper'd bosom, and o'erflow
The pitchy blazes of impiety,
Kindled beneath thy throne? Still canst thou sleep,
Patient, while vice doth make an antick face
At thy dread power, and blow dust and smoke
Into thy nostrils? Jove, will nothing wake thee?
Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard,
E're thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And look him dead? Well! snore on, dreaming gods:
And lest this last of that proud giant-race
Heave mountain upon mountain, 'gainst your state—
Be good unto me, fortune and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have prophan'd;
I see, (what's equal with a prodigy)
A great, a noble Roman, and an honest,
Live an old man! O Marcus Lepidus,
When is our turn to bleed? Thy self and I
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few
Left to be honest in these impious times.

⁶ *Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard?*

*Idcirco solidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
Jupiter?*

PERS. sat. 2. v. 28.

Lepidus,

Lepidus, Arruntius.

Lep. What we are left to be, we will be, Lucius ;
Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,
To fright us from it.

Arr. 'T hath so on Sabinus.

Lep. I saw him now drawn from the Gemonies,
And (what increas'd the direness of the fact)
His faithful dog (upbraiding all us Romans)
Never forsook the corps, but, seeing it thrown
Into the stream, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.

Arr. O act ! to be envy'd him of us men !
We are the next the hook lays hold on, Marcus :
What are thy arts (good patriot, teach them me)
That have preserv'd thy hairs to this white dye,
And kept so reverend and so dear a head
Safe on his comely shoulders ?

Lep. Arts, Arruntius ?
None, but the plain and passive fortitude,
To suffer and be silent ; never stretch
These arms against the torrent ; live at home,
With my own thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the wolves jaws : these are my arts.

Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I thought
They would secure me. May I pray to Jove
In secret and be safe ? I, or aloud ?
With open wishes ? so I do not mention
Tiberius or Sejanus ? yes I must,
If I speak out. 'Tis hard, that. May I think,
And not be rack't ? What danger is't to dream ?
Talk in one's sleep ? or cough ? who knows the law ?
May I shake my head without a comment ? say

? *His faithful dog never forsook the corps.*] The fact is recorded
by Dion and Xiphilin.

It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
 Upon the Gemonies? These now are things,
 Whereon mens fortune, yea, their fate depends,
 Nothing hath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
 No place, no day, no hour (we see) is free
 (Not our religious and most sacred times *)
 From some one kind of cruelty: all matter,
 Nay all occasion pleaseth. Madmens rage,
 The idleness of drunkards, womens nothing,
 Jesters simplicity, all, all is good
 That can be catcht at. Nor is now th' event
 Of any person, or for any crime,
 To be expected; for 'tis always one:
 Death, with some little difference of place,
 Or time——what's this? Prince Nero, guarded?

Laco, Nero, Lepidus, Arruntius.

Lac. On, liſtors, keep your way: my lords, forbear.
 On pain of Cæſar's wrath, no man attempt
 Speech with the priſoner.

Ner. Noble friends be ſafe:
 To loſe your ſelves for words, were as vain hazard,
 As unto me ſmall comfort: fare you well.
 Would all Rome's ſufferings in my fate did dwell.

Lac. Liſtors, away.

Lep. Where goes he, Laco?

Lac. Sir,
 He's baniſh'd into Pontia by the ſenate.

Arr. Do I ſee, hear, and feel? May I truſt ſenſe?
 Or doth my phant'ſie form it?

Lep. Where's his brother?

* *Not our religious and moſt ſacred times.*] Alluding to the fate of Sabinus, who was accuſed upon the calends of January, and ſuffered death ſoon after.

Lac. Drusus is prisoner in the palace ?

Arr. Ha ?

I smell it now : 'tis rank. Where's Agrippina ?

Lac. The princess is confin'd to Pandataria.

Arr. Bolts, Vulcan ; bolts, for Jove ! Phæbus,
thy bow ;

Stern Mars, thy sword ; and blue-ey'd maid, thy spear ;

Thy club, Alcides : all the armory

Of heaven is too little !—Ha ? to guard

The Gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch ! this same

Was swiftly born ! confin'd, imprison'd, banish'd ?

Most tripartite ! the cause, sir ?

Lac. Treason.

Arr. O !

The complement of all accusings ! that

Will hit, when all else fails.

Lep. This turn is strange !

But yesterday the people would not hear,

Far less objected, but cry'd Cæsar's letters

Were false and forg'd ; that all these plots were malice ;

And that the ruin of the prince's house

Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge Where are now

Their voices ? now, that they behold his heirs

Lock'd up, disgrac'd, led into exile ?

Arr. Hush'd,

Drown'd in their bellies. Wild Sejanus' breath

Hath, like a whirlwind, scatter'd that poor dust,

With this rude blast. We'll talk no treason, sir,

[He turns to Laco and the rest.

If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.

We have no need of horse-leeches. Good spy,

Now you are spy'd, be gone.

⁹ Drusus is prisoner in the palace.] Neronem in insula Pontia :
Drusum in una parte palatii. Suet. Tiber. c. 54. Dr GREY.
In the preceding chapter, he tells us Agrippina was sent to the
island Pandataria.

Lep.

Lep. I fear you wrong him.
He has the voice to be an honest Roman.

Arr. And trusted to this office? *Lepidus*,
I'll sooner trust Greek *Sinon*, than a man
Our state employs. He's gone: and being gone,
I dare tell you (whom I dare better trust)
That our night-ey'd ¹⁰ *Tiberius* doth not see
His minion's drifts; or, if he do, he's not
So arrant subtil, as we fools do take him;
To breed a mungril up, in his own house,
With his own blood, and (if the good Gods please)
At his own throat, flesh him, to take a leap.
I do not beg it, heav'n; but if the fates
Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.

Lep. They must
Not see it, *Lucius*.

Arr. Who should let 'em?

Lep. Zeal,
And duty; with the thought he is our prince.

Arr. He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no rackt virtue can redeem him.
His lothed person fouler than all crimes:
An emp'ror, only in his lusts. Retir'd
(From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's)
Into an obscure island; where he lives
(Acting his tragedies with a comic face)
Amidst his rout of Chaldees: spending hours,

¹⁰ — Our NIGHT-EY'D *Tiberius* doth not see

His minion's drifts.] The historians have taken notice of this particularity in the eyes of *Tiberius*, which enabled him to see in the dark; and *Pliny* mentions it, as *Mr. Sympson* observes to me, as a circumstance peculiar to him, *Nat. hist. l. 11. c. 37.* But other instances are to be met with of the same nature. It is to be remarked, that *Tiberius* could not discern things in the night long together, and that his sight was strongest when he first awoke from sleep. This singularity, so astonishing to the antients, was owing to an extreme contraction of the pupil, or too great a convexity of the chrystalline humours in the eye; in consequence of which he was very short-sighted in the day-time.

Days, weeks, and months, in the unkind abuse
 Of grave astrology, to the bane of men,
 Casting the scope of mens nativities,
 And having found ought worthy in their fortune,
 Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
 And boast, he can mock fate. Nay, muse not: these
 Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees. ¹¹
 He hath his slaughter-house at Capreae;
 Where he doth study murder, as an art:
 And they are dearest in his grace, that can
 Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
 He hath his boys, and beauteous girls ta'en up
 Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
 Best nurtur'd, and most modest: what's their good,
 Serves to provoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
 Some threatned; others (by their friends detain'd)
 Are ravish'd hence, like captives, and, in sight
 Of their most griev'd parents, dealt away
 Unto his spintries, sellaries, and slaves,
 Masters of strange and new commented lusts,
 For which wise nature hath not left a name.
 To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding Rome)
 He is, with all his craft, become the ward
 To his own vassal, a stale Catamite:
 Whom he (upon our low and suffering necks)
¹² Hath rais'd from excrement to side the gods,

And

¹¹ ————— *These*

Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees,] Obscurely expressed; but the sense is, that these atrocious crimes are so far from being the end or height of his villainy, that they are scarce any degrees of it, in comparison of what he is going to mention: both the preceding and subsequent relation of Tiberius's unnatural vices, are attested in almost the same words by the several historians.

¹² *Hath rais'd to side the gods, &c.*] The image is noble, and the diction truly classical. — Sejanus is represented as having divine honours paid to him; as raised above the rank of other mortals, and placed upon the same seat with the gods themselves. Both the idea, and the phrase, are in conformity to the opinion of the antients: for the deified heroes were called by the Greeks, ΘΕΟΙ ΠΑΡΕΔΡΟΙ, and

And have his proper * sacrifice in Rome :
Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner rive
A senseless oak with thunder than his trunk.

Laco, Pomponius, Minutius, Terentius, [To them.

Lac. These letters make men doubtful what t'expect,
Whether his coming, or his death.

Pom. Troth both :

And which comes soonest, thank the gods for.

(*Arr.* Lift,

Their talk is Cæsar, I would hear all voices.)

Min. One day, he's well ; and will return to Rome :
The next day, sick ; and knows not when to hope it.

Lac. True ; and to-day, one of Sejanus' friends
Honour'd by special writ ; and on the morrow
Another punish'd——

Pom. By more special writ.

Min. This man receives his praises of Sejanus ;
A second but slight mention ; a third none ;
A fourth rebukes. And thus he leaves the senate
Divided, and suspended, all uncertain.

Lac. These forked tricks, I understand 'em not :
Would he would tell us whom he loves or hates,
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.

(*Arr.* Good Heliotrope ! is this your honest man ?
Let him be yours so still. He is my knave.)

Pom. I cannot tell, Sejanus still goes on,
And mounts, we see : new statues are advanc'd,

and in Jonson's language they are said to *side* the gods ; and the expression is applied with judgment, as we learn from Xiphilin, that the people sacrificed as much to the statues of Sejanus, as to those of the emperor himself. *Kai tai; hēōn autō, hōnōi kai tai; tu Tēgōu, idvov.*

* *HIS PROPER sacrifice.*] The word is emphatical, and signifies an offering peculiarly appropriated to him ; in the same manner as other deities had particular animals devoted to them, with which they were supposed to be most delighted.

Freſh

Fresh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworn by ¹¹, himself new gone out
Cæsar's colleague in the fifth consulship;
More altars smoke to him than all the gods:
What would we more?

(*Arr.* That the dear smoke would choke him,
That would I more.

Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.)

Lat. But there are letters come (they say) ev'n now,
Which do forbid that last.

Min. Do you hear so?

Lac. Yes.

Pom. By Pollux, that's the worst.

(*Arr.* By Hercules, best.)

Min. I did not like the sign, when Regulus,
Whom all we know no friend unto Sejanus,
Did by Tiberius' so precise command,
Succeed a fellow in the consulship:
It boded somewhat.

Pom. Not a mote. His partner,
Fulcinus Trio, is his own, and sure.
Here comes Terentius. He can give us more.

[*They whisper with Terentius.*

Lep. I'll ne'er believe, but Cæsar hath some scent
Of bold Sejanus' footing. These cross points
Of varying letters, and opposing consuls,
Mingling his honours and his punishments,
Feigning now ill, now well, raising Sejanus,
And then depressing him, (as now of late
In all reports we have it) cannot be
Empty of practice: 'tis Tiberius' art.
For (having found his favourite grown too great,
And with his greatness strong; that all the soldiers)
Are, with their leaders, made at his devotion;

¹¹ *His FORTUNE sworn by.*] It was customary to swear by the fortune of the emperor; and this piece of flattery being given to Sejanus, was in effect to make him equal with Tiberius.

That

That almost all the senate are his creatures,
 Or hold on him their main dependences,
 Either for benefit, or hope, or fear;
 And that himself hath lost much of his own,
 By parting unto him; and, by th' increase
 Of his rank lusts and rages, quite disarm'd
 Himself of love, or other publick means,
 To dare an open contestation)
 His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
 To hold him even in: not so to fear him,
 As wholly put him out, and yet give check
 Unto his farther boldness. In mean time,
 By his employments, makes him odious
 Unto the staggering rout, whose aid (in fine)
 He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they sway,
 Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way.

Arr. You may be a Linceus, Lepidus: yet I
 See no such cause, but that a politic tyrant,
 (Who can so well disguise it) should have ta'en
 A nearer way: feign'd honest, and come home
 To cut his throat, by law.

Lep. I, but his fear
 Would ne'er be mask'd, all-be his vices were.

Pom. His lordship then is still in grace?

Ter. Assure you,
 Never in more, either of grace or power.

Pom. The Gods are wise and just.

(*Arr.* The fiends they are,
 To suffer thee belye 'em?)

Ter. I have here
 His last and present letters, where he writes him,
 "The partner of his cares, and his Sejanus."——

Lac. But is that true, it is prohibited
 To sacrifice unto him?

Ter. Some such thing
 Cæsar makes scruple of, but forbids it not;

No more than to himself: says he could wish
It were forborn to all.

Lac. Is it no other?

Ter. No other, on my trust. For your more surety,
Here is that letter too.

(Arr. How easily
Do wretched men believe, what they would have!
Looks this like plot?

Lep. Noble Arruntius, stay.)

Lac. He names him here without his titles.

(Lep. Note.

Arr. Yes, and come off your notable fool. I will.)

Lac. No other than Sejanus.

Pom. That's but haste

In him that writes. Here he gives large amends.

Mar. And with own hand written?

Pom. Yes.

Lac. Indeed?

Ter. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast
Never receiv'd more full contentments in,
Than at this present.

Pom. Takes he well th' escape
Of young Caligula, with Macro?

Ter. Faith,
At the first air it somewhat troubled him.

(Lep. Observe you?

Arr. Nothing, riddles. Till I see
Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes me.)

Pom. I like it not. I muse h' would not attempt
Somewhat against him in the consulship,
Seeing the people 'gin to favour him.

Ter. He doth repent it now; but h' has employ'd
Pagonianus after him: and he holds
That correspondence there, with all that are
Near about Cæsar, as no thought can pass
Without his knowledge, thence in act to front him.

Pom.

Pom. I gratulate the news.

Lac. But how comes Macro
So in trust, and favour with Caligula?

Pom. O sir, he has a wife; and the young prince
An appetite: he can look up, and spy
Flies in the roof, when there are fleas i' bed:
And hath a learned nose to assure his sleeps.
Who to be favour'd of the rising sun,
Would not lend little of his waning moon?
'Tis the saf'st ambition. Noble Terentius.

Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At your service.

CHORUS — *of musicians.*

A C T V.

Sejanus.

SWell, swell, my joys; and faint not to declare
Yourselfes as ample as your causes are.
I did not live till now; this my first hour:
Wherein I see my thoughts reach'd by my power.
But this, and gripe my wishes. Great and high,
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I.
My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread:
And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heav'n! rear'd to this height,
All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,
That did before sound impudent: 'tis place,
Not blood, discerns the noble and the base.
Is there not something more than to be Cæsar?
Must we rest there? it irks t'have come so far,
To be so near a stay. Caligula,
Would thou stoodst stiff, and many in our way.

Winds

Winds lose their strength, when they do empty fly,
 Unmet of woods or buildings; great fires die,
 That want their matter to withstand them: so,
 It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know
 Our power shall want opposites; unless
 The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless
 Our fortune with their conquest. That were worth
 Sejanus' strife; durst fates but bring it forth.

Terentius, Sejanus.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus.

Sej. Now, Terentius?

Ter. Hears not my lord the wonder?

Sej. Speak it, no.

Ter. I meet it violent in the peoples mouths,
 Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre,
 To view your statue: which, they say, sends forth
 A smoke, as from a furnace, black and dreadful.

Sej. Some traitor hath put fire in: you, go see,
 And let the head be taken off, to look
 What 'tis—— Some slave hath practis'd an imposture,
 To stir the people. How now? why return you?

Satrius, Natta.

[*To them.*

Sat. The head, my lord, already is ta'en off,
 I saw it: and, at op'ning, there leapt out
 A great and monstrous serpent!

Sej. Monstrous! why?
 Had it a beard, and horns? no heart? a tongue
 Forked as flattery? lookt it of the hue¹,

¹ ——— Lookt it of the hue,
To such as live in great mens bosoms? i. e. Was it of the colour of
 those serpents, meaning flatterers, who live in great mens bosoms.
 But the construction, as Mr. Sympson justly remarks, is odd and
 forced. It may be proper to take notice, that these portents are
 to be found in Dion Cassius, and Xiphilin.

To such as live in great mens bosoms? was
The spirit of it Macro's?

Nat. May it please

The most divine Sejanus, in my days,
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it)
I have not seen a more extended, grown,
Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly——

Sej. O, the fates!

What a wild muster's here of attributes,
T'express a worm, a snake?

Ter. But how that should

Come there, my lord!

Sej. What! and you too, Terentius?

I think you mean to make't a prodigy
In your reporting?

Ter. Can the wise Sejanus

Think heav'n hath meant it less?

Sej. O, superstition!

Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
This morning, burd'ned with the populous weight
Of our expecting clients, to salute us:
Or running of the cat betwixt our legs,
As we set forth unto the Capitol,
Were prodigies.

Ter. I think them ominous!

And would they had not hap'ned. As, to-day,
The fate of some your servants! who, declining
² Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their necks!
Besides, in taking your last augury,
No prosperous bird appear'd, but croking ravens

² *Who, DECLINING their way.*] Turning out of the way: the quarto reads *diverting*; but as *declining* seems to have been the poet's own choice, and the language of that age, I have given it the preference. So the author of *Anticus Coquinariae*, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, when out of place, says, "That when it fell out to be so, he would wisely *decline* himself out of the court road."

Flag'd up and down : and from the sacrifice
 Flew to the prison, where they sat all night,
 Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks !
 I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
 That great Sejanus would attempt the gods,
 Once more with sacrifice.

Sej. What excellent fools
 Religion makes of men ? Believes Terentius,
 (If these were dangers, as I shame to think them)
 The gods could change the certain course of fate ?
 Or, if they could they would (now in a moment)
 For a beeve's fat, or less, be brib'd t'invert
 Those long decrees ? then think the gods, like flies,
 Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
 Or blood, diffus'd about their altars : think
 Their power as cheap as I esteem it small.
 Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall,
 And (without pity) lade poor Atlas' back,
 I know not that one deity, but Fortune,
 To whom I would throw up in begging smoke,
 One grain of incense ; or whose ear I'd buy
 With thus much oil. Her I, indeed, adore ;
 And keep her grateful image in my house,
 Sometime belonging to a Roman king,
 But now call'd mine, as by the better stile :
 To her I care not, if (for satisfying
 Your scrupulous phant'ies) I go offer. Bid
 Our priest prepare us honey, milk, and poppy,
 His masculine odours, and night-vestments : say,
 Our rites are instant, which perform'd, you'll see
 How vain, and worthy laughter your fears be.

Cotta, Pomponius.

Cot. Pomponius, whither in such speed ?

Pom. I go

To give my lord Sejanus notice——

P 2

Cot.

Cot. What?

Pom. Of Macro.

Cot. Is he come?

Pom. Entred but now
The house of Regulus.

Cot. The opposite consul?

Pom. Some half hour since.

Cot. And by night too! Stay, Sir;
I'll bear you company.

Pom. Along then——

Macro, Regulus, Laco.

Mac. 'Tis Cæsar's will to have a frequent senate¹;
And therefore must your edict lay deep mulct
On such as shall be absent.

Reg. So it doth.

Bear it my fellow consul to ascribe.

Mac. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd:
The place Apollo's temple.

Reg. That's remembred.

Mac. And at what hour?

Reg. Yes.

Mac. You do forget
To send one for the provost of the watch?

Reg. I have not: here he comes.

Mac. Gracinus Laco,
You are a friend most welcome: by and by,
I'll speak with you (You must procure this list
Of the prætorian cohorts, with the names
Of the centurions, and their tribunes.

Reg. I.)

¹ 'Tis Cæsar's will to have a FREQUENT SENATE.] *Frequens senatus* is the Latin expression for a full house; and Milton hath adopted it, in his history of England; "The assembly was full and frequent, according to summons." L. 6. p. 285. edit. quarto.

Mac. I bring you letters, and a health from Cæsar—

Lac. Sir, both come well.

(*Mac.* And hear you with your note,
Which are the eminent men, and most of action.

Reg. That shall be done you too.)

Mac. Most worthy Laco,

Cæsar salutes you. (Consul! death and furies!

[The consul goes out.

Gone now?) The argument will please you, sir.,

(Hough! Regulus? The anger of the gods

Follow his diligent legs, and overtake 'em,

In likeness of the gout.) O my good lord, *[Returns.*

We lackt you present; I would pray you send

Another to Fulcinus Trio, straight,

To tell him you will come, and speak with him:

(The matter we'll devise) to stay him there,

While I with Laco, do survey the watch.

What are your strengths, Gracinus?

Lac. Seven cohorts.

[Goes out again.

Mac. You see what Cæsar writes: and (— gone

H' has sure a vein of mercury in his feet) *[again.*

Know you what store of the prætorian soldiers

Sejanus holds about him, for his guard?

Lac. I cannot the just number: but, I think,
Three centuries.

Mac. Three? good.

Lac. At most not four.

Mac. And who be those centuries?

Lac. That the consul
Can best deliver you.

Mac. (When he's away:

Spite on his nimble industry) Gracinus,

You find what place you hold, there, in the trust

Of royal Cæsar?

Lac. I, and I am——

Mac. Sir,

The honours there propos'd are but beginnings
Of his great favours.

Lac. They are more——

Mac. I heard him

When he did study what to add——

Lac. My life,

And all I hold——

Mac. You were his own first choice :

Which doth confirm as much as you can speak :

And will (if we succeed) make more—— Your guards
Are seven cohorts, you say ?

Lac. Yes.

Mac. Those we must

Hold still in readiness and undischarg'd.

Lac. I understand so much. But how it can——

Mac. Be done without suspicion, you'll object ?

Reg. What's that ?

Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms, [*Returns.*
When morning comes.

Mac. The senate shall be met, and set
So early in the temple, as all mark
Of that will be avoided.

Reg. If we need,

We have commission, to possess the palace,
Enlarge prince Drusus, and make him our chief.

Mac. (That secret would have burnt his reverend
Had he not spit it out now :) by the gods, [*mouth,*
You carry things too——Let me borrow a man,
Or two, to bear these——That of freeing Drusus,
Cæsar projected as the last and utmost :
Not else to be remembred.

Reg. Here are servants.

Mac. These to Arruntius, these to Lepidus.
This bear to Cotta, this to Latiaris.
If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en
Fresh horse, and am departed. You, my lord,

To your colleague, and be you sure to hold him
 With long narration of the new fresh favours,
 Meant to Sejanus, his great patron ; I,
 With trusted Laco, here are for the guards :
 Then to divide. " For, night hath many eyes,
 " Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies."

*Pracones, Flamen, Tubicines, Tibicines, Ministri, Sejanus,
 Terentius, Satrius, &c.*

Præ. " Be all profane far hence ; fly, fly far off⁴ :
 " Be absent far ; far hence be all profane."

Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us now,
 And bring pure hands, pure vestments, and pure minds.

[*Tub. Tib.* *These sound while the Flamen washeth.*

1 Min. Pure vessels.

2 Min. And pure offerings.

3 Min. Garlands pure.

Fla. Bestow your garlands : and (with reverence)
 The vervin on the altar. [place

Præ. " Favour your tongues⁵."

⁴ *Be all profane far hence ; fly, fly far off.*] These were the usual words at the opening of the sacrifice :

————— *Procul, ô procul este profani,*

Conclamat vates, totoque absistite loco. VIRG. *Æn.* VI. 258. 259.

Dr. GREY.

⁵ *Favour your tongues,*] *Favete linguis.* The solemn form, which was repeated at the beginning and close of the sacrifice. It was directed to the people, ordering them to keep silence, or to abstain from all unlucky and inauspicious words. All these ceremonies are to be met with in the Pagan rituals ; and the poet refers us to the authors who have treated on these subjects, as vouchers for his exactness and punctuality. The English reader has here the whole form of a sacrifice to the goddess Fortune, in as ample manner as it used to be offered in antient Rome.

Fla. "Great mother Fortune, queen of human state,
 " Rectress of action, arbitress of fate ⁶,
 " To whom all sway, all power, all empire bows,
 " Be present, and propitious to our vows."

Præ. "Favour it with your tongues."

Min. "Be present and propitious to our vows.
 " Accept our offering, and be pleas'd, great goddess."

Ter. See, see, the image stirs!

Sat. And turns away!

[While they sound again, the Flamen takes of the honey with his finger, and tastes, then ministers to all the rest: so of the milk in an earthen vessel, he deals about, which done, he sprinkletb upon the altar, milk; then imposeth the honey, and kindletb his gums, and after censing about the altar, placeth his censer thereon, into which they put several branches of poppy, and the musick ceasing, proceeds.

Nat. Fortune averts her face!

Fla. Avert, you gods,
 The prodigy. Still! still! some pious rite
 We have neglected. Yet, heav'n be appeas'd.
 And be all tokens false and void, that speak
 Thy present wrath.

Sej. Be thou dumb, scrupulous priest:
 And gather up thy self, with these thy wares,
 Which I, in spight of thy blind mistress, or

⁶ *Rectress of ACTION, arbitress of fate.*] Mr. Upton imagines the beginning of this verse to be corrupt, and would correct it, "Rectress of *Antium*;" thinking it an allusion to that ode of Horace, which begins with an address to Fortune under that character;

O diva gratum, quæ regis Antium, &c.

L. 1. od. 35.

But the present reading is warranted by all the editions, and is, in my opinion, the true one. The empire of the goddess is considered as universal, and her interposition as extending to the fate of all nations, and the actions of all men: but to confine her government to *Antium*, is a great diminution of the idea which the poet intended to excite. It is such an *anti-climax*, as is not to be found in the works of Jonson.

Thy

Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw
 Thus scorned on the earth. Nay, hold thy look
 Averted till I woo thee turn again ;
 And thou shalt stand to all posterity,
 Th' eternal game and laughter, with thy neck
 Writh'd to thy tail, like a ridiculous cat,
 Avoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
 And all these cos'ning ceremonies : you,
 Your pure and spiced conscience ! I, the slave,
 And mock of fools, (scorn on my worthy head)
 That have been titled and ador'd a god,
 Yea sacrific'd unto, myself, in Rome,
 No less than Jove : and I be brought to do
 A peevish giglot, rites : perhaps the thought
 And shame of that, made fortune turn her face,
 Knowing herself the lesser deity,
 And but my servant. Bashful queen, if so,
 Sejanus thanks thy modesty. Who's that !

Pomponius, Sejanus, Minutius, &c.

Pom. His fortune suffers, till he hears my news :
 I have waited here too long. Macro, my lord——

Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.

Ter. Are these things true ?

Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.

Sej. What's that ?

Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord,
 That a new head being set upon your statue,
 A rope is since found wreath'd about it ! and,
 But now a fiery meteor in the form
 Of a great ball was seen to rowl along
 The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect,
 Th' amazing wonder of the multitude !

————— *I be brought to do*

*A peevish GIGLOT, rites.] Giglot is a young, childish, or wan-
 girl: so Shakespear, "A giglot girl."*

Sej.

Sej. No more. That Macro's come, is more than

Ter. Is Macro come? (all)

Pom. I saw him.

Ter. Where? with whom?

Pom. With Regulus.

Sej. Terentius——

Ter. My lord?

Sej. Send for the tribunes, we will straight have up
More of the soldiers for our guard. Minutius,
We pray you, go for Cotta, Latiaris,
Trio the consul, or what senators
You know are sure, and ours. You, my good Natta,
For Laco, provost of the watch. Now Satrius,
The time of proof comes on, arm all our servants,
And without tumult. You, Pomponius,
Hold some good correspondence with the consul.
Attempt him, noble friend. These things begin
To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates.
Fortune, I see thy worst: let doubtful states,
And things uncertain hang upon thy will:
Me surest death shall render certain still.
Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates have let go on, so far in breath,
Uncheckt or unprov'd? I, that did help
To fell the lofty cedar of the world,
Germanicus; that at one stroke cut down
Drusus that upright elm; wither'd his vine †;

† ————*That at one stroke cut down*

Drusus that upright elm; wither'd his vine.] His vine, meant
Livia, the wife of Drusus. It is observed there is a natural sym-
pathy between the elm and the vine; and that those vines flourish
with greater vigour, and in a larger abundance, which are planted
at the foot of an elm, and curl their tendrils round its branches.
And this, in the language of classical antiquity, was marrying them
together. As Drusus is here called an elm, his wife by a very el-
gant and easy metaphor, is termed *his vine*. The whole description
is a beautiful allegory, animated with the most sublime spirit of
poetry.

Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks,
Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs,
Cordus and Sofia, Claudia, Pulchra,
Furnius and Gallus, which I have grub'd up;
And since, have set my ax so strong and deep
Into the root of spreading Agrippina;
Lopt off and scatter'd her proud branches, Nero,
Drusus; and Caius too, although re-planted;
If you will, destinies, that after all,
I faint now e're I touch my period,
You are but cruel; and I already have done
Things great enough. All Rome hath been my slave;
The senate sate an idle looker on,
And witness of my power; when I have blush'd
More to command than it to suffer; all
The fathers have sate ready and prepar'd,
To give me empire, temples, or their throats,
When I would ask 'em; and (what crowns the top)
Rome, senate, people, all the world have seen
Jove, but my equal: Cæsar, but my second.
'Tis then your malice, fates, who (but your own)
Envy and fear t' have any power long known.

Terentius, Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here: I'll give his lordship, you are come.

[They confer their letters.]

Minutius, Cotta, Latiaris.

Min. Marcus Terentius, 'pray you tell my lord
Here's Cotta, and Latiaris.

Ter. Sir, I shall.

Cot. My letter is the very same with yours;
Only requires me to be present there,
And give my voice to strengthen his design.

Lat. Names he not what it is?

Cot. No, nor to you.

Lat. 'Tis strange and singular doubtful!

Cot.

Cot. So it is.
It may be all is left to lord Sejanus.

Natta, Laco.

[*To them.*]

Nat. Gentlemen, where's my lord?

Tri. We wait him here.

Cot. The provost Laco? what's the news?

Lat. My lord——

Sejanus.

[*To them.*]

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble and trusted friends;
How much I am a captive to your kindness!
Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco,
Your valiant hand; and gentlemen your loves.
I wish I could divide my self unto you;
Or that it lay within our narrow powers,
To satisfy for so enlarged bounty.
Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards
Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the consul?

Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord.

Cot. They are but giving order for the edict,
To warn the senate.

Sej. How! the senate?

Lac. Yes.

This morning in Apollo's temple.

Cot. We

Are charg'd by letter to be there, my lord.

Sej. By letter? pray you let's see!

Lat. Knows not his lordship!

Cot. It seems so!

Sej. A senate warn'd? without my knowledge?
And on this sudden? Senators by letters
Required to be there! who brought these?

Cot. Macro.

Sej. Mine enemy! and when?

Cot. This midnight.

Sej.

Sej. Time,
With ev'ry other circumstance, doth give
It hath some strain of engin in't ! how now ?

Satrius, Sejanus, &c.

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Macro is without,
Alone, and prays t' have private conference
In business of high nature with your lordship,
(He says to me) and which regards you much.

Sej. Let him come here.

Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw,
You will betray what store and strength of friends
Are now about you ; which he comes to spy.

Sej. Is he not arm'd ?

Sat. We'll search him.

Sej. No, but take,
And lead him to some room, where you conceal'd
May keep a guard upon us. Noble Laco,
You are our trust : and till our own cohorts
Can be brought up, your strengths must be our guard.
Now, good Minutius, honour'd Latiaris,

[He salutes them humbly.]

Most worthy and my most unwearied friends :
I return instantly.

Lat. Most worthy lord !

Cot. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, methinks,
I have not observ'd it in him, heretofore.

Tri. 1. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly.

Min. 1

Am wrapt withal.

Tri. 2. By Mars, he has my lives,
Were they a million) for this only grace.

Lac. I, and to name a man !

Lat. As he did me !

Min. And me !

Lat.

Sej.

Lat. Who would not spend his life and fortunes,
To purchase but the look of such a lord?

Lat. He that would nor be lord's fool, nor the
world's.

Sejanus, Macro.

Sej. Macro! most welcome, a most coveted friend!
Let me enjoy my longings. When arriv'd you?

Mac. About the noon of night⁸.

Sej. Satrius, give leave.

Mac. I have been, since I came, with both the
consuls,

On a particular design from Cæsar.

Sej. How fares it with our great and royal master?

Mac. Right plentifully well; as, with a prince,
That still holds out the great proportion
Of his large favours, where his judgment hath
Made once divine election: like the god
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
In you, already the most happy, and e're
The sun shall climb the south, most high Sejanus.
⁹ Let not my lord be amus'd. For, to this end

⁸ *About the noon of night.*] This poetical expression, tho' now common by general use, seems to have been first introduced into our language by Jonson in this place. And he appears to have been dissatisfied of the reception it might meet with, or whether the licence he had taken would be approved by custom. For he refers us in the margin of the quarto, to the author of whom he borrowed it. The phrase is *Varro's*; in Latin, *meridies noctis*; and it occurs in the 6th chapter of *Nonius Marcellus*. I could not omit taking notice of this particular, trivial as it may seem: because to remark the beauties or defects of language, is one essential branch of true criticism.

⁹ *Let not my lord be AMUS'D.*] There is a correction of the last word, in the margin of mr. Theobald's copy, but it seems not to have been

Was I by Cæsar sent for to the isle,
 With special caution to conceal my journey ;
 And, thence, had my dispatch as privately
 Again to Rome ; charg'd to come here by night ;
 And only to the consuls make narration
 Of his great purpose ; that the benefit
 Might come more full, and striking, by how much
 It was less look't for, or aspir'd by you,
 Or least informed to the common thought.

Sej. What may this be ? part of my self, dear Macro,
 If good, speak out ; and share with your Sejanus.

Mac. If bad I should for ever loth my self
 To be the messenger to so good a lord.
 I do exceed m' instructions to acquaint
 Your lordship with thus much ; but 'tis my venture
 On your retentive wisdom : and because
 I would no jealous scruple should molest
 Or rack your peace of thought. For I assure
 My noble lord, no senator yet knows
 The business meant : though all by several letters
 Are warned to be there, and give their voices,
 Only to add unto the state and grace
 Of what is purpos'd.

Sej. You take pleasure Macro,
 Like a coy wench, in torturing your lover.
 What can be worth this suffering ?

have been wrote by him : it is there proposed to read *amazed* And
 the same alteration is repeated in this passage of the Alchymist,
 where the expression occurs again :

Fac. " 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon ?

" I am amused at that ! "

Act I. sc. 3.

The emendation is easy and ingenious, but the text appears not to
 require it. To be *amused*, or to be in a *musè*, was used in Jonson's
 time, and in the age preceding, in the sense of being amazed, or
 wholly taken up with wonder, on hearing or seeing something ex-
 traordinary and unexpected. And a *musard* denoted likewise an ab-
 stracted person, or one lost in thought.

Mac.

Mac. That which follows,
The tribunical dignity and power :
Both which Sejanus is to have this day
Confer'd upon him, and by publick senate.

Sej. Fortune be mine again; thou hast satisfied
For thy suspected loyalty.

Mac. My lord,
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,
And I must back to Cæsar.

Sej. Where's Caligula?

Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordship. Why,
He lingers yonder about Capreæ,
Disgrac'd ; Tiberius hath not seen him yet :
He needs would thrust himself to go with me,
Against my wish or will, but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note
As my neglect or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me ought,
Because I take no knowledge that I saw you,
But I shall boast to live to serve your lordship :
And so take leave.

Sej. Honest and worthy Macro,
Your love and friendship. Who's there ? Satrius,
Attend my honourable friend forth. O !
How vain and vile a passion is this fear ?
What base uncomely things it makes men do ?
Suspect their noblest friends, (as I did this)
Flatter poor enemies, entreat their servants,
Stoop, court, and catch at the benevolence
Of creatures, unto whom (within this hour)
I would not have vouchsaf'd a quarter-look,
Or piece of face ? By you that fools call gods,
Hang all the sky with your prodigious signs,
Fill earth with monsters, drop the scorpion down,
Out of the Zodiack, or the fiercer lion,
Shake off the loosen'd globe from her long hinge,

Row

Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
Th' enraged winds to turn up groves and towns,
When I do fear again, let me be struck
With forked fire, and unpitied die :
Who fears, is worthy of calamity.

Pomponius, Regulus, Trio.

[*To the rest.*

Pom. Is not my lord here ?

Ter. Sir, he will be straight.

Cot. What news, Fulcinus Trio ?

Tri. Good, good tidings.

(But keep it to your self) my lord Sejanus
Is to receive this day in open senate
The tribunitial dignity.

Cot. Is't true ?

(*Tri.* No words, not to your thought : but, sir,
[believe it.

Lat. What says the consul ?

Cot. (Speak it not again)

He tells me, that to day my lord Sejanus——

Tri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your honour
Not to reveal it.

Cot. On my life, sir.

Lat. Say.

Cot. Is to receive the tribunitial power.

But as you are an honourable man,
Let me conjure you, not to utter it :
For it is trusted to me with that bond.

Lat. I am Harpocrates.

Ter. Can you assure it ?

Pom. The consul told it me, but keep it close.

Min. Lord Latiaris, what's the news ?

Lat. I'll tell you,
But you must swear to keep it secret——

*Sejanus.**[To them.]*

Sej. I knew the fates had on their distaff left
More of our thread, than so.

Reg. Hail great Sejanus.

Tri. Hail the most honour'd.

Cot. Happy.

Lat. High Sejanus.

Sej. Do you bring prodigies too?

Tri. May all presage

Turn to those fair effects, whereof we bring
Your lordship news.

Reg. May't please my lord withdraw.

Sej. Yes (I will speak with you anon.)

Ter. My lord *[To some that stand by.]*

What is your pleasure for the tribunes?

Sej. Why,

Let 'em be thank't and sent away.

Min. My lord——

Lac. Will't please your lordship to command me—

Sej. No. You are troublesome.

Min. The mood is chang'd.

Tri. Not speak?

Nor look?

Lac. I, he is wise, will make him friends
Of such who never love, but for their ends.

Arruntius, Lepidus.

[Divers other senators passing by them.]

Arr. I, go, make haste; take heed you be not late
To tender your All Hail in the wide hall
Of huge Sejanus: run a lic'tor's pace:
Stay not to put your robes on; but away,
With the pale troubled ensigns of great friendship

Stamp

Stamp't i' your face ! Now Marcus Lepidus,
 You still believe your former augury ?
 Sejanus must go downward ? You perceive
 His wane approaching fast ?

Lep. Believe me, Lucius,
 I wonder at this rising !

Arr. I, and that we
 Must give our suffrage to it ? you will say,
 It is to make his fall more steep and grievous ?
 It may be so. But think it, they that can
 With idle wishes 'flay to bring back time :
 In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
 See, see ! what troops of his officious friends
 Flock to salute my lord ! and start before
 My great proud lord ! to get a lord-like nod !
 Attend my lord unto the senate-house !
 Bring back my lord ! like servile ushers, make
 Way for my lord ! proclaim his idol lordship,
 More than ten criers, or six noise of trumpets !
 Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scatter'd hair
 From my lord's eminent shoulder ! See, Sanquinius !
 With his slow belly, and his dropie ! look,
 What toiling haste he makes ! yet here's another
 Retarded with the gout, will be afore him !
 Get thee Liburnian porters ¹⁰, thou gross fool,
 To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy peers.
 They are met ! the gout returns, and his great carriage.

¹⁰ Get thee Liburnian porters.] These were eminent for their size and strength, and used as chairmen by the nobility of ancient Rome. This speech is copied from the 4th satire of Juvenal :

————— *Vocantur*
Ergo in concilium procures, quas oderat ille,
In quorum facie miserae magnæque sedebat
Pallor amicitiae.

Sat. 4. v. 73.

Lictors, Consuls, Sejanus, &c. [Pass over the stage.

Lic. Give way, make place, room for the consul.

Sen. Hail,

Hail, great Sejanus.

Hat. Hail, my honour'd lord.

Arr. We shall be markt anon, for our not Hail.

Lep. That is already done.

Arr. It is a note

Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.

Lep. I, and they think themselves
Deeply dishonour'd where they are omitted,
As if they were necessities that helpt
To the perfection of their dignities :
And hate the men, that but refrain 'em.

Arr. O!

There is a farther cause of hate. Their breasts
Are guilty, that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings : thence the anger grows.
On. Follow.

Macro, Laco.

Mac. When all are enter'd shut the temple doors;
And bring your guards up to the gate.

Lac. I will.

Mac. If you shall hear commotion in the senate,
Present your self : and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth.

Lac. I am instructed.

The

The SENATE.

Haterius, Trio, Sanquinius, Cotta, Regulus, Sejanus, Pomponius, Latiaris, Lepidus, Arruntius, Praeones, Lilliores, Senators.

Hat. How well his lordship looks to day !

Tri. As if

He had been born, or made for this hour's state.

Cot. Your fellow consul's come about, methinks ?

Tri. I, he is wise.

San. Sejanus trusts him well.

Tri. Sejanus is a noble bounteous lord.

Hat. He is so, and most valiant.

Lat. And most wise.

Sen. He's every thing.

Lat. Worthy of all, and more
Than bounty can bestow.

Tri. This dignity
Will make him worthy.

Pom. Above Cæsar.

San. Tut,
Cæsar is but the rector of an isle,
He of the empire.

Tri. Now he will have power
More to reward than ever.

Cot. Let us look
We be not slack in giving him our voices.

Lat. Not I.

San. Nor I.

Cot. The readier we seem
To propagate his honours, will more bind
His thoughts to ours.

Q3

Hat.

Hat. I think right, with your lordship.
It is the way to have us hold our places.

San. I, and get more.

Lat. More office and more titles.

Pom. I will not lose the part, I hope to share
In these his fortunes for my patrimony.

Lat. See, how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus.

Tri. Let 'em alone, they will be markt anon.

Sen. I'll do with others.

Sen. So will I.

Sen. And I.

Men grow not in the state, but as they are planted
Warm in his favours.

Cot. Noble Sejanus!

Hat. Honour'd Sejanus!

Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus!

Arr. Gods! how the sponges open and take in!
And shut again! look, look! is not he blest
That gets a seat in eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in ear, or tongue-reach? O but most
Can claw his subtil elbow, or with a buz
Fly-blow his ears.

Præ. Proclaim the senate's peace,
And give last summons by the edict.

Præ. Silence:

In name of Cæsar, and the senate, silence.

"Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinus Trio, consuls,
"these present kalends of June, with the first light,
"shall hold a senate, in the temple of Apollo Palatine;
"all that are Fathers, and are registred Fathers, that
"have right of entring the senate, we warn or com-
"mand you be frequently present, take knowledge the
"business is the common-wealth's: whosoever is absent,
"his fine or mulct will be taken, his excuse will not
"be taken."

Tri.

Tri. Note who are absent, and record their names.

Reg. "Fathers conscript, may what I am to utter
"Turn good and happy for the common-wealth."

And thou Apollo, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire us all with truth,
And liberty of censure to our thought.

The majesty of great Tiberius Cæsar
Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing
Upon the man he loves, honour'd Sejanus,
The tribunitial dignity and power :
Here are his letters, signed with his signet.

"What pleaseth now the Fathers to be done?"

Sen. Read, read 'em, open, publickly read 'em.

Cot. Cæsar hath honour'd his own greatness much,
In thinking of this act:

Tri. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy Cæsar.

Lat. And the lord
As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

Hat. Most worthy!

San. Rome did never boast the virtue
That could give envy bounds, but his: Sejanus——

Sen. Honour'd and noble!

Sen. Good and great Sejanus!

Arr. O, most tame slavery, and fierce flattery!

Præ. Silence.

TIBERIUS CÆSAR

To the SENATE greeting.

[The epistle is read.]

"IF you, conscript Fathers, with your children, be
"in health, it is abundantly well: we with our
"friends here are so. The care of the common-wealth,
"howsoever we are removed in person, cannot be ab-

" sent to our thought; although, oftentimes, even to
 " princes most present, the truth of their own affairs is
 " hid; than which, nothing falls out more miserable
 " to a state, or makes the art of governing more diffi-
 " cult. But since it hath been our easeful happiness
 " to enjoy both the aids and industry of so vigilant a
 " senate, we profess to have been the more indulgent
 " to our pleasures, not as being careless of our office,
 " but rather secure of the necessity. Neither do these
 " common rumours of many, and infamous libels pub-
 " lish'd against our retirement, at all afflict us; being
 " born more out of mens ignorance than their malice:
 " and will, neglected, find their own grave quickly;
 " whereas, too sensibly acknowledg'd, it would make
 " their obloquy ours. Nor do we desire their authors,
 " though found, be censured, since in a free state, as
 " ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds and
 " tongues free".

(*Arr.* The lapwing, the lapwing.)

" Yet in things which shall worthily and more near
 " concern the majesty of a prince, we shall fear to be
 " so unnaturally cruel to our own fame, as to neglect
 " them. True it is, conscript Fathers, that we have
 " raised Sejanus from obscure, and almost unknown
 " gentry,

(*Sen.* How, how!)

" to the highest and most conspicuous point of great-
 " ness, and, we hope, deservingly; yet not without
 " danger: it being a most bold hazard in that sove-
 " reign, who, by his particular love to one, dares ad-
 " venture the hatred of all his other subjects.

" In a free state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds
 and their tongues free.] Suetonius tells us, that Tiberius often said
 this, on occasion of the popular reproaches, and the libels which
 were made against him. *Firmus et patiens subinde jactabat, in civi-
 tate libera, linguam mentemque liberam esse debere.*

SUETON. Tiber. c. 23.

(*Arr.*

(Arr. This touches, the blood turns.)

"But we affie in your loves and understandings, and
"do no way suspect the merit of our Sejanus, to make
"our favours offensive to any.

(Sen. O! good, good.)

"Though we could have wished his zeal had run a
"calmer course against Agrippina and our nephews,
"howsoever the openness of their actions declared them
"delinquents; and, that he would have remembred,
"no innocence is so safe, but it rejoiceth to stand in
"the sight of mercy: the use of which in us, he hath
"so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyal fu-
"ry, as now our clemency would be thought but
"wearied cruelty", if we should offer to exercise it.

(Arr. I thank him, there I look't for't. A good fox!)

"Some there be that would interpret this his publick
"severity to be particular ambition; and that, under
"a pretext of service to us, he doth but remove his
"own lets: alledging the strengths he hath made to
"himself, by the pratorian soldiers, by his faction in
"court and senate, by the offices he holds himself, and
"confers on others, his popularity and dependents,
"his urging (and almost driving) us to this our un-
"willing retirement, and lastly, his aspiring to be our
"son-in-law."

(Sen. This's strange!

Arr. I shall anon believe your vultures, Marcus.)

"Your wisdoms, conscript Fathers, are able to exa-
"mine, and censure these suggestions. But, were
"they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce
"them, as we think them, most malicious."

(Sen. O, he has restor'd all, list)

"Yet are they offer'd to be averr'd, and on the lives of

"Our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty.] *Ego vera
clementiam non voco lassam crudelitatem.* SENECA de clemen. l. i. c. 11.

" the

“ theinformers. What we should say, or rather what
 “ we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true,
 “ our gods and goddesses confound us if we know
 “ only we must think, we have plac’d our benefits ill,
 “ and conclude, that in our choice, either we were
 “ wanting to the gods, or the gods to us.”

(*Arr.* The place grows hot, they shift.)

[*The senators shift their places.*]

“ We have not been covetous, honourable Fathers, to
 “ change; neither is it now any new lust that alters
 “ our affection, or old lothing; but those needful
 “ jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to
 “ provide for their safety; and do teach them how
 “ learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest ene-
 “ my; much more of those great ones, whom their
 “ own employ’d favours have made fit for their fears.”

(*Sen.* Away.

Sen. Sit farther.

Cot. Let’s remove——

Arr. Gods! how the leaves drop off, this little
 [wind!]

“ *What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know!*”
 Juvenal stiles the letter which Tiberius sent to the senate, *urbis at grandis epistola*; and this before us is agreeable to that character. So far the judgment of Jonson is evident enough: but it seems to have failed him, when he inserted the words above as a part of this epistle. They are to be found indeed, both in Tacitus and Suetonius; and are very remarkable in themselves: but they are reported, which makes them still more remarkable, to have been the beginning of a letter he once wrote to the senate; and, in that connection, they are a much stronger evidence of uneasiness and perturbation of spirit in the emperor, arising from the consciousness of guilt. The poet indeed hath added something, and given a different turn to the words, that he might introduce them in this epistle, with the greater propriety. *Insigne visum est earum Caesaris literarum initium: nam his verbis exorsus est: Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, dei me deaque pejus perdat quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.* TACIT. *an.* l. 6. c. 6.

“ We

"We therefore desire, that the offices he holds be first
"seized by the senate; and himself suspended from
"all exercise of place or power——"

Sen. How!

Sen. By your leave.

Arr. Come, Porcipesce, where's Haterius?

His gout keeps him most miserably constant.)

Your dancing shews a tempest.

Sej. Read no more.

Reg. Lords of the senate, hold your seats: read on.

Sej. These letters they are forg'd.

Reg. A guard: sit still.

[Laco enters with the guards.]

Arr. There's change.

Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.

Præ. Silence——"and himself suspended from all
"exercise of place or power, but till due and mature
"trial be made of his innocency, which yet we can
"faintly apprehend the necessity to doubt. If, con-
"script Fathers, to your more searching wisdoms,
"there shall appear farther cause (or of farther pro-
"ceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or
"more——) it is not our power that shall limit your
"authority, or our favour that must corrupt your jus-
"tice: either were dishonourable in you, and both
"uncharitable to our self. We would willingly be
"present with your counsels in this business; but the
"danger of so potent a faction (if it should prove so)
"forbids our attempting it: except one of the con-
"suls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake
"the guard of us home, then we should most readily
"adventure. In the mean time, it shall not be fit for
"us to importune so judicious a senate, who know
"how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the
"guilty: and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods, is
"the

“ the life of an ingrateful person. We reflect not, in
 “ this, on Sejanus, (notwithstanding, if you keep an
 “ eye upon him—and there is Latiaris a senator,
 “ and Pinnarius Natta, two of his most trusted mini-
 “ sters, and so profess, whom we desire not to have
 “ apprehended) but as the necessity of the cause ex-
 “ acts it.”

Reg. A guard on Latiaris.

Arr. O, the spy!

The reverend spy is caught; who pities him?
 Reward, sir, for your service: now, you ha' done
 Your property, you see what use is made?
 Hang up the instrument.

Sej. Give leave.

Lac. Stand, stand,

He comes upon his death, that doth advance
 An inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no friends here?

Arr. Hush't.

Where now are all the hails and acclamations?

Macro, Senate.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate.

Sej. Is Macro here? O, thou art lost, Sejanus.

Mac. Sit still, and un-affrighted, reverend Fathers,
 Macro, by Cæsar's grace, the new-made provost,
 And now possessest of the prætorian bands,
 An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
 Bids you be safe: and to your constant doom
 Of his deservings, offers you the surety
 Of all the soldiers, tribunes and centurions,
 Receiv'd in our command.

Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus,
 Stand forth, Sejanus.

Sej.

Sej. Am I call'd ?

Mac. I, thou,
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.

Sej. Why, Macro,
It hath been otherwise between you and I ;
This court that knows us both, hath seen a difference,
And can, if it be pleas'd to speak, confirm,
Whose insolence is most.

Mac. Come down, Typhæus ;
If mine be most, lo ! thus I make it more ;
Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,
Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 'tis fit,
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To use th'ingrateful viper, tread his brains
Into the earth.

Reg. Forbear.

Mac. If I could lose
All my humanity now, 'twere well to torture
So meriting a traitor. Wherefore, Fathers,
Sit you amaz'd and silent ? and not censure
This wretch, who in the hour he first rebell'd
'Gainst Cæsar's bounty, did condemn himself ?
Phlegra, the field, where all the sons of earth
Must'r'd against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge
So proud and huge a monster.

Reg. Take him hence.
And all the gods guard Cæsar.

Tri. Take him hence.

Hat. Hence.

Cot. To the dungeon with him.

San. He deserves it.

Sen. Crown all our doors with bays.

San. And let an ox,
With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led
Unto the Capitol.

Hat.

Sej.

Hat. And sacrific'd
To Jove, for Cæsar's safety.

Tri. All our gods
Be present still to Cæsar.

Cot. Phœbus.

San. Mars.

Hat. Diana.

San. Pallas.

Sen. Juno, Mercury,

All guard him.

Mac. Forth, thou prodigy of men.

Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be defac'd.

Tri. His images and statues be pull'd down.

Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.

Arr. And the legs

Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too¹¹.

Lep. O violent change,
And whirl of mens affections!

Arr. Like, as both

Their bulks and souls were bound on Fortune's wheel,
And must act only with her motion.

Lepidus, Arruntius.

Lep. Who would depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to-day beheld
(That, which if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not have been believ'd) Sejanus' fall?

¹¹ *The legs of the poor horses that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too.]*

Ipsas deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis

Cædit, et immeritis franguntur crura caballis.

JUVENAL, sat. 10. v. 304

And the subsequent description of the insults and indignities, which were offered to whatever had the least relation to Sejanus, is taken from the same satirist.

He,

" He, that this morn rose proudly, as the sun,
 " And breaking through a mist of clients breath,
 " Came on, as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he,
 " When superstitious Moors salute his light!
 " That had our servile nobles waiting him
 " As common grooms; and hanging on his look,
 " No less than human life on destiny!
 " That had mens knees as frequent as the gods;
 " And sacrifices more than Rome had altars:
 " And this man fall! fall! I, without a look,
 " That durst appear his friend, or lend so much
 " Of vain relief, to his chang'd state, as pity!"

Arr. They that before, like gnats, play'd in his beams,
 And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seen,
 Nor deign to hold a common seat with him!
 Others that waited him unto the senate,
 Now inhumanely ravish him to prison!
 Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord:
 Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitive!
 Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops:
 Blind shames for honours, and black taunts for titles!
 Who would trust slippery chance?

Lep. They that would make
 Themselves her spoil; and foolishly forget,
 When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
 Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men
 Had wisdom¹⁴: we have placed thee so high,
 By fond belief in thy felicity.

Sen. The gods guard Cæsar. All the gods guard
 Cæsar. [Shout within.

¹⁴ Fortune, thou hadst no deity,
 If men had wisdom, &c.]

Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; sed te

Not facimus, Fortuna, deam, cæloque locamus. Juv. ib. 165, 366.

Dr. GREY.

Macro,

Macro, Regulus, Senators.

Mac. Now great Sejanus, you that aw'd the state,
And fought to bring the nobles to your whip,
That would be Cæsar's tutor, and dispose
Of dignities and offices! that had
The publick head still bare to your designs,
And made the general voice to eccho yours!
That look'd for salutations twelve score off¹⁶,
And would have pyramids, yea temples rear'd
To your huge greatness! Now you lie as flat,
As was your pride advanc'd.

Reg. Thanks to the gods.

Sen. And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome.
Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,
And praise to Macro that hath saved Rome.

Arruntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

Arr. I prophesy, out of the senate's flattery,
That this new fellow, Macro, will become
A greater prodigy in Rome, than he
That now is fall'n.

Ter. "O you, whose minds are good,
" ¹⁷And have not forc'd a'l mankind from your breasts
" That yet have so much stock of virtue left,
" To pity guilty states, when they are wretched:
" Lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to weep
" Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies."

¹⁶ *That look'd for salutations* TWELVE SCORE off.] Who expected to be saluted at the distance of twelve score feet, or yards: it was common in that age to omit the substantive. So Shakespear,

"I know his death will be a march of *twelve score*;" i. e. feet.
¹⁷ *And have not forc'd all MANKIND from your breasts.*] i. e. Humanity.

Mr. SYMPSON

Th

The eager multitude, (who never yet
 Knew why to love or hate, but only pleas'd
 T'express their rage of power) no sooner heard
 The murmur of Sejanus in decline,
 But with that speed and heat of appetite,
 With which they greedily devour the way
 To some great sports, or a new theatre,
 They fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's cirk¹¹,
 Where, like so many mastiffs, biting stones,
 As if his statues now were sensitive
 Of their wild fury : first, they tear them down ;
 Then fastening ropes, drag them along the streets,
 Crying in scorn, This, this was that rich head
 Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours, this
 That was in Rome so revered. Now
 The furnace and the bellows shall to work,
¹² The great Sejanus crack, and piece by piece
 Drop i' the foundler's pit.

Lat. O popular rage !

Ter. The whilst the senate at the temple of Concord,
 Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,
 Let us condemn him, tread him down in water,
 While he doth lie upon the bank ; away :
 While some more tardy, cry unto their bearers,
 He will be censur'd e're we come, run knaves,
 And use that furious diligence, for fear
 Their bond-men should inform against their slackness,
 And bring their quaking flesh unto the hook :
 The rout they follow with confused voice,
 Crying, they're glad, say, they could ne'er abide him ;

¹¹ *They fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's cirk.]* From the Latin
circus ; Pompey's theatre.

¹² *The great Sejanus crack.]* His statue is broke to pieces, and
 cracks as it melts in the furnace.

—— *Et crepat ingens*

Sejanus.

JUVENAL. Sat. 10. v. 62.

This, and what follows in the next speech, is still from the same
 satire of Juvenal.

VOL. II.

R

En-

Enquire what man he was, what kind of face,
 What beard he had, what nose, what lips? Protest
 They ever did presage h' would come to this:
 They never thought him wise, nor valiant: ask
 After his garments, when he dies, what death;
 And not a beast of all the herd demands,
 What was his crime? or who were his accusers?
 Under what proof or testimony he fell?
 There came, says one, a huge long worded letter
 From Capreæ against him. Did there so?
 O, they are satisfied, no more.

Lep. Alas!

They follow fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
 Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thriv'd
 In his design, and prosperously oppress'd
 The old Tiberius; then, in that same minute,
 These very rascals, that now rage like furies,
 Would have proclaim'd Sejanus emperor.

Lep. But what hath follow'd?

Ter. Sentence by the senate,
 To lose his head; which was no sooner off,
 But that and th' unfortunate trunk were seiz'd
 By the rude multitude; who not content
 With what the forward justice of the state
 Officiously had done, with violent rage
 Have rent it limb from limb. "A thousand heads,
 "A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues and voices
 "Employ'd at once in several acts of malice!
 "Old men not staid with age, virgins with shame,
 "Late wives with loss of husbands, mothers of children,
 "Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall,
 "Run quite transported with their cruelty!"
 These minting at his head²⁰, these at his face,

²⁰ *These MOUNTING at his head.*] To mount at a dead man's head, struck off by an executioner, is strange language: the poet certainly wrote, "These minting at his head;" i. e. aiming. *V. Skinner in minting.*

Mr. SYMPSON.
 These

These digging out his eyes, those with his brains
 Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their friends;
 Others are met, have ravish'd thence an arm,
 " And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours;
 These with a thigh, this hath cut off his hands,
 And this his feet, these fingers, and these toes;
 That hath his liver, he his heart: there wants
 Nothing but room for wrath, and place for hatred!
 What cannot oft be done, is now o'er-done.
 The whole, and all of what was great Sejanus,
 And next to Cæsar, did possess the world,
 Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no grave;
 Each little dust covers a little part:
 So lies he no where, and yet often buried!

Arruntius, Nuntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

Arr. More of Sejanus?

Nun. Yes.

Lep. What can be added?

We know him dead.

Nun. Then there begin your pity.

There is enough behind to melt ev'n Rome,
 And Cæsar into tears: (since never slave
 Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny,
 In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.)
 A son and daughter to the dead Sejanus,
 (Of whom there is not now so much remaining
 As would give fastning to the hangman's hook)
 Have they drawn forth for farther sacrifice;
 Whose tendernefs of knowledge, unripe years,

²¹ *And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours.*] The poet is perhaps too particular in the description; but the fact is taken notice of by Seneca: *Quo die illum (sc. Sejanum) senatus deduxerat, populus in frustra divisit: in quem quicquid congeri poterat, dii hominesque contulerant; ex eo nihil superfuit, quod carnifex traheret.*

De tranquillitate animi, c. 11:

And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarce would lend them feeling of their danger:
The girl so simple, as she often ask'd

"Where they would lead her? for what cause they
[dragg'd her?"]

Cry'd, "She would do no more. That she could take

"Warning with beating." And because our laws

Admit no virgin immature to die,

The wittily, and strangely cruel Macro,

Deliver'd her to be deflowr'd and spoil'd,

By the rude lust of the licentious hangman,

Then to be strangled with her harmless brother²².

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and lasting night,
To hide it from the world!

Nun. Their bodies thrown

Into the Gemonies, (I know not how,

Or by what accident return'd) the mother,

The expulsed Apicata, finds them there;

Whom when she saw lie spread on the degrees²³,

After a world of fury on herself,

Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,

Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling amaz'd,

Crying to heaven, then to them; at last,

Her drowned voice gat up above her woes,

And with such black and bitter execrations,

(As might affright the gods, and force the sun

Run backward to the east; nay, make the old

Deformed chaos rise again, t' o'er-whelm

Them, us, and all the world) she fills the air,

Upbraids the heavens with their partial dooms,

²² *Then to be strangled with her harmless brother*] This relation, as Dr. Grey observes, is on the authority of Tacitus, from whom it is a literal translation. See *annal.* l. 5. c. 9.

²³ *Whom when she saw lie spread on the DEGREES.*] The steps, the *scalæ Gemoniæ*, what he calls the Gemonies. They were on the Aventine mount, from whence malefactors were thrown down into the Tiber.

Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,
 What she, and those poor innocents have transgress'd,
 That they must suffer such a share in vengeance,
 Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Eudemus live,
 Who (as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
 To Cæsar and the senate) poison'd Drusus?

Lep. Confederates with her husband!

Nun. I.

Lep. Strange act!

Arr. And strangely open'd: what says now my
 [monster,
 The multitude? they reel now: do they not?

Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weep
 The mischief they have done.

Arr. I thank 'em, rogues.

Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
 As they believe him innocent; all grieve:
 And some, whose hands yet reek with his warm blood,
 And gripe the part which they did tear of him,
 Wish him collected and created new.

Lep. How Fortune plies her sports, when she begins
 To practise them! pursues, continues, adds!
 Confounds with varying her empassion'd moods.

Arr. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem thy crimes?
 To make amend for thy ill placed favours,
 With these strange punishments? "Forbear, you things
 "That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
 "To boast your slippery height;" when you do fall,
 "You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise;
 And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

Ter. Let this example move the insolent man,
 Not to grow proud and careless of the gods:

²⁴ You DASH yourselves in pieces.] This is the modern word; the older copies read *dash*. Both words are formed from the sound.

It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
 " Much more to slighten, or deny their powers.
 For, whom the morning saw so great and high,
 Thus low and little, 'fore the ev'n doth lie.

²¹ *Much more to SLIGHTEN, or deny their powers.*] *Slighten* is the infinitive mood of the verb *sight*, with a Saxon ending, for the sake of the verse. Propriety of sentiment, and decorum of character, are what we are principally to look for in the plays of Jonson; especially in those, where the characters are known from history, and he is necessarily obliged to draw them like. Agreeably to this, the moral of the play hath an exact conformity to the action of the chief person in the drama. Sejanus is represented without any principle of conscience, ambitious, and a contemner of all religion, with the power and providence of the gods. His fall therefore, considered as a punishment for his neglect of the gods, must naturally insinuate, that obedience to them is the only foundation of happiness; and that lawless and irregular ambition is constantly attended with inseparable destruction. This is inculcated in these last lines.

VOLPONE;



Volpone or the fox. Lud. Pu. Guernier inv. & sculp.

VOLPONE

OR, THE

FOX

COMEDY

First acted in the Year 1693.

By the Honourable M^{rs} Mary

With the Allowance of the Master of the



Volcano of the fox *Salto Grande*

V O L P O N E;

O R, T H E

F O X.

A

C O M E D Y.

First acted in the Year 1605.

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

With the Allowance of the Master of Revels.

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

HORAT.



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To the most NOBLE and most EQUAL SISTERS,
 The Two Famous Universities,

For their Love and Acceptance shewn to his

POEM in the PRESENTATION,

B E N J O N S O N,

The Grateful Acknowledger, Dedicates both It
 and Himself.

NEVER (most equal sisters) had any man a wit
 so presently excellent, as that it could raise itself;
 but there must come both matter, occasion, commen-
 ders, and favourers to it. If this be true, and that
 the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it be-
 comes the careful to provide well towards these acci-
 dents; and, having acquired them, to preserve that
 part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit
 of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now
 render my self grateful, and am studious to justify
 the bounty of your act; to which, though your meer
 authority were satisfying, yet it being an age wherein
 poetry and the professors of it hear so ill on all sides,
 there will a reason be looked for in the subject. It is
 certain, nor can it with any forehead be opposed, that
 the too much licence of poetasters in this time, hath
 much deformed their mistress; that, every day, their
 manifold and manifest ignorance doth stick unnatural
 reproaches upon her: but for their petulancy, it were
 an

an act of the greatest injustice, either to let the learned suffer, or so divine a skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean hands) to fall under the least contempt. For, if men will impartially, and not acquaint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man. He that is said to be able to inform young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things divine no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone (or with a few) effect the business of mankind: this, I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon. But it will here be hastily answered, that the writers of these days are other things; that not only their manners, but their natures are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of poet, but the abused name, which every scribe usurps; that now, especially in dramatick, or (as they term it) Stage-poetry, nothing but ribaldry, prophaneation, blasphemy, all licence of offence to God and man is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this, (and am sorry I dare not) because in some mens abortive features (and would they had never boasted the light) it is over-true: but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell, is a most uncharitable thought, and, uttered, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can (and from a most clear conscience) affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness; have lothed the use of such foul and unwashed bawd'ry, as is now made the food of the scene: and, howsoever I cannot escape

escape from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say I have taken a pride, or lust, to be better, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politicks, what nation, society, or general order or state I have provoked? what publick person? whether I have not (in all these) preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed, (I speak of those that are intirely mine) look into them: what broad reproofs have I used? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimick, cheater, bawd, or buffoon, creatures (for their insolencies) worthy to be taxed? yet to which of these so pointingly, as he might not either ingenuously have confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? but it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other mens crimes. I know, that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction; marry, whilst I fear mine innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a trade with many; and there are that profess to have a key for the decyphering of every thing: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading interpreters to be over-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent malice, under other mens simplest meanings. As for those that will (by faults which charity hath raked up, or common honesty concealed) make themselves a name with the multitude, or (to draw their rude and beastly claps) care not whose living faces they intrench with their petulant styles, may they do it without a rival, or me: I chuse rather to live graved in obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those severe and wise patriots, who

who providing the hurts¹ these licentious spirits may do in a state, desire rather to see fools and devils, and those antique relicks of barbarism retrieved, with all other ridiculous and exploded follies, than behold the wounds of private men, of princes and nations. For, as Horace makes Trebatius speak among these,

— *Sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit*

And men may justly impute such rages, if continued, to the writer, as his sports². The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their masc'line enterludes³, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and that with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solœcisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry, able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turn the blood of a christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputation of divers honest and learned are the question; when a name so full of authority, antiquity, and all great

¹ *Who providing the hurts.] i. e. foreseeing the hurts.*

² *Men may justly impute such rages, if continued, to the writer, as his sports.]* A fury of this kind if but once, or accidentally occurring in a writer, is certainly a spot or blemish in his work: if continued, it implies pleasure and satisfaction in the practice. I apprehend then we should follow the reading exhibited by the first folio, which is *sports*. What immediately follows seems to support the alteration.

³ *In all their MASC'LINE enterludes.]* The oldest folio reads *mi/c'line*, contracted from *miscelline*, or miscellaneous. That seems the true word: *maslin* is indeed sometimes taken to denote a mixture of good and bad; as *maslin* bread, which is made of wheat and rye.

mark, is (through their insolence) become the lowest
corn of the age; and those men subject to the pe-
culancy of every vernaculous orator, that were wont
to be the care of kings and happiest monarchs. This
is that hath not only rapt me to present indigna-
tion, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my
actions to stand off from them; which may most ap-
pear in this my latest work (which you, most learn-
ed arbitresses, have seen, judged, and to my crown,
approved) wherein I have laboured for their instruc-
tion and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient
forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the
propriety, the innocence, and last the doctrine, which
is the principal end of poesie, to inform men in the
best reason of living. And though my catastrophe
may, in the strict rigour of comick law, meet with
censure, as turning back to my promise; I desire the
learned and charitable critick, to have so much faith
in me, to think it was done of industry: for, with
what ease I could have varied it nearer his scale (but
that I fear to boast my own faculty) I could here in-
sert. But my special aim being to put the snaffle
in their mouths, that cry out, We never punish vice
in our enterludes, &c. I took the more liberty;
though not without some lines of example, drawn
even in the antients themselves, the goings out of
whose comedies are not always joyful, but oft times
the bawds, the servants, the rivals, yea, and the mas-
ters are mulcted; and fitly, it being the office of
comick poet to imitate justice, and instruct to
life, as well as purity of language, or stir up gen-
eral affections: to which I shall take the occasion else-
where to speak. For the present (most revered sis-
ters) as I have cared to be thankful for your affections
first, and here made the understanding acquainted
with

with some ground of your favours ; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits : wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and kist of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile and slothful, who never affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious natures, as they worthily fear her, and think it a high point of policy to keep her in contempt, with their declamatory and windy invectives ; she shall out of just rage incite her servants (who are *genus irritabile*) to spout ink in their faces, that shall eat farther than their marrow, into their fumes ; and not Cinna the barber, with his art, shall be able to take out the brands ; but they shall live, and be read, till the wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all mankind.

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Th

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

VOLPONE, a Magnifico.
MOSCA, his Parasite.
VOLTORE, an Advocate.
CORBACCIO, an old Gentleman.
CORVINO, a Merchant.
AVOCATORI, four Magistrates.
NOTARIO, the Register.
NANO, a Dwarf.
CASTRONE, an Eunuch.
POLITICK WOULD-BE, a Knight.
PEREGRINE, a Gent. Traveller.
BONARIO, a young Gentleman.
G R E G E.

FINE MADAM WOULD-BE, the Knight's Wife.
CELIA, the Merchant's Wife.
COMMANDADORI, Officers.
MERCATORI, three Merchants.
ANDROGYNO, an Hermaphrodite.
SERVITORE, a Servant.

W O M E N.

The SCENE, *VENICE*.

The principal COMEDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.
HEN. CONDEL.
WIL. SLY.

JOH. HEMINGS.
JOH. LOWIN.
ALEX. COOKE.

VOLPONE

VOLPONE; or, the Fox.

THE ARGUMENT¹.

*Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
Offers his state to hopes of several heirs,
Lies languishing: his parasite receives
Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
Other cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.
New tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold, }
Each tempts th' other again, and all are sold.*

PROLOGUE.

" **N**OW, luck yet send us, and a little wit
" Will serve to make our play hit;
" (According to the palats of the season)
" Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.

¹ *The argument.*] It is an acrostic; and seems to have been wrote in imitation of those acrostical arguments, which have been invented by some later grammarians, and prefixed to the comedies of Plautus.

- " This we were bid to credit from our poet,
 " Whose true scope, if you would know it,
 " In all his poems still hath been this measure,
 " To mix profit with your pleasure ;
 " And not as some (whose throats their envy sailing)
 " Cry hoarsely, All he writes is railing : [them,
 " And when his plays come forth, think they can flout
 " With saying, he was a year about them '
 " To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,
 " Which was two months since no feature ;
 " And though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
 " 'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it,
 " From his own hand, without a co-adjutor,
 " Novice, journey-man or tutor.
 " Yet thus much I can give you as a token
 " Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
 " Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted',
 " Wherewith your rout are so delighted ;
 " Nor hales he in a gull, old ends reciting,
 " To stop gaps in his loose writing ;
 " With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd action,
 " As might make Beth'lem a faction :
 " Nor made he his play for jests stole from each table,
 " But makes jests to fit his fable ;
 " And so presents quick comedy refined,
 " As best criticks have designed :

¹ *When his plays come forth, think they can flout them.*

With saying, he was a year about them.] See the apologetical dialogue at the end of *the Poetaster*. Jonson has before touched on these reflections of his adversaries ; and Decker seems to be the person particularly aimed at.

² *No eggs are broken.*

Nor QUAKING CUSTARDS with fierce teeth affrighted.] This is still is a sneer on his old antagonist Decker, and so is what follows. In the vomit given to Crispinus, (*i. e.* Decker) in the *Poetaster*, he throws up the words *quaking custard*. And these tricks were probably the practice of inferior poets, to collect an audience.

"The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
 "From no needful rule he swerveth.
 "All gall and coperas from his ink he draineth,
 "Only a little salt remaineth, [ter)
 "Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till (red with laugh-
 "They shall look fresh a week after."

ACT I. SCENE I.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. **G**OOD morning to the day; and next, my
 [gold:

Open the shrine', that I may see my saint.
 Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
 The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
 Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
 Am I, to view thy splendor dark'ning his;
 That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
 Shew'lt like a flame by night, or like the day
 Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
 Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
 With adoration, thee, and every relick
 Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
 Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
 Title that age which they would have the best;

'Good morning to the day, and next, my gold:

Open the shrine.] The scene is a room in Volpone's house: he
 speaks to Mosca his servant or parasite, who opens a curtain, and
 discovers Volpone's treasure. The reader cannot but perceive, that
 the diction rises to a tragic sublimity. The expression, *Shew'lt like*
flame by night, which occurs a few lines lower, is imitated from
 Mr. UPTON.

S 2

Thou

Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All stile of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth.

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe²,
They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;
Such are thy beauties and our loves! dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,
That canst donought, and yet mak'st mendo all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise——

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I gain
No common way; I use no trade, no venture;
I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat no beasts,
To feed the shambles: have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into powder:
I blow no subtil glass³, expose no ships
To threatnings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turn no moneys in the publick bank,
Nor usure private.]

Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones

² *Thy looks when they to VENUS did ascribe.*] Alluding to the statue given her by the Greek and Latin Poets, *Ἰουὴν Ἀφροδίτην*, *Aurea Venus*.

³ *I blow no subtil GLASS.*] Venice, where the scene is laid, being famous for its manufactures in glass.

May be forth-coming, when the flesh is rotten ;
 But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses ;
 You lothe the widows or the orphans tears
 Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
 Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.

Volp. Right, Mosca, I do lothe it.

Mos. And besides, sir,

You are not like the thresher that doth stand
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn *,
 And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
 But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs ;
 Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
 With Romagna, and rich Candian wines,
 Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar :
 You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and worms
 Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds,
 You know the use of riches, and dare give now
 From that bright heap, to me your poor observer,
 Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
 Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
 Your pleasure allows maint'nance——

Volp. Hold thee, Mosca,
 Take of my hand ; thou strik'st on truth in all,
 And they are envious term thee parasite.
 Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
 And let them make me sport. What should I do,
 But cocker up my genius, and live free
 To all delights my fortune calls me to ?

*You are not like a thresher, that doth stand
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn, &c.] This speech is
 an imitation of Horace ;

Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum

Porrectus, vigilet cum longo fuste, &c.

L. 2. sat. 3.

The conclusion of Volpone's first speech is also from the same poet,
 but I shall not point out every obvious allusion, or imitation of the
 ancients, especially of Jonson's favourite author.

I have no wife, no parent, child, allie,
 To give my substance to; but whom I make
 Must be my heir; and this makes men observe me:
 This draws new clients daily to my house,
 Wome[n] and men of every sex and age,
 That bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,
 With hope that when I die (which they expect
 Each greedy minute) it shall then return
 Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, covetous
 Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
 And counter-work the one unto the other,
 Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
 All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
 And am content to coin them into profit,
 And look upon their kindness, and take more,
 And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
 Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
 And draw it by their mouths, and back again.
 How now!

S C E N E II.

Nano, Androgyno, Castrone, Volpone, Mosca.

Nan. “**N**OW room for fresh gamesters, who do
 [will you to know,
 “ They do bring you neither play nor university show^s;

^s Now room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,
 [They do bring you neither play nor UNIVERSITY SHOW.] This scene
 is an interlude invented by Mosca to entertain his patron Volpone.
 It is chiefly borrowed from one of Lucian's dialogues, intitled *The
 dream, or the cock*; and is intended as a ridicule on the vulgarly
 believed doctrines of Pythagoras.—By *university show*, is meant,
 such masks and plays, as our universities used to exhibit to our kings
 and queens, and which were acted by the scholars in their halls.

Mr. UPTON

“ And

- " And therefore do entreat you, that whatsoever they rehearse,
 " May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.
 " If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,
 " For know, here is inclo'd the soul of Pythagoras⁶,
 " That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
 " Which soul (fast and loose, sir) came first from Apollo,
 " And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius his son,
 " Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.
 " From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration
 " To goldy-lock'd Euphorbus, who was kill'd in good fashion,
 " At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta.
 " Hermotimus was next (I find it in my charta)
 " To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
 " But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learn'd to go a fishing;
 " And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
 " From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful piece,
 " Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next tofs of her
 " Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,
 " Crates the cynick, (as it self doth relate it)
 " Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords, and fools gat it,
 " Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock,
 " In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's cock⁷.

⁶ For know, HERE is inclos'd the soul of Pythagoras.] Here, i. e. in Androgyns the hermaphrodite, pointing to him; of whose various transformations the dwarf gives the following account.

⁷ The cobbler's cock.] Mycillus the cobbler. See the dialogue in Lucian.

- “ But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
 “ Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath, By
 quater,
 “ His musicks, his trigon, his golden thigh ³,
 “ Or his telling how elements shift ; but I
 “ Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered trans-
 lation,
 “ And shifted thy coat in these days of reformation?
 “ And. Like one of the reformed, a fool, as you see,
 “ * Counting all old doctrine heresie.
 “ Nan. But not on thine own forbid meats hast thou
 ventur’d ?
 “ And. On fish, when first a carthusian I enter’d.
 “ Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath left
 thee ?
 “ And. Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.
 “ Nan. O wonderful change ! when fir lawyer for-
 took thee,
 “ For Pythagore’s sake, what body then took thee ?

³ His ONE, TWO or THREE, or his great oath, BY QUATER,
 His musicks, his trigon, his golden thigh.] Still alluding to the
 doctrines of Pythagoras, and his manner of reasoning from analogy,
 and mathematical theories, and numbers.—His great oath, by qua-
 ter, his swearing by the *tetractys*, or number four. Mention is
 made of this in what is called the *golden verses*, which were wrote
 by a disciple of Pythagoras. The difficulty is to know what was
 included in his great oath by the *tetractys*; *Crux ingeniorum per
 multa sæcula*, as Dr. Burnet calls it in his *Archæologia*. Some mo-
 derns have imagined, it was the same with the *tetragrammaton* of
 the Jews.—His *golden thigh*. This is as little understood as the for-
 mer ; but it has been the subject of ridicule both to antient and
 modern wits.

* Counting all OLD DOCTRINE heresie.] By *old doctrine*, he means
 the doctrines commonly received before the reformation ; which
 was at first opprobriously called the *new learning*. It is not impro-
 bable that Jonson, when he wrote this, was a convert to church of
 Rome ; and might design in this place to sneer the zealots of the
 establishment, as he does soon after the puritans.

“ And

" *And.* A good dull moyl. *Nan.* And how! by that means

" Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans ?

" *And.* Yes. *Nan.* But from the moyl into whom didst thou pass ?

" *And.* Into a very strange beast, by some writers call'd an afs ;

" By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother,

" " Of those that devour flesh, and sometimes one another ;

" And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctified lie,

" Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.

" *Nan.* Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,

" And gently report thy next transmigration.

" *And.* To the same that I am. *Nan.* A creature of delight ?

" And (what is more than a fool) an hermaphrodite?

" Now prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,

" Which body would'st thou chuse, to keep up thy station ?

" *And.* Troth, this I am in : even here would I tarry.

" *Nan.* Cause here the delight of each sex thou canst vary ?

" *And.* Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken ;

" No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am so taken,

" ————— *By that means*

Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans.] From the lawyer, he went into the lawyer's mule. It was the custom formerly with the lawyers to ride on their mules in great state to Westminster-hall upon solemn days. The mentioning the mule naturally leads him to ridicule Pythagoras's interdiction of eating of beans.

Mr. UPTON.

Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one another.] A word is lost, which is necessary to restore both the measure and the sense : it should be,

Of those that devour flesh —————

It is intended as a satire on the puritans, the re-reformed of those days.

" The

- “ The only one creature that I can call blessed,
 “ For all other forms I have prov’d most distressed.
 “ *Nan.* Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still.
 “ This learned opinion we celebrate will,
 “ Fellow eunuch (as behoves us) with all our wit
 and art “,
 “ To dignifie that whereof ourselves are so great
 and special a part.”
Vol. Now very, very pretty : Mosca, this
 Was thy invention ?
Mos. If it please my patron,
 Not else.
Vol. It doth, good Mosca.
Mos. Then it was, sir.

S O N G.

- “ **F**OOLS, they are the only nation
 “ Worth mens envy or admiration ;
 “ Free from care or sorrow-taking,
 “ Selves and others merry making :
 “ All they speak or do is sterling.
 “ Your fool he is your great man’s darling,
 “ And your ladies sport and pleasure ;
 “ Tongue and babble are his treasure.
 “ E’en his face begetteth laughter,
 “ And he speaks truth free from slaughter ¹¹ ;
 “ He’s the grace of every feast,
 “ And sometimes the chiefeft guest ;

¹¹ *Fellow eunuch, (IT behoves us) with all our wit and art.*
 The first folio reads, *as behoves us* ; yet either of the expressions is sense.

¹² *E’en his face begetteth laughter,*
And he speaks truth free from SLAUGHTER.] i. e. free from hurting
 any one. But, as Mr. Sympson observes, the poet seems to
 have made his reason truckle to his rhyme, *flander* being seemingly
 the word designed.

“ Hath

" Hath his trencher and his stool,

" When wit waits upon the fool.

" O, who would not be

" He, he, he?"

[One knocks without.

Vol. Who's that? Away, look Mosca; fool, begone.

Mosca. 'Tis signior Voltore the advocate",
I know him by his knock.

Vol. Fetch me my gown,
My furs, and night-caps; say, my couch is changing:
And let him entertain himself a while

Without i' th' gallery. Now, now my clients
Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey,
That think me turning carcass, now they come;
I am not for 'em yet. How now? the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

Vol. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge,
Massie, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
And arms engraven.

Vol. Good! and not a fox
Stretcht on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow "+? ha, Mosca?

Mos. Sharp, sir.

Vol. Give me my furs. Why dost thou laugh so, man?

Mos. I cannot chuse, sir, when I apprehend

What

" Vol. Who's that? Away, look Mosca.

Mos. Fool, begone, 'tis signior Voltore the advocate.] Mr. Up-
on imagines, and I think with reason, that there is an error in
these lines. Part of Volpone's speech is given to Mosca; but they
ought to be divided and printed thus:

Vol. Who's that? Away, look Mosca; fool, begone.

Mos. 'Tis signior Voltore the advocate.

" ————— And not a fox

Stretcht on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,

Mocking a gaping crow.] Horace has a whole satire written
to

What thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks :
 That this might be the last gift he should give ;
 That this would fetch you ; if you died to-day,
 And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow ;
 What large return would come of all his ventures ;
 How he should worship'd be, and reverenc'd ;
 Ride with his furs, and foot-clothes ; waited on
 By herds of fools, and clients ; have clear way
 Made for his moile, as letter'd as himself ;
 Be call'd the great and learned advocate :
 And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

Vol. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Mos. O, no : rich

Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
 So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
 And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor ¹⁵.

Vol. My caps, my caps, good Mosca ; fetch him in.

Mos. Stay, sir, your ointment for your eyes.

Vol. That's true ;

Dispatch, dispatch : I long to have possession
 Of my new present.

to ridicule the *heredipetæ*, or legacy-hunters of the age, the very intent of this play. In this satire he has the same allusion with our poet to the *Æsopic fable of the Crow and the Fox* ;

————— *Plerumque recoctus*
Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet biantem.

Mr. UPTON.

A comedy of this nature must have been beheld with infinite pleasure by an inhabitant of old Rome. And, indeed, had the Romans trusted to their own genius, they might have found subjects much properer for comedy, in the foibles of their own city, than by copying after the Greek patterns. But the art was new among them ; and to have brought matters home to their own doors, might have created a party against the poet himself.

¹⁵ ——— *Hood an ass with reverend purple,*

So you can hide his two AMBITIOUS ears,

And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.]

This is true satire, and very elegantly expressed.—*Ambitious* is used according to its original meaning in the Latin language.

Mr. UPTON.

Mos.

Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.

Vol. Thanks, kind Mosca.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,
And hundred such as I am, in succession——

Vol. Nay, that were too much Mosca.

Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.

Vol. Loving Mosca,
'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my feign'd cough, my phtisick, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsie, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,
Wherein this three year, I have milk'd their hopes.
He comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

S C E N E III.

Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Mos. You still are, what you were, sir. Only you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his love:]
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron, sir,
Here's signior Voltore is come——

Volp. What say you?

Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come, this morning
To visit you.

Volp. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.

Volp. He is welcome.

Pray

Pray him to come more often.

Mos. Yes.

Volt. What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.

Volp. Mosca.

Mos. My patron?

Volp. Bring him near, where is he?

I long to feel his hand.

Mos. The plate is here, sir.

Volt. How fare you, sir?

Volp. I thank you, signior Voltore,
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

Volt. I'm sorry,

To see you still thus weak.

Mos. That he's not weaker.

Volp. You are too munificent.

Volt. No, sir, would to heaven,

I could as well give health to you, as that plate.

Volp. You give, sir, what you can. I thank you.
Your love

Hath taste in this, and shall not be un-answer'd.

I pray you see me often.

Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.

Volp. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, sir?

Volp. Hearken unto me still: it will concern you.

Mos. You are a happy man, sir, know your good.

Volp. I cannot now last long——

(*Mos.* You are his heir, sir.)

Volt. Am I?

Volp. I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
I'm sailing to my port, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
And I am glad I am so near my haven.

Mos. Alas, kind gentleman, well, we must all go—

Volt. But Mosca——

Mos. Age will conquer.

Volt.

Volt. 'Pray thee, hear me.

Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain?

Mos. Are you?

I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me i' your family. All my hopes
Depend upon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.

Volt. It shall both shine, and warm thee, Mosca.

Mos. Sir,

I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices: here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and monies; am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here.

Volt. But am I sole heir?

Mos. Without a partner, sir, confirm'd this morning;
The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.

Volt. Happy, happy, me!

What good chance, sweet Mosca?

Mos. Your desert, sir;

I know no second cause.

Volt. Thy modesty

Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.

Mos. He ever lik'd your course, sir; that first
Took him.

Must have heard him say, how he admir'd,
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things meer contraries,
All they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And re-turn; make knots, and undo them;
Give forked counsel: take provoking gold
From either hand, and put it up: these men,
I knew, would thrive with their humility.

And

And (for his part) he thought he should be blest
 To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
 So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
 And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
 Lie still, without a fee; when every word
 Your worship but lets fall, is a cecchine!

[Another knocks]

Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you
 seen, sir.

And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
 I'll fashion an excuse. And, gentle sir,
 When you do come to swim in golden lard,
 'Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
 Is born up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
 Think on your vassal; but remember me:
 I ha' not been your worst of clients.

Volt. Mosca.—

Mos. When will you have your inventory brought
 Or see a copy of the will? (anon)
 I'll bring 'em to you, sir. Away, be gone,
 Put business i' your face.

Volp. Excellent Mosca!
 Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.
 Here is Corbaccio.

Volp. Set the plate away,
 The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come!¹⁷

¹⁶ ————— In golden lard,

Up to the arms in HONEY.] This indeed is exhibited by
 the editions; but I apprehend, that as money was the thing, it may
 possibly be the word intended.

¹⁷ The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.] In allusion
 their different names. Corbaccio, in Italian, signifies an old raven.
 The poet chose these names to express their greediness after Volp-
 pone's supposed wealth.

SCENE IV.

Mosca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.
Stand there and multiply¹⁹. Now, shall we see
A wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave. Signior Corbaccio!
You're very welcome, sir.

Corb. How do's your patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

Corb. What? mends he?

Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.

Corb. That's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.

Corb. Do's he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor——

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

Corb. Why? I my self
Stood by, while it was made, saw all th' ingredients:
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

Volp. I, his last sleep, if he would take it.

¹⁹ *Betake you to your silence, and your sleep:*
Stand there and multiply.] There should be a full stop and
pause after *sleep*——*Betake you*, is spoke to Volpone. *Stand there*
and multiply——his he speaks to the plate, as he is setting it
away.

Mos. Sir,

He has no faith in physie.

Corb. 'Say you, 'say you?

Mos. He has no faith in physick: he do's think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.

Corb. Not I his heir?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says, they slay a man,
Before they kill him¹⁹.

Cor. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.

Corb. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence, as a judge.

Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.

Corb. I, or me;
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer, than 'twas wont——

Corb. How? how?
Stronger than he was wont?

¹⁹ ————He says, they slay a man,
Before they kill him.] This is still more satirical, than what
Shakespear makes Timon say to the rogues:

“ ————The physician
“ Slays more than you rob; takes wealth and life together.”

Mos. No, sir : his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.

Corb. O, good.

Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang:

Corb. Good.

Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'Tis good.

Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good symptoms still.

Mos. And from his brain——

(Corb. I conceive you, good.)

Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum,
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes ²⁰.

Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha!
How do's he, with the swimming of his head?

²¹ Mos. O, sir, tis past the Scotomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.

Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-last him:
This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.

Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he giv'n me?

Mos. No, sir.

Corb. Nothing? ha?

²⁰ Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum.

Forth the RESOLVED corners of his eyes.] What are the resolved corners of the eyes? The expression should be explained. It is taken from that infirmity of old age, by which the eyes are glued up by a rheum which flows from them; the corners only being open, from whence the humour issues. *Resolve* has a similar sense in *Shakespeare's Hamlet*:

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

"Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."

²¹ Mos. O sir, 'tis past the SCOTOMY.] *Scotomia* is a dizziness or swimming in the head, when the animal spirits are so whirled about, that the external objects seem to run round. Dr GREY.

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

Corb. Oh, oh, oh.

† What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here ?

Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament ;

As I did urge him to it for your good——

Corb. He came unto him, did he ? I thought so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.

Corb. To be his heir ?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

Corb. True.

I know it too.

Mos. By your own scale, sir.

Corb. Well,

I shall prevent him, yet. See Mosca, look,
Here, I have brought a bag of bright cecchines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mos. Yea, marry, sir.

This is true physick, this your sacred medicine ;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.

Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potabile.

It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowl ?

Corb. I, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessed cordial.

This will recover him.

Corb. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

Corb. What ?

Mos. To recover him.

Corb. O, no, no, no ; by no means.

Mos. Why, sir, this

Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

† *What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here ?*] It seems that a syllable
is wanting here ; I would add the epithet *old*, which would lengthen
out the verse in this manner ;

“ What then did old Voltore, the lawyer, here ?”
and it would suit too the character of the speaker.

Corb.

Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my ven-
Give me't again. [ture ;

Mof. At no hand ; pardon me ;
You shall not do yourself that wrong, fir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How ?

Mof. All, fir, 'tis your right, your own ; no man
Can claim a part : 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny.

Corb. How ! how, good Mosca ?

Mof. I'll tell you, fir. This fit he shall recover ;

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mof. And, on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament :
And shew him this.

Corb. Good, good.

Mof. 'Tis better yet.
If you will hear, fir.

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.

Mof. Now, would I counsel you, make home with
[speed ;

There, frame a will ; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.

Corb. And disinherit
My son ?

Mof. O, fir, the better : for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.

Corb. O, but colour ?

Mof. This will, fir, you shall send it unto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will ; where (without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting)
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you

Upon my master, and made him your heir :
 He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
 But out of conscience, and meer gratitude——

Corb. He must pronounce me his ?

Mos. 'Tis true.

Corb. This plot
 Did I think on before.

Mos. I do believe it.

Corb. Do you not believe it ?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Corb. Mine own project.

Mos. Which when he hath done, sir——

Corb. Publish'd me his heir ?

Mos. And you so certain to survive him——

Corb. I.

Mos. Being so lusty a man——

Corb. 'Tis true.

Mos. Yes, sir——

Corb. I thought on that too ; See, how he should be
 The very organ to express my thoughts !

Mos. You have not only done your self a good——

Corb. But multiplied it on my son.

Mos. 'Tis right, sir.

Corb. Still, my invention.

Mos. 'Las ; sir, heaven knows,
 It hath been all my study, all my care,
 (I'e'en grow grey withal) how to work things——

Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.

Mos. You are he,
 For whom I labour, here.

Corb. I, do, do, do :

I'll straight about it.

Mos. Rook go with you, raven ²².

Corb. I know thee honest.

²² *Rook go with you, raven.*] That is, may you, raven, be
 rooked, or cheated. There never was a scene of avarice in the
 extremity of old age, better drawn than this of Jonson's.

Mos. You do lie, fir——

Corb. And——

Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, fir.

Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.

Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.

Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me, why not ?

Mos. Your worship is a precious ass——

Corb. What sayst thou ?

Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, fir.

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go.

Volp. O, I shall burst :

Let out my sides, let out my sides——

Mos. Contain

Your flux of laughter, fir : you know, this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it !
I cannot hold ; good rascal, let me kiss thee :
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, fir, I but do as I am taught ;
Follow your grave instructions ; give 'em words ;
Pour oil into their ears ²¹, and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself ?

Mos. I, with our help, fir.

Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them ; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them :
Yet this is reckon'd life ! nay, here was one,

²¹ ——— GIVE 'EM WORDS ;

Pour oil into their ears.] Give 'em words, is a Latinism ;
deceive or impose on them :

——— *An ut ignotum, dare nobis*

Verba putas ? Horat. l. 1. sat. 3.

Mr. UPTON.

Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer !
 Feels not his gout, nor palfie, feigns himself
 Younger by scores of years, flatters his age,
 With confident belying it, hopes he may,
 With charms like Æson, have his youth restor'd :
 And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
 Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
 And all turns air ! Who's that there, now ? a third ?

[Another knocks.

Mos. Close, to your couch again : I hear his voice.
 It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.

Volp. Dead.

Mos. Another bout, fir, with your eyes. Who's
 there ?

SCENE V.

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

Mos. Signior Corvino ! come most wisht for ! O,
 How happy were you, if you knew it, now !

Corv. Why ? what ? wherein ?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, fir.

Corv. He is not dead ?

Mos. Not dead, fir, but as good ;
 He knows no man.

Corv. How shall I do then ?

Mos. Why, fir ?

Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mos. Perhaps he has

So much remembrance left, as to know you, fir ;
 He still calls on you ; nothing but your name
 Is in his mouth : is your pearl orient, fir ?

Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.

Volp. Signior Corvino.

Mos. Hark.

Volp

Volp. Signior Corvino.

Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. He's here, sir,

And he has brought you a rich pearl.

Corv. How do you, sir?

Tell him, it doubles the twelfth carat.

Mos. Sir,

He cannot understand, his hearing's gone ;

And yet it comforts him to see you——

Corv. Say,

I have a diamond for him, too.

Mos. Best shew't, sir,

Put it into his hand ; 'tis only there

He apprehends : he has his feeling, yet.

See how he grasps it !

Corv. 'Las, good gentleman !

How pitiful the sight is !

Mos. Tut, forget, sir.

The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,
Under a visor ²⁴.

Corv. Why ? am I his heir ?

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the will,

'Till he be dead : but here has been Corbaccio,

Here has been Voltore, here were others too,

I cannot number 'em, they were so many.

All gaping here for legacies ; but I

Taking the vantage of his naming you,

(Signior Corvino, signior Corvino) took

Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd him,

Whom he would have his heir ? Corvino. Who

Should be executor ? Corvino. And,

To any question he was silent to,

I still interpreted the nods, he made

²⁴ *The weeping of an heir should still be laughter*

Under a visor.] From the Latin verse of Syrus Mimius :

Heredis fletus sub personâ risus est.

(Through

(Through weakness) for consent : and sent home
th' others,

²⁵ Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.

Corv. O, my dear Mosca. Do's he not perceive us?
[*They embrace.*]

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows
no man,

No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink :
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.

Corv. Has he children ?

Mos. Bastards,

Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies and Jews, and black-moors, when he was
drunk,

Knew you not that, sir ? 'tis the common fable :

The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch are all his ;

He's the true father of his family ²⁶,

In all, save me : but he has giv'n 'em nothing.

Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does
not hear us ?

Mos. Sure, sir ? why, look you, credit your own
[*sense.*]

The pox approach, and add to your diseases,

²⁵ *Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.*] From Ho-
race's satire abovemention'd ;

————— *Invenietque*
Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.

This satire, which bears some affinity to dramatic poetry, is the
model which our poet chose to copy after.

²⁶ *He's the true father of his family.*] The preceding passage is
closely imitated from Martial, *l. i. ep. 85.*

Pater familiæ verus est Quirinalis.

Mr. Upton.

And the description in the foregoing speech of Mosca is as close an
imitation from a passage in the 10th satire of Juvenal.

If it would send you hence the sooner, fir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Thoroughly and thoroughly, and the plague to boot.
(You may come near, fir) would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits: and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide ²⁷ instead of skin: (nay, help, fir)
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end.

Corv. Or like an old smok'd wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks.

Mos. Excellent, fir, speak out:
You may be louder yet: a culverin
Discharged in his ear, would hardly bore it.

Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.

Mos. 'Tis good! And what his mouth?

Corv. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up——

Corv. By no means.

Mos. 'Pray you, let me.

Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,
As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corv. Do as you will, but I'll begone.

Mos. Be so;

It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corv. I pray you, use no violence.

Mos. No, fir? why?

Why should you be thus scrupulous, 'pray you, fir?

Corv. Nay, at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good fir, be gone.

²⁷ ——— And those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide instead of skin.] This is still from Juvenal's
10th satire:

——— Deformem pro cute pellem,

Pendentisque genas.

Nay, HELP, fir.] Help me rail and abuse Volpone. There are
similar passages to this, as Mr. Upton observes, in the other plays
of Jonson.

Corv.

Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.

Mof. Puh, nor your diamond. What a needless
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours? (care
Am not I here? whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?

Corv. Grateful Mosca!

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.

Mof. Excepting one.

Cor. What's that?

Mof. Your gallant wife, fir.

Now is he gone: we had no other means,
To shoot him hence, but this.

Volp. My divine Mosca!

Thou hast to day out-gone thyself. Who's there?

[*Another knocks.*

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me musick, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,
Than will Volpone. Let me see; a pearl?
A diamond? plate? cecchines? Good morning's pur-
Why, this is better than rob churches, yet: (chafe;
Or fat, by eating (once a month) a man.
Who is't?

Mof. The beauteous lady Would-be, fir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick Would-be,
(This is the stile, fir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know, how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited.

Volp. Not now.

Some three hours hence.—

Mof. I told the squire so much.

Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine: then,
(then:

'Fore heav'n, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!

Mof.

Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politick,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:
But had she signor Corvino's wife's face——

Volp. Has she so rare a face?

Mos. O sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
O' the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over!
Than silver, snow, or lilies! a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!

Volp. Why had not I known this before?

Mos. Alas, sir—
Myself but yesterday discover'd it.

Volp. How might I see her?

Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes air,
But at a window. All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are.

Volp. I must see her——

Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge
When he goes out; when he comes in, examin'd.

Volp. I will go see her, though but at her window.

Mos. In some disguise then.

Volp. That is true: I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll think.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

Pol. **S**IR, to a wise man, all the world's his foil:
 It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
 That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
 Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
 Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
 Nor any disaffection to the state
 Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
 My dearest plots) hath brought me out; much less,
 That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project
 Of knowing mens minds and manners, with Ulysses
 But a peculiar humour of my wife's,
 Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
 To quote, to learn the language, and so forth—
 I hope you travel', sir, with licence?

Per. Yes.

Pol. I dare the safelier converse—How long, sir,
 Since you left England?

Per. Seven weeks.*Pol.* So lately!

You ha' not been with my lord ambassador.

Per. Not yet, sir.

Pol. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate
 I heard last night a most strange thing reported
 By some of my lord's followers, and I long
 To hear how 'twill be seconded?

Per. What was't, sir?

[I hope you travel, sir, with licence.] After these words, there
 this line omitted:

" ————— *Per.* Yes.

" *Pol.* I dare the safelier converse." ————
 I have restored it above from the old books.

Pol. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's¹.

Per. This fellow,

Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your name, sir.

Pol. My name is Politick Would-be.

Per. O, that speaks him. A knight, sir.

Pol. A poor knight, sir.

Per. Your lady

Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtezans? the fine lady Wou'd be.

Pol. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee, oftentimes,
Suck from one flower.

Per. Good sir Politick,

I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:

'Tis true, sir, of your raven.

Pol. On your knowledge?

Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the tower².

Pol. Another whelp!

Per. Another, sir.

Pol. Now heaven!

What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! these things concurring, strange!
And full of omen! saw you those meteors?

Per. I did, sir.

Pol. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?

Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

¹ *Pol.* Marry, sir, of a raven that should build

In a ship-royal of the king's.] Dr. Grey thinks this is probably an allusion to the swallows that built in Cleopatra's admiral ship. See *Life of Antony*, by Plutarch; and Shakespear's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 8.

² *Yes, and your lion's whelping in the tower.]* Alluding to the lions, which brought forth a young lion in the tower, 5th August, 1624.

Dr. GREY.

Pol.

Pol. I am astonish'd.

Per. Nay, sir, be not so⁴;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these——

Pol. What should these things portend!

Per. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river,
As high as Woolwich⁵, that had waited there
(Few know how many months) for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.

Pol. Is't possible? believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the archdukes!
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,
Some other news.

Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

Pol. Is Mass' Stone dead?

Per. He's dead, sir; why? I hope,
You thought him not immortal? O, this knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.

Pol. Stone dead!

Per. Dead. Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend
He was no kinsman to you?

⁴ Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?

Per. Nay, sir, be not so.] Be not what? The old books will
tell us, which supply the passage that is wanting:

“—————*Per.* Six and a sturgeon, sir.

“*Pol.* I am astonish'd. *Per.* Nay, sir, be not so.”

⁵ There was a whale discover'd in the river,

As high as Woolwich.] This is mentioned by Stow, as happening
in January, 1605. Dr. Gairdner

For, the Stode fleet, we should now perhaps say, the Hamburg fleet.
Stode is about 20 miles distant from Hamburg, on the other side
the Elb.

Pol. That I know of.

Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?

Pol. I did so. Sir,

I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Pol. While he liv'd, in action.

He has receiv'd weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
(For all parts of the world) in cabbages †;
And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,
Limons, pomecitrons, and such-like; sometimes
In Colchester oysters, and your Selfey cockles.

Per. You make me wonder!

Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge.

Nay, I've observ'd him, at your publick ordinary,
Take his advertisement from a traveller
(A conceal'd statesman) in a trencher of meat;
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

Per. Strange!

How could this be, sir?

Pol. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the cypher.

Per. I have heard,
He could not read, sir.

† *He has receiv'd weekly intelligence*

Out of the Low Countries, in CABBAGES.] This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by chance. *Cabbages* were not originally the natural growth of England; but about this time they were sent to us from Holland, and so became the product of our kitchen-gardens. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seems, because it serves to point out that propriety and decorum, which so strongly mark the character of Jonson.

Pol. So 'twas given out
(In politie) by those that did employ him :
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to't as sound a noddle——

Per. I have heard, sir,
That your Baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.

Pol. I, I, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two ; but they
Were so extremely given to women, as
They made discovery of all : yet I
Had my advices here (on Wednesday last)
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations, (as the fashion is)
And now stand fair for fresh employment.

Per. 'Heart!
This sir Pol. will be ignorant of nothing.
It seems, sir, you know all ?

Pol. Not all, sir : but
I have some general notions : I do love
To note, and to observe ; though I live out
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use ; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.

Per. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge (if your bounty equal it)
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude and raw——

Pol. Why ? came you forth
Empty of rules, for travel ?

Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar,
Which

Which he that cry'd Italian to me, taught me⁶.

Pol. Why this it is, that spoils all our brave bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of out-side, and mere bark⁷. You seem
To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race——
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,
In this high kind, touching some great mens sons
Persons of blood and honour.——

Per. Who be these, sir?

S C E N E II.

Mosca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

Mos. **U**nder that window, there't must be. The [same.

Pol. Fellows, to mount a bank⁸! Did your instructor
In the dear tongues, never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?

Per.

⁶ Which he, that cry'd Italian to me, taught me] I doubt the truth of cry'd; if *chiamare* had been used in the sense of *indottrinare*, I should have liked it much, but it is not so. What if we should alter it then to,

"He that read Italian to me."

Mr. SYMPSON.

The same correction stands in the margin of Mr. Theobald's copy; but if the reader does not acquiesce in the conjecture of these learned gentlemen, we may imagine the expression was humerously designed, to intimate the tone, or whining manner of the teacher. Amongst the old Romans, the proper tuning and measuring the words, was usually taught to children by their first masters; and this first reading Macrobius calls by the name of *singing*: *Videris enim mihi ita adhuc Virgilianos habere versus, qualiter eos pueri, magistris prælegendibus, canebamus.*

SATURNAL. l. i. c. 24.

I think it therefore not improbable, that the poet here intended the pedant's manner in teaching his scholar the proper accent.

⁷ Fellows of out side, and mere bark.] This is a Greek phrase; *ἄλλοι ἐξ ὧν, Long. sect. 3.*

⁸ Fellows, to MOUNT a BANK.] Plainly alluding to the etymology of a mountebank: Ital. *montar in banco*. So presently, "I who was wont to fix my bank in face of the publick piazza, &c."——

Per. Yes, sir.

Pol. Why,

Here you shall see one.

Per. They are quackfalvers,
Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.

Pol. Was that the character he gave you of them?

Per. As I remember.

Pol. Pity his ignorance.

They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet-counsellors to the greatest princes!
The only languag'd men of all the world!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors,
Made all of terms and shreds; no less belyers
Of great mens favours, than their own vile med'cines;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths:
Selling that drug for twopence, e're they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

Pol. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence.
Yourself shall judge. Who is it mounts, my friends?

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, sir.

Pol. Is't he? Nay, then

I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t'appear
In face of the Piazza! Here he comes.

Volp. Mount, Zany.

This whole episode of *Sir Politick Would-be* never did, nor ever can please. He seems to be brought in merely to lengthen out the play. Perhaps too 'tis particular satire.

Mr. Upton.

I cannot help thinking this episode to be rather an excrescence than a beauty, as it has no sort of connection with the rest of the play: yet the character is not destitute of humour, and possibly might be intended for some particular person. However, it exposes with great life the taste of that state-intriguing age, in which it was easier to find a politician, than a man.

Gr.

Gre. Follow, follow, follow, follow.

Pol. See how the people follow him! he's a man
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here. Note,
Mark but his gesture: I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up!

Per. 'Tis worth it, fir.

Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons,
" it may seem strange, that I, your Scoto Mantuano,
" who was ever wont to fix my bank in face of the
" publick Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to
" the Procuratia, should now, after eight months ab-
" sence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly
" retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza."

Pol. Did not I now object the same?

Per. Peace, fir.

Volp. " Let me tell you: I am not (as your Lom-
" bard proverb saith) cold on my feet; or content to
" part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, than I ac-
" customed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious
" reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our
" profession, (Alessandro Buttone, I mean) who gave
" out, in publick, I was condemned a' Sforzato to the
" galleys, for poisoning the cardinal Bembo's —
" cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me.
" No, no, worthy gentlemen, (to tell you true) I cannot
" endure to see the rabble of these ground Ciarlitani,
" that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if
" they meant to do feats of activity, and then come
" in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccacio,
" like stale Tabarine, the fabulist: some of them dis-
" coursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity
" in the Turks galleys, when indeed (were the truth
" known) they were the Christians gallies, where very
" temperately they eat bread, and drunk water, as a
" wholesome penance (enjoined them by their confes-
" sors) for base pilferies."

Pol. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. " These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy fartical
 " rogues ", with one poor groat's-worth of unpre-
 " pared antimony, finely wrapt up in several scartoc-
 " cios, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week,
 " and play; yet, these meagre starv'd spirits, who
 " have half stopt the organs of their minds with earth-
 " ly oppilations, want not their favourers among your
 " shrivel'd, sallad-eating artizans: who are overjoyed
 " that they may have their half-pe'rth of physick, tho'
 " it purge 'em into another world, it makes no
 " matter.

Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir?

Volp. " Well, let 'em go. And gentlemen, ho-
 " nourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our
 " bank, being thus removed from the clamours of the
 " canaglia, shall be the scene of pleasure and delight:
 " for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell."

Pol. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. " I protest, I, and my six servants, are not
 " able to make of this precious liquor, so fast as it is
 " fetch'd away from my lodging by gentlemen of your
 " city; strangers of the Terrafirma; worshipful mer-
 " chants; I, and senators too: who, ever since my
 " arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their
 " splendidous liberalities. And worthily. For, what
 " avails your rich man to have his magazines stuf't with
 " moscadelli, or of the purest grape, when his phy-
 " sicians prescribe him (on pain of death) to drink no-
 " thing but water costed with aniseeds? O, health!
 " health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the

[*These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues*] Volpone person-
 ates a mountebank, in order to get the sight and speech of Corvino's
 wife: he accordingly makes an oration, in imitation of these quacks,
 under her window. Our poet has here put into his mouth a long com-
 pounded word, after the manner of Aristophanes, who has many of
 the like kind to banter the dithyrambic poets.

Mr. Upton.

" poor!

" poor ! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since
 " there is no enjoying this world without thee ? Be
 " not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentle-
 " men, as to abridge the natural course of life——"

Per. You see his end.

Pol. I, is't not good ?

Volp. " For, when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the
 " mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm
 " or shoulder, or any other part ; take you a ducket,
 " or your cecchine of gold, and apply to the place
 " affected : see what good effect it can work. No, no,
 " 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that
 " hath only power to disperse all malignant humours,
 " that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy
 " causes——"

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Pol. 'Pray you, observe.

Volp. " To fortify the most indigest and crude sto-
 " mach, I, were it of one that (through extreme
 " weakness) vomited blood, applying only a warm
 " napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace ;
 " for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop
 " into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears ; a most
 " sovereign and approved remedy : the mal caduco,
 " cramps, convulsions, paralysies, epilepsies, tremor-
 " cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen,
 " stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, her-
 " nia ventosa, iliaca passio ; stops a dysenteria imme-
 " diately ; easeth the torsion of the small guts ; and
 " cures melancholia hypocondriaca, being taken and
 " applied, according to my printed receipt.

*Pointing
 to his bill
 and his
 glass.*

" For, this is the physician, this the medi-
 " cine ; this counsels, this cures ; this gives
 " the direction, this works the effect : and
 " (in sum) both together may be term'd an
 " abstract of the theorick and practick in the Æscula-
 " pian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And,

" Zan Fritada, pr'y thee sing a verse extempore in
" honour of it."

Pol. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Pol. Is not his language rare?

Per. But Alchimy,

I never heard the like: or Broughton's books¹⁰.

S O N G.

" **H**AD old Hippocrates, or Galen,
" (That to their books put medicines all in)
" But known this secret, they had never
" (Of which they will be guilty ever)
" Been murderers of so much paper,
" Or wasted many a hurtless taper:
" No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
" Tobacco, saffatras not named;
" Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
" Nor Raymond Lullie's great elixir.
" Ne, had been known, the Danish Gonswart.
" Or Paracelsus, with his long sword."

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is
high.

Volp. " No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time
" to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this
" my oil, surnamed Oglio del Scoto; with the count-
" less catalogue of those I have cured of th' afore-
" said, and many more diseases; the patents and pri-
" vileges of all the princes and commonwealths of

¹⁰ Or Broughton's books.] We shall have occasion to give some account of this *Broughton* in a note on the *Alchemist*. Raymond Lullie, who is afterwards mentioned in the song, was a famous Hermetic philosopher; and Paracelsus is well known; but having no acquaintance with the Danish Gonswart, I cannot give the reader his history.

" Christen-

" Christendom ; or but the depositions of those that
" appear'd on my part, before the signiory of the
" Sanita, and most learned College of Physicians ;
" where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the
" admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine
" own excellency, in matter of rare and unknown se-
" crets, not only to disperse them publickly in this
" famous city, but in all the territories, that happily
" joy under the government of the most pious and
" magnificent states of Italy. But may some other
" gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make
" profession to have as good, and as experimented
" receipts as yours : indeed, very many have assay'd,
" like apes in imitation of that, which is really and
" essentially in me, to make of this oil ; bestow'd
" great cost in furnaces, stills, alembecks, continual
" fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed
" there goes to it six hundred several simp'es, besides
" some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination,
" which we buy of the anatomists) but, when these
" practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow,
" puff, puff, and all flies in fumo : ha, ha, ha. Poor
" wretches ! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion,
" than their loss of time and money ; for these may
" be recovered by industry : but to be a fool born,
" is a disease incurable. For my self, I always from
" my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest se-
" crets, and book them, either in exchange or for
" money : I spared nor cost nor labour, where any
" thing was worthy to be learned. And gentlemen,
" honourable gentlemen, I will undertake (by virtue
" of chymical art) out of the honourable hat that
" covers your head, to extract the four elements ; that
" is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return
" you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst
" others have been at the Balloo, I have been at my
" book :

“ book : and am now past the craggy paths of study,
 “ and come to the flow’ry plains of honour ” and re-
 “ putation.”

Pol. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. “ But, to ou price.”

Per. And that withal, sir Pol.

Volp. “ You all know (honourable gentl: men) I ne-
 “ ver valu’d this Ampulla, or Vial, at less than eight
 “ crowns ; but for this time, I am content to be de-
 “ priv’d of it for six ; six crowns is the price ; and less
 “ in courtesie I know you cannot offer me : take it or
 “ leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your ser-
 “ vice. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for
 “ then I should demand of you a thousand crowns,
 “ so the cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great duke
 “ of Tuscany, my gossip, with divers other princes
 “ have given me ; but I despise money : only to shew
 “ my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and
 “ your illustrious state here, I have neglected the mes-
 “ sages of these princes, mine own offices, fram’d my
 “ journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of
 “ my travels. Tune your voices once more to the touch
 “ of your instruments, and give the honourable assem-
 “ bly some delightful recreation.”

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance
 Is here, to get some three or four Gazets ¹¹ ?
 Some three-pence i’ the whole, for that ’twill come to

¹¹ And am now AT the craggy paths of study, and come to the flow’ry plains of honour.] Read, am now past the craggy paths of study.

¹² —————What painful circumstance

Is here to get some three or four GAZETS ?] A gazet was a small Venetian coin ; and as this was the usual price given for the news-papers, the name of the coin was afterwards transferred to be the name of the news-paper itself.

S O N G.

" **Y**OU that would last long, list to my song,
 " Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
 " Would you be ever fair and young ?
 " Stout of teeth ? and strong of tongue ?
 " Tart of palate ? quick of ear ?
 " Sharp of sight ? of nostril clear ?
 " Moist of hand ? and light of foot ?
 " (Or I will come nearer to't)
 " Would you live free from all diseases ?
 " Do the act your mistress pleases ?
 " Yea fright all aches from your bones ?
 " Here's a med'cine for the nones ".

Volp. " Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to
 " make a present of the small quantity my coffer con-
 " tains : to the rich in courtesie, and to the poor for
 " God's sake. Wherefore now mark ; I ask'd you six
 " crowns ; and six crowns, at other times, you have
 " paid me ; you shall not give me six crowns, nor
 " five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one ; nor
 " half a ducat ; no nor a muccinigo " . Six-pence
 " it will cost you, or six hundred pound——expect
 " no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will
 " not bate a Bagatine, that I will have only a pledge of
 " your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to
 " shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now,
 " tofs your handkerchiefs, chearfully, chearfully ; and
 " be advertised, that the first heroick spirit, that deigns
 " to grace me, with a handkerchief, I will give it a
 " little remembrance of something, beside, shall please

" Here's a medicine for the NONES.] Or nonce ; for that very purpose.

" No, nor a MUCCINIGO] Muccinigo, or mecenigo, is a small Venetian coin.

" it

" it better, than if I had presented it with a double
" pistolet."

Per. Will you be that heroick spark, sir Pol?
O, see! The window has prevented you.

[Celia at the window throws down her handkerchief.]

Volp. " Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this
" timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of
" Mantua, I will return you over and above my oil,
" a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall
" make you for ever enamour'd on that minute,
" wherein your eye first descended on so mean (yet
" not altogether to be despis'd) an object. Here is a
" powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should
" speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but
" as one page, that page as a line, that line as a
" word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which
" some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I
" reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but
" as an empire, that empire as a province, that
" province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to
" the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the
" powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by
" Apollo) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her
" wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd
" her hair; from her, deriv'd to Helen, and at the sack
" of Troy (unfortunately) lost: 'till now, in this our
" age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious an-
" tiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a
" moiety of it to the court of France (but much so-
" phisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour
" their hair. The rest (at this present) remains with
" me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, where-
" ever it but touches, in youth it perpetually pre-
" serves, in age restores the complexion; seats your
" teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as
" wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black
" as——"

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Corvino, Politick, Peregrine.

Cor. Spight o' the devil, and my shame! come down here;

[He beats away the mountebank, &c.]

Come down: no house but mine to make your scene?

Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?

What, is my wife your Franciscina? sir?

No windows on the whole Piazza, here,

To make your properties, but mine? but mine?

Heart! e're to-morrow I shall be new-christen'd,

And call'd the Pantalone di bisognoiosi¹⁵,

About the town.

Per. What should this mean, sir Pol?

Pol. Some trick of state, believe it, I will home.

Per. It may be some design on you.

Pol. I know not.

I'll stand upon my guard.

¹⁵ ————— I shall be new-christen'd,

And call'd the PANTALONE DI BESOGNIOSI.] The name Pantaloni, was given to the Venetians by way of reproach, and as a kind of local nick-name:

Menage in his *Origines Françaises*, gives us the following account of the word, which shews the poet's humorous application of it. Pantalón, calçon, ou haut de chaussé, qui tient avec le bas. Le mot nous est venu d'Italie, où les Venitiens qui portent de ces sortes de hauts de chausses, sont appelez par injure Pantaloni. Et ils sont ainsi appelez de saint Pantaleon, qu'ils nomment Pantalone, au lieu de Pantaleone, mot corrompu de Pantelemon, qui signifie tout misericordieux. Ce saint étoit très en grande veneration parmy eux; et plusieurs à cause de cela, appelloient Pantaleoni dans leurs noms de baptême: d'où ils furent ensuite appelez de la sorte par les autres Italiens. C'est ainsi que Tassoné dans son poëme della Secchia rapita appelle les Boulonois Petro- & les Modenois Geminiani.

Per.

Per. It is your best, sir.

Pol. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,
They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Best have a care.

Pol. Nay, so I will.

Per. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

S C E N E IV.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. O, I am wounded.

Mos. Where, sir?

Volp. Not without;

Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.
But angry Cupid bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace, an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cinders.

Mos. 'Las, good sir,
Would you had never seen her.

Volp. Nay, would thou
Hadst never told me of her.

Mos. Sir, 'tis true;
I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy: but I'm bound in conscience,
No less than duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.

Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

Mos. Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of ought,
Within a human compass.

Volp. O, there spoke
My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt; nay, coin me too:
So thou, in this, but crown my longings, Mosca.

Mos. Use but your patience.

Volp. So I have.

Mos. I doubt not
To bring success to your desires.

Volp. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.

Volp. True:
Besides, I never meant him for my heir.
Is not the colour o' my beard and eye-brows
To make me known?

Mos. No jot.

Volp. I did it well.

Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the happiness; and yet I would
Escape your epilogue ¹⁶.

¹⁶ *Volp.* I did it well,

Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine
With half the happiness; and yet I would
Escape your epilogue.] If I understand this passage right,
Mosca speaks aside: meaning he hopes to impose on him, as Vol-
pone had imposed on others in personating a mountebank. The
audience have hereby (very artfully by the poet) a hint given them
of Mosca's character, and are the better prepared for what follows.

Mr. UPTON.

the sense may be, that he wishes he could as well deceive
those who made their court to be Volpone's heir, and escape a
punishment in the end; for that was the epilogue alluded to.

Volp.

Volp. But were they gull'd
With a belief that I was Scoto?

Mos. Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd !
I have not time to flatter you, now, we'll part :
And as I prosper, so applaud my art.

S C E N E V.

Corvino, Celia, Servitore.

Corv. Death of mine honour, with the cities fool ?
A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank ?
And at a publick window ? where, whilst he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces ¹⁷,
To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted letchers,
Stood leering up like satyrs : and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction !
What, was your mountebank their call ? their whistle ?
Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings ?

¹⁷ ————— Whilst he

With his strain'd action, and his DOLE OF FACES.

To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears.] " This, says Mr

" Upton, can hardly be tortured into any kind of meaning ; but
" the poet thus originally gave it,

With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces, &c.

A true picture of a mountebank, with his strain'd action, and his distributing his *faces*, or phycal dregs to the multitude. The correction is ingenious ; but, I think, a very easy meaning may be assigned, without altering the text. *Dole of faces*, is the grimace or change of features, which accompanied the action. We have a parallel expression in the beginning of our poet's *Janus* :

" We have no shift of faces."

" His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't ?
Or his embroidered suit, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a herse cloth ? or his old tilt-feather ?
Or his starch'd beard ? well ! you shall have him, yes :
He shall come home, and minister unto you
The fricace for the moother. Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount ? would you not mount ?
Why, if you'll mount, you may ; yes truly you may :
And so you may be seen, down to the foot.

Get you a cittern, lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man ¹⁹ ;
Make one : I'll but protest my self a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I !
For, if you thought me an Italian
You would be damn'd, e're you did this, you whore :
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice !

Cel. Good sir, have patience.

Corv. What couldst thou propose
Less to thy self, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs,

¹⁸ *His saffron jewel, with the TOAD-STONE in't.]* The toad-stone is a kind of jewel, which the French call *la crapaudine* : it is commonly said to be engendered in the head of a toad ; but most probably it is so named from its colour, which may resemble the eyes of a toad, that are bright and shining. To the first of these opinions *Shakespeare* alludes, where he is speaking of affliction ;

" Sweet are the uses of adversity,

" Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

" Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

As you like it, Act II. sc. 1.

¹⁹ *Get you a cittern, lady VANITY,*

And be a dealer with the virtuous man.] The skilful, or learned man, the virtuoso. She is called lady *Vanity*, in allusion to the old plays in which *vanity*, the vice, was personized, and acted a part. The mountebanks were attended with rope-dancers and girls that played on a cittern, or guitar.

VOL. II.

X

As

As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?

Cel. Alas, sir, be pleas'd! I could not think
My being at the window, should more now
Move your impatience, than at other times.

Corv. No? not to seek and entertain a parley,
With a known knave? before a multitude?
You were an actor with your handkerchief;
Which he, most sweetly, kist in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet: your
[sister's]

Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn.

Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses?
Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?
And that so seldom——

Corv. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me.
First, I will have this bawdy light dam'd up;
And till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line: o'er which, if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot; more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee,
Than on a conjurer, that had heedless left
His circle's safety e're his devil was laid.
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee;
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since you
force

My honest nature, know, it is your own
Being too open, makes me use you thus.
Since you will not contain your subtil nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers——One knocks.

[Knock within]
Away

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life ;
Nor look toward the window : if thou dost——
(Nay stay, hear this) let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in publick.

Away. Who's there ?

Ser. 'Tis signior Mosca, sir.

S C E N E VI.

Corvino, Mosca.

Corv. Let him come in, his master's dead : there's yet
Some good to help the bad. My Mosca, welcome,
I guess your news.

Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.

Corv. Is't not his death ?

Mos. Rather the contrary.

Corv. Not his recovery ?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Corv. I am curs'd,

I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.

How ? how ? how ? how ?

Mos. Why, sir, with Scotto's oil !

Corbaccio, and Voltore brought of it,

Whilst I was busie in an inner room——

Corv. Death ! that damn'd mountebank ! but for
[the law

now, I could kill the rascal : 't cannot be,

his oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I

known him a common rogue, come fidling in

to the Osteria, with a tumbling whore,

and, when he has done all his forc'd tricks, been glad

of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't ?

It cannot be. All his ingredients
 Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitches marrow,
 Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
 A little capons greale, and fasting spittle :
 I know 'em to a dram.

Mof. I know not, sir,
 But some on't, there, they pour'd into his ears,
 Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him ;
 Applying but the fricace.

Corv. Pox o' that fricace.

Mof. And since, to seem the more officious
 And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had
 (At extream fees) the College of Physicians
 Consulting on him, how they might restore him ;
 Where one would have a cataplasm of spices,
 Another a flay'd ape clap'd to his breast,
 A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an oil
 With wild cats skins : at last, they all resolv'd
 That, to preserve him, was no other means,
 But some young woman must be straight sought out,
 Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him ;
 And to this service (most unhappily,
 And most unwillingly) am I now employ'd,
 Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
 For your advice, since it concerns you most,
 Because, I would not do that thing might cross
 Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependance, sir,
 Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
 My slackness to my patron, work me out
 Of his opinion ; and there all your hopes,
 Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate.
 I do but tell you, sir. Besides they are all
 Now striving, who shall first present him. Therefore
 I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat :
 Prevent 'em if you can.

Corv. Death to my hopes !

This is my villainous fortune ! best to hire
Some common courtezan ?

Mos. I, I thought on that, sir.
But they are all so subtil, full of art,
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may perchance !
Light on a quean, may cheat us all.

Corv. 'Tis true.

Mos. No, no : it must be one that has no tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it ;
Somewench you may command. Ha'you no kinswoman ?
Gods so—Think, think, think, think, think, think,
think, sir.

One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corv. How !

Mos. Yes, signior Lupo, the physician.

Corv. His daughter ?

Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why ? alas,
He knows the state of's body, what it is ;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever ;
Nor any incantation raise his spirit :
A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it ? some one or two—

Corv. I pray thee give me leave. If any man
But I had had this luck.—The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections,
As this dull doctor ? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mos. I hear him coming ²⁰.

Corv. She shall do't : 'tis done.
Slight, if this doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless 't be for his counsel (which is nothing)

²⁰ I hear him coming.] This is spoke aside by Mosca, who over-
hears Corvino's last words ; and he means, that he is coming into
the plot he had laid, to procure his wife for Volpone.

Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: wretch!
Covetous wretch!" Mosca, I have determin'd.

Mos. How, sir?

Corv. We'll make all sure. The party, you wot of,
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

Mos. Sir, the thing

(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have motion'd to you at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their throats.
Why! 'tis directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is thratled: 't had been done before,
But for your scrupulous doubts.

Corv. I, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit. Well, I'll be brief,
And so be thou, lest they should be before us:
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it; swear it was
On the first hearing (as thou may'st do, truly)
Mine own free motion.

Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you receiv'd. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good (you must not know't).

Corv. But do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not.

21 ————— *Wretch!*

Covetous wretch!] How finely is it imagined by our poet,
to make Corvino see the basely covetous character of the physi-
cian, and yet be so strangely ignorant of his own! This is an
instance of our comedian's great insight into the characters of
mankind.

Mr. UPTON.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Corvino, Celia.

Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia? wife? what blubbering?

Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in earnest?

Ha? by this light I talk'd so but to try thee.

Methinks, the lightness of the occasion

Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.

Cel. No?

Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was:

It is a poor unprofitable humour.

Do not I know, if women have a will,

They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the world?

And that the fiercest spies are tam'd with gold?

But, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:

And see, I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.

Come, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,

Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best looks:

We are invited to a solemn feast,

At old Volpone's, where it shall appear

How far I'm free, from jealousy, or fear.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Mosca.

Fear, I shall begin to grow in love

With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous parts,

They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel

X 4

A whim-

A whimſie i' my blood : (I know not how)
 Succeſs hath made me wanton. I could ſkip
 Out of my ſkin, now, like a ſubtil ſnake,
 I am ſo limber. O! your paraſite
 Is a moſt precious thing, drop from above,
 Not bred 'mongſt clods and clot-pouls, here on earth.
 I muſe, the myſtery was not made a ſcience,
 It is ſo liberally profeſt! almoſt
 All the wiſe world is little elſe, in nature,
 But paraſites, or ſub-paraſites. And, yet,
 I mean not thoſe that have your bare town-art,
 To know who's fit to feed 'em; have no houſe,
 No family, no care, and therefore mould
 Tales for mens ears, to bait that ſenſe; or get
 Kitchin-invention, and ſome ſtale receipts
 To pleaſe the belly, and the groin; nor thoſe,
 With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and flatter,
 Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
 Eccho my lord, and lick away a moth:
 But your fine elegant rascal, that can riſe,
 And ſtoop (almoſt together) like an arrow,
 Shoot thro' the air as nimbly as a ſtar;
 Turn ſhort as doth a ſwallow; and be here,
 And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
 Preſent to any humour, all occaſion;
 And change a viſor, ſwifter than a thought!
 This is the creature had the art born with him;
 Toils not to learn it, but doth praſtiſe it
 Out of moſt excellent nature: and ſuch ſparks
 Are the true paraſites, others but their Zani's.

S C E N E II.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Who's this ? Bonario ? old Corbaccio's son ?
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happily met.

Bon. That cannot be by thee.

Mos. Why, sir ?

Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and leave me :
I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art.

Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.

Bon. Not I, by heaven :
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.

Mos. Baseness ?

Bon. I, answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument ? thy flattery ?
Thy means of feeding ?

Mos. Heav'n be good to me.
These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor ;
' You are unequal to me, and how e'er
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That e're you know me, thus proceed in censure :
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.

' You are unequal to me, and how e'er
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That e're you know me, thus proceed in censure.] You are unequal.
i. e. unjust ; do not judge equitably. The sentiment itself is
from these lines of Seneca :

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inauditâ altera,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuit.*

MEDEA.

Bon.

Bon. What ! does he weep ? the sign is soft and good ?
I do repent me that I was so harsh.

Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong necessity,
I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy ; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment,
Out of my meer observance, being not born
To a free fortune : but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
Train'd their credulity with perjuries,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged, and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation ;
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bon. This cannot be a personated passion !
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature ;
Prythee forgive me : and speak out thy business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you ; and though I may seem,
At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master ;
Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
'This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you——

Bon. How !

Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a meer stranger to his blood ; 'tis true, sir :
The work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
'T' abound in you : and, for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.

Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust,
Thou

Thou hadst with me ; it is impossible :
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so unnatural.

Mof. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety ; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own simple innocence : which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorr'd. But, sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing : and, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you,
(I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed ;
Hear yourself written bastard, and profess
The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I'm maz'd !

Mof. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face ;
Mark me your villain : you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish——

Bon. Lead. I follow thee.

S C E N E III.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castwene.

Volp. Mosca stays long methinks. Bring forth your
[sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Nan. “ Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here
[we be.

“ A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicacies of a rich man,
“ In pleasing him, claim the precedence can ?

“ *Cas.*

Caf. I claim for my self. *And.* And so doth the fool.

Nan. 'Tis foolish indeed : let me set you both to school.

" First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,

" And every thing, as it is little is pretty ;

" Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,

" So soon as they see him, it's a pretty little ape ?

" And why a pretty ape ? but for pleasing imitation

" Of greater mens actions, in a ridiculous fashion.

" Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave

" Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.

" Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,

" Yet, for his brain, it must always come after :

" And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,

" His body is beholding to such a bad face."

Volp. Who's there ? my couch ; away, look, Nano, see :
[One knocks]

Give me my caps, first——go, enquire. Now, Cupid

Send it be Mosca, and with fair return.

Nan. It is the beauteous madam——

Volp. Would-be——is it ?

Nan. The same.

Volp. Now torment on me ; squire her in :

For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.

Nay, quickly, that my fit were past. I fear

A second hell too, that my lothing this

Will quite expel my appetite to the other :

Would she were taking now her tedious leave,

Lord how it threatens me what I am to suffer.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women 2.

Lad. I thank you, good sir. 'Pray you, signifie
Unto your patron, I am here. This band
Shews not my neck enough (I trouble you, sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hither to me) In good faith, I am drest
Most favourably to-day! It is no matter :
'Tis well enough'. Look, see, these petulant things!
How they have done this!

Volp. I do feel the fever
Entring in at mine ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence.

'————— In good faith, I am drest
Most favourably to day, it is no matter,
'Tis well enough.] Lady Would-be is setting her drefs in order :
but the pointing must be altered :

"————— I am drest

" Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:

" 'Tis well enough." ————— She speaks ironically : afterwards
he takes her maids to task about her head-dress; and here our learn-
ed poet has plainly JUVENAL in view, *sat. vi. 491.*

"————— Is this curl

" In his right place? or this? why is this higher

" Than all the rest?"

So Juvenal,

Altior hic quare cincinnus?

And a little lower, the dwarf says,

"————— She'll beat her women,

" Because her nose is red."

————— *Quænam est hic culpa puellæ,*

Si tibi displicuit nasus tuus?

Juvenal likewise mentions the counsels called to consult on the lady's
dressing, as if her character and soul were concerned in the deter-
mination.

————— *Tanquam fama discrimen agatur,*

Aut animæ. ———

So the lady of our poet,

" Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings.

" (*Nan.* More carefully than of your fame or honour.)"

Lad.

Lad. Come nearer : is this curl
In his right place ? or this ? why is this higher
'Than all the rest ? You ha' not wash'd your eyes, yet ?
Or do they not stand even i' your head ?
Where is your fellow ? call her.

Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us ! anon, she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.

Lad. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth : are all things apt or no ?

Wom. One hair a little here, sticks out, forsooth.

Lad. Does't so, forsooth ? and where was your dear
[sight,
When it did so, forsooth ? What now ? bird-ey'd ?
And you too ? 'Pray you, both approach and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muse yo'are not asham'd !
I, that have preach'd these things so oft unto you,
Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings——

(*Nan.* More carefully than of your fame or ho-
[nour])

Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
Able, alone, to get you noble husbands
At your return : and you thus to neglect it ?
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me ?
The English lady cannot dress herself ;
Here's a fine imputation to our country !
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
This fucus was too coarse too, it's no matter.
Good sir, you'll give 'em entertainment ?

Volp. The storm comes toward me.

Lad. How do's my Volpone ?

Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep ; I dreamt
That

That a strange fury entred, now, my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof a sunder.

Lad. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remember't—

Volp. Out on my fate; I ha' given her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

Lad. Me thought, the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate——

Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.

Lad. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of ap-
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills, [ples,
Your elicampane root, myrobalanes——

Volp. Ay me, I have ta'en a grass-hopper by the
[wing¹:

Lad. Burnt silk, and amber, you have muscadell
Good i'the house——⁴

Volp. You will not drink, and part?

Lad:

¹ *Ay me, I have ta'en a GRASS-HOPPER by the wing.*] We had the
same expression before, in the dialogue at the end of the *Poet* after.

"And like so many screaming grass-hoppers

"Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise."

Mr. Upton has the following observation on the place: This was
a proverb of the poet Archilochus, as Lucian tells us in the be-
ginning of his *Pseudologista*: Το δὲ τῷ Αρχιλόχῳ εἰπὼν ἦδη σοὶ λεγῶ,
ὅτι πρὶν ταῦτ' ὡς οὐκ ἐννοεῖς. For the faster you hold them by the
legs, the louder they scream.—But is this true of grass hoppers?
Lucian and Terentius is not a grass-hopper, for the poets describe it as
singing and singing on trees: however, the common translations must
excuse our poet.

⁴ Lad. BURN'T SILK, and amber, you have muscadell

Good i' th' house ——

And these apply'd with a right scarlet cloth.] Burnt silk, says Mr.
Upton, seems to be an odd ingredient; and such perhaps he may
think the rest of the composition: but our poet, I believe, in this
part

Lad. No, fear not that. I doubt, we shall not get
Some English saffron (half a dram would serve)
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dry'd mints,
Bugloss, and barley-meal——

Volp. She's in again;

Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one.

Lad. And these apply'd, with a right scarlet cloth—

Volp. Another flood of words! a very torrent!

Lad. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?

Volp. No, no, no,

I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

Lad. I have a little studied physick; but now,
I'm all for music, save i'the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A lady, indeed, t' have all, letters, and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal (as Plato holds) your music
(And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it)
Is your true rapture; when there is consent

part of the lady's character, hath shadowed out the likeness of those good wives in his own, and the preceding times, who addicted themselves to the study and profession of physick. Most of these ingredients are taken from some very choice receipts, not then out of vogue, and are the same we meet with in the works of our earliest practitioners. Such were Gilbertus, and John of Gaddeſden, author of the *Regula Anglica*. Had I the performances of these writers at hand, should probably be able to oblige the reader with a more particular prescription: but I must content myself at present, with producing some extracts which occur in Dr. Friend's *History of physick*, 2d vol. "Gilbertus then acquaints us, that *burnt silk*, especially if it were of a purple colour, was often given by old nurses in a draught cordial. *Vetulae provinciales dant purpuram combustam in potu* "similiter pannus tinctus de grano." And the virtues of a right scarlet cloth were held so extraordinary, that Dr. John, by wrapping his patient in scarlet, cured him of the small-pox, without leaving much as one mark in his face: and he commends it for an excellent method of cure. *Capiatur scarletum, et involvatur variolosis taliter, sicut ego feci, et est bona cura.*

in face, in voice, and clothes : and is, indeed,
Our sexes chiefest ornament.

Volp. The poet,
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says, that your highest female grace is silence '.

Lad. Which o' your poets? Petrarch? or Tasso?
Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine? [or Dante?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. Is every thing a cause to my destruction?

Lad. I think I ha' two or three of 'em about me!

Volp. The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still,
Than her eternal tongue! nothing can 'scape it.

Lad. Here's Pastor Fido——

Volp. Profess obstinate silence;
That's now my safest.

Lad. All our English writers,
I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;
Almost as much as from Montaigne:
He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court ear;
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonneting, trusted 'em with much:
Dante is hard, and few can understand him.
But, for a desperate wit, there's Aretine!
Only, his pictures are a little obscene——
You mark me not?

—————The poet

As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,

Says that our highest female grace is silence.] Here is a slight
error in the text, which I correct on the authority of the first folio:
our highest, should be read your highest. The poet perhaps is
Sophocles,

Εὐριπίδης κοσμοῦ ἢ σιγῇ φέρει.

Or Euripides, whom the Oracle pronounced the Wiser,

Εὐριπίδης γὰρ σιγῇ τι, καὶ τὸ σωφρονιστὴν

καλλίστον

Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.

Lad. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,
Make use of our philosophy——

Volp. O'y me.

Lad. And as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with reason, or divert 'em,
By giving scope unto some other humour
Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies,
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment,
And clouds the understanding, than too much
Settling and fixing, and (as 'twere) subsiding
Upon one object. For the incorporating
Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call mental, leaves some certain faeces
That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
Assassinates our knowledge.

Volp. Now, the spirit
Of patience help me.

Lad. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a-days; and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty.

Volp. My good angel save me.

Lad. There was but one sole man in all the world,
With whom I e'er could sympathise; and he
Would lye you often, three, four hours together,
To hear me speak: and be (sometime) so rapt
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll discourse
(And 't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep)
How we did spend our time and loves together,
For some six years.

Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Lad. For we were coætanei, and brought up——

Vol. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Mosca, Lady, Volpone.

Mos. God save you, madam.

Lad. Good sir.

Volp. Mosca? welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

Volp. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My madam, with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!
The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my house,
But now, steam'd like a bath, with her thick breath.
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented?

Volp. O, I do not care,
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss.

Mos. Madam——

Lad. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work——

Mos. 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it——

Lad. Where?

Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the water in a gondola,
With the most cunning curtizan of Venice.

Lad. Is't true?

Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes :
 Leave me, to make your gift. I knew, 'twould take.
 For lightly, they that use themselves most licence,
 Are still most jealous.

Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
 For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
 Now to my hopes, what say'st thou ?

Lad. But do you hear, sir ?—

Volp. Again, I fear a paroxysm.

Lad. Which way
 Row'd they together ?

Mos. Toward the Rialto.

Lad. I pray you lend me your dwarf.

Mos. I pray you take him.
 Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
 And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
 But the maturing ; keep you at your couch,
 Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will :
 When he is gone, I'll tell you more.

Volp. My blood,
 My spirits are return'd ; I am alive :
 And like your wanton gamester, at Primero,
 Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go less,
 Methinks I lye, and draw—for an encounter.

S C E N E VI.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd, you may hear all. But
 Have patience, sir ; the same's your father's knock⁶
 I am compell'd to leave you.

⁶ Have patience, sir, the same's your FATHER, KNOCKS.] We must read, Mr. Upton says,

Bon. Do so. Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

S C E N E VII.

Mosca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

Mos. Death on me! you are come too soon, what
Did not I say, I would send? [meant you?

Corv. Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mos. Prevent? did e'er man haste so, for his horns?
A courtier would not ply it so, for a place.
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return.

Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?

Cel. Not well, except you told me.

Corv. Now, I will:
Hark hither.

Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word, [To Bonario.
It will be half an hour e're he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery— at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.

Bon. Yes, I will stay there; I do doubt this fellow.

Mos. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his father, I can keep him off.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back, and there-
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed. [fore,
It must be done. Nor would I mov't afore,

"The same's your father's knock."
This knocking you now hear, is your father's. Mosca expected it
to be so, but the sequel will shew his mistake. Or it may be an
elliptical expression, "The same's your father who knocks."

Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.

Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever:
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live,
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.

Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad:
Not horn-mad, see you? Go to, shew yourself
Obedient, and a wife.

Cel. O heaven!

Corv. I say it,
Do so.

Cel. Was this the train?

Corv. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means; and the necessity of those means,
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my venture.

Cel. Before your honour?

Corv. Honour? Tut, a breath:
There's no such thing in nature: a meer term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching? clothes for being look'd on?
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And, what can this man hurt you?

Cel. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entred him?

Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! who shall know it?

But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are i' my pocket : save yourself,
If you'll proclaim't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to know it.

Cel. Are heaven, and saints then nothing ?
Will they be blind or stupid ?

Corv. How ?

Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them ; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.

Corv. I grant you : if I thought it were a sin,
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood,
That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were profess'd critick in lechery ;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin : but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physick,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.

Cel. O heaven ! canst thou suffer such a change ?

Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight ! Go bring 'em.

Mos. Please you draw near, sir.

Corv. Come on, what——

You will not be rebellious ? by that light——

Mos. Sir, Signior Corvino, here, is come to see

Volp. Oh. [you.

Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute——

Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca ?

? *Corv.* Thanks, sweet Mosca.] Here is a line lost, which I have
inserted from the old copy,

Mos. Freely, unask'd, or unintreated—— *Cor.* Well.

Mof. Freely, unask'd, or unintreated——

Corv. Well.

Mof. (As the true fervent instance of his love)
His own most fair and proper wife ; the beauty,
Only of price in Venice——

Corv. 'Tis well urg'd.

Mof. To be your comfortress, and to preserve
[you.

Volp. Alas, I'm past already ! Pray you, thank
[him

For his good care and promptness ; but for that,
'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven ;
Applying fire to a stone : (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though ; and you may tell him,
What I have done for him : marry, my state is hope-
[less!

Will him to pray for me ; and t' use his fortune
With reverence, when he comes to't.

Mof. Do you hear, sir ?

Go to him with your wife.

Corv. Heart of my father !

Wilt thou persist thus ? come, I pray thee come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

Cel. Sir, kill me, rather : I will take down poison,
Eat burning coals, do any thing.——

Corv. Be damn'd.

(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home by the
[hair ;

Cry thee a strumpet through the streets ; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears ; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rotchet— Do not tempt me, come,
Yield, I am loth— (Death) I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive ;
And at my window hang you forth, devising

Some

Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning cor'sives, on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do't.

Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your martyr.

Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deserv'd it :
Think who it is intreats you. 'Pr'y thee, sweet ;
(Good faith) thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him.
Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my suit.
This once. No ? not ? I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace me thus ? Do you thirst my undoing ?

Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd.

Corv. No, no.

She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is skirvy,
'Tis very skirvy : and you are—

Mos. Nay, good sir.

Corv. An errant Locust, by heaven, a Locust !
Whore ! crocodile ! that hast thy tears prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow ^s.

^s *An errant locust, by heaven, a locust ; whore, Crocodile, that hast thy tears prepar'd, Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'em flow.*] These verses should thus be ordered and printed ;

*An errant LOCUST, by heaven, a LOCUST !
Whore ! crocodile ! that hast thy tears prepar'd,
Expecting how thou'lt bid 'em flow.*

Locust is not the mischievous insect so named ; but, if I understand our learned poet right, he calls her another *Locusta*, an infamous woman skilful in poisoning, who assisted Nero in destroying Britannicus, and Agrippina in poisoning Claudius. In the same sense *Juvenal* :

Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas. Sat. i. 71.

Mr. UPTON.

That hast thy tears, &c. This likewise is imitated from the same satirist.

————— *Plorat*
*Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis
In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare mado.*

Sat. iv. 271.

Mos.

Mos. Nay, 'pray you, sir,
She will consider.

Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy.

Corv. (S'death) if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, 'twere somewhat ;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin.

Mos. I, now you ha' put your fortune in her hands.
Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her ;
If you were absent, she would be more coming ;
I know it : and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband ? 'pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here.

Corv. Sweet Celia,
Thou may'st redeem all, yet ; I'll say no more :
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there.

Cel. O God, and his good angels ! whither, whither,
Is shame fled human breasts ? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honours, and their own ?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance ?
And modesty an exile made, for money ?

Volp. I, in Corvino, and such earth-fed minds,
[He leaps off from his couch.]
That never tasted the true heav'n of love.
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man⁹.
Why art thou maz'd to see me thus reviv'd ?
Rather applaud thy beauties miracle ?
'Tis thy great work : that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times, rais'd me, in several shapes,

⁹ — — — Had he met a COPE-MAN.] i. e. a chap-man. So
Verstegan in the word *ceapman* ; for this we now say chapman ;
which is as much as to say, as a merchant, or cope-man.

And,

10
A
Catal
which
Vo

And, but this morning like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy window. I, before
I wou'd have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.
Now art thou welcome.

Cel. Sir!

Volp. Nay, fly me not.

Nor let thy false imagination
That I was bed-rid, make thee think, I am so :
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when (in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valoys)
I acted young Antinous ; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
T' admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing.

S O N G.

“ Come, my Celia, let us prove,
“ While we can, the sports of love¹⁰,
“ Time will not be ours for ever,
“ He, at length, our good will sever ;
“ Spend not then his gifts in vain,
“ Suns, that set, may rise again :
“ But if once we lose this light,
“ 'Tis with us perpetual night.
“ Why should we defer our joys?
“ Fame and rumour are but toys.
“ Cannot we delude the eyes
“ Of a few poor household spies ?
“ Or his easier ears beguile,
“ Thus removed by our wile ?

¹⁰ Come, my Celia, let us prove,

While we can, the sports of love.] This song is imitated from Catullus : it is also in the collection of our author's smaller poems, which he calls *The Forest*.

" 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal ;
 " But the sweet thefts to reveal :
 " To be taken, to be seen,
 " These have crimes accounted been."

Cel. Some serene blast me", or dire lightning strike
 This my offending face.

Volp. Why droops my Celia ?
 Thou hast in place of a base husband, found
 A worthy lover : use thy fortune well,
 With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
 What thou art queen of ; not in expectation,
 As I feed others : but possess'd and crown'd.
 See, here a rope of pearl ; and each, more orient
 Than that the brave Ægyptian queen carous'd :
 Dissolve and drink 'em". See, a carbuncle,
 May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark ;
 A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina,
 When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels,
 That were the spoils of provinces" : take these,
 And wear, and lose 'em : yet remains an ear-ring

To

" *Some SERENE blast me.*] *Serene* is here, not that disorder in the eyes called *gutta serena*, which often occasions blindness ; but it means a calm, moist, warm air, or evening, which is frequently the cause of blasts or blights. Jonson uses the same word again in his epigrams ;

" ——— Wherever death doth please r' appear,

" Seas, *serenes*, swords, shot, sickness, all are there. Epig. 32.
 And it is used also by Daniel in the same sense :

" The fogs and the *serene* offend us more,

" Or we may think so, than they did before.

Queen's Arcadia, act 1. sc. 1.

" ——— And, each more orient

Than that the brave Ægyptian queen carous'd :

Dissolve and drink 'em.] The Ægyptian queen is Cleopatra ; the story of her dissolving a pearl and drinking it is well known.

" A diamond would have BROUGHT Lollia Paulina,
 When she came in, like star-light hid with jewels,

That were the spoils of provinces.] We must first reform the
 text

To purchase them again, and this whole state.

A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing : we will eat such at a meal.

The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales¹⁴,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches
Shall be our food : and, could we get the phoenix
(Though nature lost her kind) she were our dish.

Cel. Good sir, these things might move a mind
affected

With such delights ; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits :

If you have conscience——

Volp. 'Tis the beggars virtue :

If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.

Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,

The milk of unicorns, and panthers breath
Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber ;

text and punctuation, and then explain the story. *Brought* should be *bought* ; *Lauilia* is called by the historians *Lollia* ; and the comma which is set after *came in*, must be removed, and placed at *starlight*. The verse will then stand thus :

When she came in like starlight, bid with jewels.

The story itself is from *Pliny* : *Lollia Paulina, quæ fuit Caii principis matrona, ne serio quidem, aut solemni caerimoniarum aliquo apparatu, sed mediocrium etiam sponſalium cæna, vidi smaragdis margaritisque opertam, alterno textu fulgentibus, toto capite, crinibus, spira, auribus, collo, menilibus, digitisque.—Nec dona prodigi principis fuerant, sed avitæ opes, provinciarum scilicet spoliis partæ.* L. 9. 3. 58.

¹⁴ The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,

The brains of peacocks, and of estriches

Shall be our food.] This is a strain of luxury taken from the emperor *Heliogabalus* : *Comedit*, says *Ælius Lampridius*, *linguas pavum & Iusciniarum* : and he had the brains of 500 ostriches to furnish out a single dish.

Which

Which we will take, until my roof whirl round
 With the vertigo : and my dwarf shall dance,
 My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antick,
 Whilst we in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,
 Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
 Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine :
 So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,
 And wearied all the fables of the gods.
 Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
 Attired like some sprightly dame of France,
 Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty ;
 Sometimes, unto the Persian sophy's wife ;
 Or the grand signior's mistress ; and, for change,
 To one of our most artful curtizans,
 Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian ;
 And I will meet thee in as many shapes :
 Where we may so transfuse our wandring souls :
 Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures,

“ That the curious shall not know
 “ How to tell them as they flow ;
 “ And the envious when they find
 “ What their number is, be pin'd.”

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierc'd ; or eyes,
 That can be open'd ; a heart may be touch'd ;
 Or any part, that yet sounds man about you :
 If you have touch of holy saints, or heaven,
 Do me the grace to let me 'scape. If not,
 Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
 I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,
 By one, whose shame I would forget it were ;
 If you will deign me neither of these graces,
 Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust ;
 (It is a vice comes nearer manliness)
 And punish that unhappy crime of nature,

Which you mis-call my beauty : slay my face,
Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands,
With what may cause an eating leprosie,
E'en to my bones and marrow : any thing,
That may disfavour me, save in my honour.
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health,
Report, and think you virtuous——

Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me ?
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think ¹⁵.
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long :
I should have done the act, and then have parley'd.
Yield, or I'll force thee.

Cel. O ! just God.

Volp. In vain——

Bon. Forbear, foul ravisher, libidinous swine,
Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st, impostor.

[*He leaps out from where Mosca had placed him.*]

But that I'm loth to snatch the punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.

Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villany ; fear nought, you have a guard :
And he, e're long, shall met his just reward.

Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin ;
Become my grave, that wert my shelter. O !
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to beggary, to infamy——

¹⁵ *That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.* Alluding to
these lines of *Juvenal* ;

—— et quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, & Nestoris hernia possit.

Sat. vi. 324

S C E N E VIII.

Mosca, Volpone.

Mosc. Where shall I run, most wretched shame
[of men,
To beat out my unlucky brains.

Volp. Here, here.

What! dost thou bleed?

Mosc. O that his well-driv'n sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me down ¹⁶
Unto the navel, e'er I liv'd to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error.

Volp. Woe on thy fortune.

Mosc. And my follies, sir.

Volp. Th'hast made me miserable.

Mosc. And my self, sir.

Who would have thought he would have heark-
[ned so?

Volp. What shall we do?

Mosc. I know not; if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my throat?
And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,
Since we have liv'd like Grecians.

Volp. Hark, who's there? [They knock without.
I hear some footing; officers, the sassi,
Come to apprehend us; I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now,

¹⁶ ——— O that his well-driv'n sword

Had been so COVETOUS to have cleft me down

Unto the navel.] Tho' covetous carries some meaning with

yet certainly *courteous*, the reading of the old folio, is the best word.
The hyperbole of the expression may be justified by parallel passages from other poets.

Mine ears are boring.

Mos. To your couch, sir, you
Make that place good, however. Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior Corbaccio!

S C E N E IX.

Corbaccio, Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?

Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, sir.

Your son, (I know not by what accident)
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your heir,
Entred our house with violence, his sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me?

Mos. Yes, and my patron.

Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed;
Here is the will.

Mos. 'Tis well, sir.

Corb. Right and well.

Be you as careful now for me.

Mos. My life, sir,

Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st

Mos. I fear he'll out-last May. [thou?

Corb. To-day?

Mos. No, last out May, sir.

Corb. Could'st thou not gi' him a dram?

Mos. O, by no means, sir.

Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.

Volt. This is a knave, I see.

Mos. How, signior Voltore! did he hear me?

Vol. II.

Z

Volt.

Volt. Parasite.

Mos. Who's that ? O, fir, most timely welcome—

Volt. Scarce,

To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.

You are his only ? and mine also ? are you not ?

Mos. Who ? I, fir !

Volt. You, fir. What device is this

About a will ?

Mos. A plot for you, fir.

Volt. Come,

Put not your soists upon me, I shall scent 'em.

Mos. Did you not hear it ?

Volt. Yes, I hear, Corbaccio

Hath made your patron there his heir.

Mos. 'Tis true,

By my device, drawn to it by my plot.

With hope——

Volt. Your patron should reciprocate ?

And you have promis'd ?

Mos. For your good, I did, fir.

Nay more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,

Where he might hear his father pass the deed ;

Being persuaded to it by this thought, fir,

That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,

And then his father's oft disclaiming in him ¹⁷,

(Which I did mean t' help on) would sure enrage him

To do some violence upon his parent,

On which the law should take sufficient hold,

And you be stated in a double hope :

¹⁷ *And then his father's oft disclaiming in him ;*] A modern writer would say, *oft disclaiming him* ; but I suppose the phrase to be elliptical ; and expressed at large it would be, disclaiming any part in him. Our poet's cotemporaries use the same diction : *to Fletcher*,

“ ——Thou disclaim'st in me ;

“ Tell me thy name.”

Philaster. Act. II.
Truth

Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—¹⁸

(*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, Mosca.)

Mos. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And see the change!

Volt. Why, what success?

Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
Whilst we expected the old raven ¹⁹, in comes
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband—

Volt. What, with a present?

Mos. No, sir, on visitation:
(I'll tell you how anon) and staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
To affirm my patron to have done her rape:
Which how unlike it is, you see; and hence
With that pretext he's gone to accuse his father,
Defame my patron, defeat you——

Volt. Where's her husband?

Let him be sent for straight.

Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.

Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.

Mos. Sir, I will.

Volt. This must be stopt.

Mos. O you do nobly, sir.

Alas, 'twas labour'd all, sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:

¹⁸ My only aim was to dig you a fortune

Out of these two rotten sepulchres.] The expression is as natural, as the image is just: treasure has been often found in ancient monuments and sepulchres; a title elegantly given to Corbaccio and Volpone.

¹⁹ Whilst we expected the old raven.] i. e. Corbaccio.

But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, Sir.

Corb. What's that?

Volt. Will't please you, sir, to go along?

Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.

Vulp. Need makes devotion: heaven your labour
bless.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Politick, Peregrine.

Pol. **I** Told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
What observation is. You mention'd me
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
(Since we are met here in this height of *Venice*)
Some few particulars, I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old¹.

Per. Sir, I have better.

Pol. Pardon,

I meant, as they are themes.

Per. O, sir, proceed:

I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.

Pol. First, for your garb it must be grave and serious,

¹ *I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,*

For they are old, &c.] Jonson with much humour ridicules
the stale counsel and advices, which at this time, when travelling
to Italy was so much in vogue, were retailed by every pretender to
a knowledge of the world. Sir Politick is well versed in all the
exteriors of travelling, which he considers as the essence of know-
ing men and manners.

Very reserv'd and lock't^a; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father; scarce
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice
Both of your company, and discourse; beware
You never speak a truth——

Per. How?

Pol. Not to strangers,

For those be they you must converse with most:
Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a sayer in 'em;
You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly.
And then for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of all;
And, for your part, protest, were there no other
But simply the laws o' th' land, you could content you.
Nic. Machiavel, and monsieur Bodin, both
Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass: (these are main matters
With your Italian) and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons and your figs.

Per. Is that a point of state too?

Pol. Here it is:

For your Venetian, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,
I now have liv'd here, 'tis some fourteen months:
Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well——

Per. And nothing else.

^a *Very reserv'd and lock't.*] This politician, who studied only appearances, has transferred to modes of dress, what a real statesman prescribed his friend with regard to his sentiments and opinions: *Il pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*, was the advice of sir Henry Wotton to Milton, when he was going on the tour of Italy.

Pol. I had read Contarene³, took me a house,
Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with moveables—
Well, if I could but find one man, one man
To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I would—

Per. What? what, sir?

Pol. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again. I would command it.

Per. As how?

Pol. With certain projects that I have,
Which I may not discover.

Per. If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly.

Pol. One is (and that
I care not greatly who knows) to serve the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that purpose;
He cannot write his name, but that's his mark.

Per. He is a Chandler?

Pol. No, a cheefemonger.
There are some others too with whom I treat
About the same negociation;
And I will undertake it: for, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: your hoy
Carries out three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk: but this is now,
If my main project fail.

Per. Then you have others?

Pol. I should be loth to draw the subtil air
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.

³ I had read CONTARENE.] A treatise della republica & negotiati di Venetia, di Gasp. Contarini.

I'll not dissemble, sir ; where e'er I come,
I love to be considerative ; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call my cautions ; and sir, which
I mean (in hope of pension) to propound
To the great counsel, then unto the forty,
So to the ten. My means are made already—

Per. By whom ?

Pol. Sir, one that though his place b' obscure ⁴,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A Commandadore.

Per. What, a common serjeant ?

Pol. Sir, such as they are, put it in their mouths,
What they should say, sometimes, as well as greater.
I think I have my notes to shew you——

Per. Good sir.

Pol. But you shall swear unto me, on your gentry,
Not to anticipate——

Per. I, sir ?

Pol. Nor reveal
A circumstance——

My paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, sir.

Pol. My first is
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir, with it in our pockets,
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you come out again, and none the wiser ?

⁴ *Sir, that though his place b' obscure.]* The sense and metre
are both defective ; the restoration of a word, dropt in the last
edition, supplies both :

Sir, one that tho' his place b' obscure.

Per. Except yourself, sir.

Pol. Go to then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were,
That none but such as were known patriots,
Sound lovers of their country, should be suffer'd
T' enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.

Per. Admirable!

Pol. My next is, how t' enquire, and be resolv'd,
By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arriv'd from Soria^s, or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague: and where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days sometimes,
About the Lazaretto, for their trial,
I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Pol. Or—I will lose my labour.

Per. 'My faith, that's much.

Pol. Nay, sir, conceive me. 'Twill cost me in onions,
Some thirty livres——

Per. Which is one pound sterling.

Pol. Beside my water-works: for this I do, sir.
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick-walls;
(But those the state shall venture) on the one
I strain me a fair Tarpauling, and in that
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other

^s ————— *Whether a ship*

Newly arriv'd from SORIA.] i. e. Syria, which is so called
by the Italians. The city Tyre, from whence the whole country
Syria had its name, was antiently called *Zur* or *Zor*; and since the
Arabs erected their empire in the East, it is again called *Sor*, and
is at this day known by no other name in those parts. Hence the
Italians formed their *Soria*.

Is full of loop-holes, out of which I thrust
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows
I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,
(Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.)
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' infection, and your bellows blowing
The air upon him, will shew (instantly)
By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,
Or else remain as fair as at the first.
Now it is known, 'tis nothing.

Per. You are right, sir.

Pol. I would I had my note.

Per. 'Faith, so would I:

But you ha' done well for once, sir.

Pol. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could shew you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk,
Spite of their gallies, or their——

Per. Pray you, sir *Pol.*

Pol. I have 'em not about me.

Per. That I fear'd.

They are there, sir.

Pol. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.

Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here? no-
[tandum,

A rat had gnaw'n my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,
I put on new, and did go forth: but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout Ragion del Stato.
From him I went and paid a moccinigo
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way!
I cheapen'd sprats; and at St. Mark's I urin'd.
Faith these are politick notes!

Pol.

Pol. Sir, I do slip
 No action of my life thus, but I quote it ⁶.
Per. Believe me, it is wise!
Pol. Nay, sir, read forth.

S C E N E II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

Lad. Where should this loose knight be, trow?
 sure he's hous'd.

Nan. Why then he's fast.

Lad. I, he plays both with me ⁷.

I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
 To my complexion, than his heart is worth.
 (I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
 How it comes off!

Wom. My master's yonder.

Lad. Where?

Wom. With a young gentleman.

Lad. That same's the party!

In man's apparel. 'Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
 I will be tender to his reputation,
 However he demerit.

Pol. My lady!

Per. Where?

Pol. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is
 Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
 For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
 I durst compare——

Per. It seems you are not jealous,

⁶ ————— I do slip

No action of my life thus, but I QUOTE it.] The words
note and quote, were at this time synonymous; they have before
 been used so in this same play.

⁷ *I he plays BOTH with me.]* i. e. both FAST AND LOOSE.

That dare commend her.

Pol. Nay, and for discourse——

Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.

Pol. Madam,

He is a gentleman, 'pray you use him fairly ;

He seems a youth, but he is——

Lad. None.

Pol. Yes, one

Has put his face as soon into the world——

Lad. You mean, as early ? but to-day ?

Pol. How's this ?

Lad. Why in this habit, sir, you apprehend me:
Well, master Would-be, this doth not become you ;
I had thought the odour, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you, that you would not
Have done this dire massacre on your honour ;
One of your gravity and rank besides !

But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies ; chiefly, their own ladies.

Pol. Now, by my spurs, (the symbol of my knight-
[hood])

(*Per.* Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath !)

Pol. I reach you not.

Lad. Right, sir, your politic

May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.

I would be loth to contest publickly

With any gentlewoman, or to seem

Froward, or violent, (as the courtier says)

It comes too near rusticity in a lady,

Which I would shun by all means ; and however

I may deserve from master Would-be, yet

T'have one fair gentlewoman thus be made

The unkind instrument to wrong another,

And one she knows not, I, and to persevere ;

In my poor judgment, is not warranted

From being a solœcism in our sex,

If not in manners,

Per.

Per. How is this!

Pol. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.

Lad. Marry, and I will, sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-syren here,
Your Sporus, your Hermaphrodite——

Per. What's here?
Poetick fury, and historick storms!

Pol. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth,
And of our nation.

Lad. I; your White friars nation?
Come, I blush for you, master Would-be, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more forehead,
Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male out-side.

Pol. Nay,
An' you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid.

Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!
But for your carnival concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I disciple.

Per. This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam——

Lad. Go to, sir.

Per. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far.

Lad. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.

Per. Why? am I in it, then?

Indee

Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines^{*}
(That side that's next the sun) to the queen-apple.

Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

S C E N E III.

Mosca, Lady, Peregrine.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?

Lad. If the senate

Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
To all the world, no aristocracy.

Mos. What is the injury, lady?

Lad. Why, the callet

You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd.

Mos. Who? this? what means your ladyship? the
[creature

I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the senate; you shall see her——

Lad. Where?

Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port.

Lad. Is't possible! how has my judgment wander'd!
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.

Per. What, more changes yet?

Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to remember
A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir——

* ————Only your nose inclines

(That side that's next the sun) to the queen-apple.) This burlesque
similitude seems to have furnished Sir John Suckling with a very
pretty allusion, in his description of the rural bride:

“ For streaks of red were mingled there,

“ Such as are on a Catharin-pear,

“ The side that's next the sun.”

Mos.

Mos. Will you go, madam?

Lad. 'Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.

Per. This is rare!

Sir Politick Would-be? no, sir Politick Bawd!
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir Pol, since you have practis'd thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot.

S C E N E. IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the busi-
Your constancy is all that is requir'd [ness,
Unto the safety of it.

Mos. Is the lie

Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?

Corv. Yes.

Mos. Then shrink not.

Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?

Mos. O, sir,

By no means. I devis'd a formal tale,
That salv'd your reputation. But be valiant, sir.

Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir——

Mos. Co halter!

Hang him, we will but use his tongue, his noise?
As

9 ———— *We will but use his tongue,*

As we do CROAKERS, here.] I read crackers, that is squibs.

Mr. UPTON.

It seems to be a cant term given to Corbaccio, since Corvino immediately replies, "I, what shall he do?" If this is the sense, it should

As we do croaker's here.

Corv. I, what shall he do?

Mof. When we ha' done, you mean?

Cor. Yes.

Mof. Why, why, we'll think:

Sell him for Mummia, he's half dust already.

Do you not smile, to see this Buffalo, [To Voltore.

How he doth sport it with his head?—I should

If all were well and past. Sir, only you

[To Corbaccio.

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.

Corb. I, peace.

Mof. But you shall eat it. Much! [To Corvino.

Worshipful sir¹⁰, Then to Voltore again.]

"Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beat along
(As with a tempest) flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.

Volt. Here they come, ha' done.

Mof. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.

should be wrote *croaker's*, i. e. his tongue and noise: and this meaning seems to be countenanced by what Mosca afterwards says to Corbaccio, "If you but *croak* a syllable, all comes out."

¹⁰ Mof. But you shall eat it.

Much worshipful sir.] This is corruptly printed; the true reading exhibited by the old books is this,

"But you sha'l eat it. Much!" that is, Much good may it do you; elliptically and ironically spoken. Other instances of this use of the word *much*, have been remarked before.

"Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,

Or the FRENCH HERCULES.] The Gallic or Celtic Hercules is the symbol of eloquence. Lucian has a treatise on this French Hercules, surnamed *Ogmios*: he was pictured dressed in his lion's skin; in his right hand he held his club; in his left, his bow: several small chains were figured, reaching from his tongue to the ears of crowds of men at some distance.

Volt.

Volt. Who is it?

Mos. Sir, I have her.

S C E N E V.

Avocatori 4. *Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca, Notario, Commendadori.*

Avoc. 1. The like of this the senate never heard of.

Avoc. 2. 'Twill come most strange to them when we
[report it.

Avoc. 4. The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unproved name.

Avoc. 3. So the young man.

Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of his father.

Avoc. 2. More of the husband.

Avoc. 1. I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!

Avoc. 4. But the impostor, he's a thing created
T'exceed example!

Avoc. 1. And all after-times!

Avoc. 2. I never heard a true voluptuary
Describ'd, but him.

Avoc. 3. Appear yet those were cited?

Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.

Avoc. 1. Why is not he here?

Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble——

Avoc. 4. What are you?

Bon. His parasite.

His knave, his pandar: I beseech the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.

Volt. Upon my faith and credit, with your virtues
He is not able to endure the air.

Avoc. 2. Bring him however.

Avoc. 3. We will see him.

Avoc. 4. Fetch him.

Volt. Your fatherhoods fit pleasures be obey'd ;
But sure, the sight will rather move your pities,
Than indignation : may it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.

Avoc. 3. Speak free.

Volt. Then know, most honoured fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman
(That wants no artificial looks, or tears,
To help the vizor she has now put on)
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there ; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him ; and by this man, the easie husband,
Pardon'd ; whose timeless bounty makes him now ¹²
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person
That ever man's own goodness made accus'd.
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame ; being plac'd
So 'bove all powers of their gratitude ¹³,
Began to hate the benefit ; and, in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory
Of such an act : wherein I pray your fatherhoods

¹² ——— *Whose TIMELY bounty makes him now*

Stand here, &c.] The epithet to bounty destroys the sentiment
ended ; the true reading is *timeless*, i. e. ill-timed bounty.

¹³ *So 'bove all OTHERS of their gratitude.]* The right lection given
the folio. " So 'bove all powers of their gratitude."

T' observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures,
Discover'd in their evils, and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes. But that anon
Will more appear. This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood) at last decreed
To disinherir him.

Avoc. 1. These be strange turns! [honest.

Avoc. 2. The young man's fame was ever fair and

Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,

That can beguile so under shade of virtue.

But, as I said, (my honour'd fires) his father

Having this settled purpose, (by what means

To him betray'd, we know not) and this day

Appointed for the deed; that parricide,

(I cannot stile him better) by confederacy

Preparing this his paramour to be there,

Entred Volpone's house, (who was the man,

Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd

For the inheritance) there sought his father:

But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?

(I tremble to pronounce it, that a son

Unto a father, and to such a father,

Should have so foul, felonious intent)

It was to murder him: when being prevented

By his more happy absence, what then did he?

Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;

* (Mischief doth ever end where it begins)

• *Mischief doth EVER end where it begins.] But the reverse of this seems the truer remark, and what he intended to say; namely, that mischief does not stop where it first began, or let out so that, notwithstanding the authority of the printed books, it is probable we should read,*

Mischief doth never end where it begins.

An act of horror, fathers ! he dragg'd forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bed-rid
Three years and more, out off his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor, there left him ; wounded
His servant in the face ; and, with this strumpet,
The stale to his forg'd practice, who was glad
To be so active, (I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable) thought at once to stop
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.

Avoc. 1. What proofs have you of this ?

Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
I humbly crave, there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.

Avoc. 2. Forbear.

Bon. His soul moves in his fee.

Avoc. 3. O, sir.

Bon. This fellow

For six sols more, would plead against his Maker.

Avoc. 1. You do forget yourself.

Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope : can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not
Have spar'd his parent ?

Avoc. 1. Well, produce your proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.

Volt. Signior Corbaccio.

Avoc. 4. What is he ?

Volt. The father.

Avoc. 2. Has he had an oath ?

Not. Yes.

Corb. What must I do now ?

Not. Your testimony's crav'd.

Corb. Speak to the knave ?

I'll ha' my mouth first stop't with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.

Avoc. 1. But for what cause?

Corb. The mere portent of nature:
He is an utter stranger to my loins.

Bon. Have they made you to this!

Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide,
Speak not, thou viper.

Bon. Sir, I will sit down,
And rather with my innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the authority of a father.

Volt. Signior Corvino.

Avoc. 2. This is strange!

Avoc. 1. Who's this?

Not. The husband.

Avoc. 4. Is he sworn?

Not. He is.

Avoc. 3. Speak then.

Corv. This woman (please your fatherhoods) is a
Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich, (whore,
Upon record——

Avoc. 1. No more.

Corv. Neighs like a jennet.

Not. Preserve the honour of the court.

Corv. I shall,

And modesty of your most reverend ears.
And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
Have seen her glew'd unto that piece of cedar,
That fine well timber'd gallant; and that here
The letters may be read, thorow the horn,
That make the story perfect.

Mos. Excellent! sir.

Corv. There is no shame in this now, is there?

Mos. None.

Corv. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell

Greater

Greater than whore and woman ; a good catholick
May make the doubt.

Avoc. 3. His grief hath made him frantick.

Avoc. 1. Remove him hence.

Avoc. 2. Look to the woman. [*She swoons.*]

Corv. Rare ! prettily feign'd ! again !

Avoc. 4. Stand from about her.

Avoc. 1. Give her the air.

Avoc. 3. What can you say ?

Mos. My wound

(May't please your wisdoms) speaks for me, receiv'd
In aid of my good patron, when he mist
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue given her, to cry out, A rape.

Bon. O most laid impudence¹⁴ ! Fathers——

Avoc. 3. Sir, be silent ;

You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' imposture here.

Avoc. 4. This woman has too many moods.

Volt. Grave fathers,

She is a creature of a most profest
And prostituted lewdness.

Corv. Most impetuous !

Unsatisfied, grave fathers !

Volt. May her feignings

Not take your wisdoms : but this day she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em
Together on the water, in a gondola.

Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw 'em too,
Without ; who then had in the open streets
Pursu'd them, but for saving her knight's honour.

Avoc. 1. Produce that lady.

Avoc. 2. Let her come.

Avoc. 4. These things,

¹⁴O most LAID impudence !] i. e. plotted, designed, or well contrived ; as we now say, The scheme was well laid.

They strike with wonder.

Avoc. 3. I am turn'd a stone.

SCENE VI.

Mosca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

Mos. Be resolute, madam.

Lad. I, this same is she.

Out, thou camelion harlot; now thine eyes
Vie tears with the Hyæna. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face? I cry your pardons,
I fear I have (forgettingly) transgress'd
Against the dignity of the court——

Avoc. 2. No, madam.

Lad. And been exorbitant——

Avoc. 2. You have not, lady.

Avoc. 4. These proofs are strong.

Lad. Surely, I had no purpose

To scandalize your honours, or my sexes.

Avoc. 3. We do believe it.

Lad. Surely, you may believe it.

Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.

Lad. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse——

Avoc. 4. We know it.

Lad. To offend

With pertinacy——

Avoc. 3. Lady.

Lad. Such a presence!

No surely.

Avoc. 1. We well think it.

Lad. You may think it.

Avoc. 1. Let her o'ercome¹⁵. What witnesses have
To make good your report?

Ben.

¹⁵ *Avoc. 1.* We well think it. *Lad.* You may think it.

Avoc. 1. Let her o'ercome.] There never was a character
supported with more propriety, than this of Lady Would-be.
She

Bon. Our consciences.

Cel. And heaven, that never fails the innocent.

Avoc. 4. These are no testimonies.

Bon. Not in your courts,
Where multitude and clamour overcomes.

Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do wax insolent.

Volt. Here, here, [*Volpone is brought in as impotent.*]
The testimony comes, that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues.
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
The rider on mens wives, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these eyes
Covet a concubine? pray you mark these hands;
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?
Perhaps he doth dissemble?

Bon. So he does.

Volt. Would you ha' him tortur'd?

Bon. I would have him prov'd.

Volt. Best try him therewith goads, or burning irons;
Put him to the strappado: I have heard
The rack hath cur'd the gout; 'faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady, be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.
O my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen

She comes into the court in all the violence of passion, and having vented her rage in a hasty epithet or two, she relapses into her usual formality, and begins to compliment the judges. Tired with her breeding and her eloquence, they are obliged not to give her a reply, and proceed to the examination of the other parties. The preceding scene is a great instance of the power of avarice, when the poet brings the father and the husband, to bear testimony against the son and the wife.

A a 4

But

But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
 To him that dares traduce him? which of you
 Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask
 (With leave of your grave fatherhoods) if their plot
 Have any face or colour like to truth?
 Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
 It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander?
 I crave your care of this good gentleman,
 Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable;
 And as for them, I will conclude with this,
 That vicious persons, when they're hot and flesh'd
 In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
 Damn'd deeds are done with greatest confidence.

Avoc. 1. Take 'em to custody, and sever them.

Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.

Avoc. 1. Let the old gentleman be return'd with
 I'm sorry our credulity hath wrong'd him.

Avoc. 4. These are two creatures!

Avoc. 3. I've an earthquake in me.

Avoc. 2. Their shame (even in their cradles) fled
 [their faces.]

Avoc. 4. You've done a worthy service to the state,
 In their discovery. [fir,

Avoc. 1. You shall hear, e're night,
 What punishment the court decrees upon 'em.

Vols. We thank your fatherhoods. How like you it?

Mos. Rare.

I'd ha' your tongue, fir, tipt with gold for this;
 I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;
 The earth I'd have want men, e're you want living:
 They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.
 Signior Corvino, I would have you go
 And shew yourself, that you have conquer'd.

Corv. Yes.

Mos. It was much better that you should profess
 Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other

Should

Should have been prov'd.

Corv. Nay, I consider'd that :
Now it is her fault.

Mos. Then it had been yours.

Corv. True ; I do doubt this advocate still.

Mos. I'faith you need not, I dare ease you of that

Corb. I trust thee, Mosca. (care.

Mos. As your own soul, sir.

Corb. Mosca.

Mos. Now for your business, sir.

Corb. How ? ha' you business ?

Mos. Yes, your's sir.

Corb. O, none else ?

Mos. None else, not I.

Corb. Be careful then.

Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.

Corb. Dispatch it.

Mos. Instantly.

Corb. And look that all,

Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.

Mos. Curtain-rings, sir.

Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

Corb. I'll pay him now ; you'll be too prodigal.

Mos. Sir, I must tender it.

Corb. Two Cecchines is well.

Mos. No, six, sir.

Corb. 'Tis too much.

Mos. He talk'd a great while ;

you must consider that, sir.

Corb. Well, there's three——

Mos. I'll give it him.

Corb. Do so, and there's for thee.

Mos. Bountiful bones ! What horrid strange offence

he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,

worthy this age ? You see, sir, how I work

to your ends : take you no notice,

Volt.

Vol. No,
I'll leave you.

Mos. All is yours, the devil and all :
Good advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lad. No, I'll go see your patron.

Mos. That you shall not :
I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will ; and for
The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first ; which would appear as begg'd,
If you were present. Therefore——

Lad. You shall sway me.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Volpone.

WELL, I am here, and all this brunt is past :
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment ; here 'twas good, in private ;
But in your publick, *cave* whilst I breathe.
'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp ;
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsie : well, I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villanous disease,

* 'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the CRAMP,

And I apprehended straight some power had struck me

With a DEAD PALSIE.] Alluding to a piece of ancient superstition, that all sudden consternations of mind, and sudden pains of the body, such as cramps, palpitations of the heart, &c. were ominous, and presages of evil. Hence we may explain, as Upton remarks, a passage in Plautus's *Miles gloriösus*.

Schel. *Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita dorsus totus praeit.*

Sho

Should they come thick upon me : I'll prevent 'em.

Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright

This humour from my heart, (hum, hum, hum)

[*He drinks.*]

'Tis almost gone already : I shall conquer.

Any device now, of rare ingenious knavery,

That would possess me with a violent laughter,

Would make me up again. So, so, so, so.

[*Drink again.*]

This heat is life : 'tis blood by this time : Mosca !

S C E N E II.

Mosca, Volpone, Nano, Castrone.

Mos. How now, sir ? does the day look clear again ?

Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,

Into our way, to see our path before us ?

Is our trade free once more ?

Volp. Exquisite Mosca !

Mos. Was it not carried learnedly ?

Volp. And stoutly.

Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Mos. It were a folly beyond thought, to trust

Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit :

You are not taken with it enough, methinks.

Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the wench :

The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.

Mos. Why now you speak, sir. We must here

[*be fixt ;*]

Here we must rest ; this is our master-piece :

We cannot think to go beyond this.

Volp. True,

Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosca.

Mos. Nay, sir,

To

To gull the court——

Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.

Mos. Yes, and to make
So rare a musick out of discords——

Volp. Right.

That yet to me's the strangest ! how th' hast borne it !
That these (being so divided 'mongst themselves)
Should not scent somewhat, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their own side.

Mos. True, they will not see't.
Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is so possess'd and stuf't with his own hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it——

Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.

Mos. Right, sir.

Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors
Of land that yields well ; but if Italy
Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare ?

Volp. O (my most honour'd fathers, my grave fa-
thers,
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here ? If these strange deeds
May pass, most honour'd fathers——) I had much ado
To forbear laughing.

Mos. 'T seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.

Volp. In troth, I did a little.

Mos. But confess, sir,
Were you not daunted ?

Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected ;
Never, but still my self.

Mos. I think it, sir.
Now (so truth help me) I must needs say this, sir,

And

And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd
In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, sir) very richly —
Well—to be cozen'd.

Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.

Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement figures—I look'd still
When he would shift a shirt^s; and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain —

Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very instant.

Mos. Good sir.

Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.

Mos. Castrone, Nano.

Nan. Here.

Volp. Shall we have a jig now?

Mos. What you please, sir.

Volp. Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy,

————— *I look'd still*
[*When he would shift a shirt*] Thro' the violence of action,
companying his eloquence. The modern Italian preachers are
known to use great vehemence of gesture in their declamatory ha-
ranguings; and perhaps it may be equally so with the advocates at
law. Nor was it otherwise with the advocates of old: the
case of the great orator Hortensius, was occasioned by a cold he
contracted after pleading with his usual energy and warmth in behalf of
his client.

Sadly,

Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the grief
Of this late slander.

Mos. What do you mean, sir?

Volp. O,

I shall have instantly my vulture, crow,
Raven¹, come flying hither, (on the news)
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy and full of expectation—

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their mouths?

Volp. 'Tis true; I will ha' thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Shew 'em a will: open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in thy name.

Mos. It will be rare, sir.

Volp. I,

When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded—

Mos. Yes.

Volp. And thou use them scurvily.
Dispatch, get on thy gown.

Mos. But what, sir, if they ask
After the body?

Volp. Say, it was corrupted.

Mos. I'll say, it stunk, sir; and was fain to have it
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here!
[my will]

Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces!

¹ I shall have instantly my VULTURE, CROW,
RAVEN, &c.] i. e. Voltore, Corvino, Corbaccio.

O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter.

Mos. Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.

Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.

Mos. But your Clarissimo, old round-back, he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch.

Volp. And what Corvino?

Mos. O fir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.

My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—

Volp. Yes,
And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils.

Mos. And sweat, fir. Why your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours: it transforms
The most deform'd, and restores 'em lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle⁴. Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle
To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.

Volp. I think she loves me.

Mos. Who? the lady, fir?
She's jealous of you.

Volp. Dost thou say so?

Mos. Hark,
There's some already.

Volp. Look.

Mos. It is the vulture;
He has the quickest scent.

⁴ ————— It transforms

The most deform'd, and restores 'em lovely,

As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.] This is literally from

the dialogue of Lucian, intituled Gallus: ΜΕΤΑΜΟΡΦΩΣΙΣ ΑΝΤΡΩΠΩΝ

ΕΝ ΤΗ ΠΟΛΙΤΕΙΑ ΤΗΣ ΑΡΧΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΚΑΤΑΝΟΗΣΗΣ.

Volp.

Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture.

Mos. I am set.

Volp. But Mosca,
Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

S C E N E III.

Voltore, Mosca, Corbaccio, Corvino, Lady, Volpone.

Volt. How now, my Mosca?

Mos. Turkey carpets, nine——

Volt. Taking an inventory? that is well.

Mos. Two suits of bedding, tissue——

Volt. Where's the will?

Let me read that the while.

Corb. So, set me down,

And get you home.

Volt. Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. Of cloth of gold, two more——

Corb. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. Of several velvets, eight——

Volt. I like his care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Corv. Ha? is the hour come, Mosca?

Volp. I, now they muster.

[*Volpone* peeps from behind a traverse.]

Corv. What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?

Corb. What do these here?

Lad. Mosca?

Is his thread spun?

Mos. Eight chests of linen——

Volp. O,

My fine dame Would-be too!

Corv. Mosca, the will,

Tha

That I may shew it these, and rid 'em hence.

Mos. Six chests of diaper, four of damask—There.

Corb. Is that the will?

Mos. Down-beds and bolsters—

Volp. Rare!

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How their swift eyes run over the long deed.

Unto the name, and to the legacies,

What is bequeath'd them there—

Mos. Ten suits of hangings—

Volp. I, i' their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.

Volp. Mosca the heir!

Corb. What's that?

Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my merchant,
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost,
He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reach'd his despair yet.

Corb. All these

Are out of hope; I'm sure the man.

Corv. But Mosca——

Mos. Two cabinets——

Corv. Is this in earnest?

Mos. One

Of ebony——

Corv. Or do you but delude me?

Mos. The other, mother of pearl—I am very busy.
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
Item, one salt of Agat—not my seeking.

Lad. Do you hear, sir?

Mos. A perfum'd box—'Pray you forbear,
You see I'm troubled—made of an onyx—

Lad. How!

Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.

VOL. II.

B b

Corv.

Corv. Is this my large hopes issue ?

Lad. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.

Mos. Madam !

Marry, and shall : 'pray you, fairly quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your looks ; but heark you,
Remember what your ladyship offer'd me
To put you in an heir ; go to, think on't :
And what you said e'en your best madams did
For maintenance ; and why not you ? Enough.
Go home, and use the poor sir Pol your knight well,
For fear I tell some riddles : go, be melancholy.

Volp. O, my fine devil !

Corv. Mosca, 'pray you a word.

[yet ?

Mos. Lord ! will not you take your dispatch hence
Methinks (of all) you should have been th' example.
Why should you stay here ? with what thought, what
promise ?

Hear you ? do you not know, I know you an ass ?
And that you would most fain have been a wittol,
If fortune would have let you ? that you are
A declar'd cuckold, on good terms ? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours ? Right : this diamond ?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else ?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works
May help to hide your bad : I'll not betray you ;
Although you be but extraordinary
And have it only in title, it sufficeth.
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.

Volp. Rare Mosca ! how his villany becomes him !

Volt. Certain he doth delude all these for me.

Corb. Mosca the heir ?

Volp. O his four eyes have found it.

Corb. I'm cozen'd, cheated, by a parasite slave ;
Harlot, th'hast gull'd me.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.

Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs, that here, in hope of prey,
Have any time this three years snufft about,
With your most grov'ling nose, and would have hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my patron, sir?

Are not you he that have to-day in court
Profess'd the disinheriting of your son?
Perjur'd your self? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters, go, go, stink.

Volp. Excellent varlet!

Vol. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy.

Mos. Sir?

Vol. Sincere.

Mos. A table

Of porphiry—I mar'le you'll be thus troublesome.

Vol. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why? who are you?

What? who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,

Reverend sir! good faith, I'm griev'd for you,

That any chance of mine should thus defeat

Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails:

But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,

And I could almost wish to be without it,

But that the will o' th' dead must be observ'd.

Marry, my joy is that you need it not;

You have a gift, sir, (thank your education)

Will never let you want, while there are men,

And malice, to breed causes. Would I had

But half the like, for all my fortune, sir.

If I have any suits (as I do hope,

Things being so easy and direct, I shall not)

I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,

(Conceive me) for your fee, sir. In mean time,

You that have so much law, I know ha' the conscience

Not to be covetous of what is mine.

Good fir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, fir.

Volp. Bid him eat lettuce well: my witty mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus—*Mosca*, go,
Straight take my habit of *Clarissimo*,
And walk the streets, be seen, torment 'em more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?

Mos. I doubt it will lose them.

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions:
How I would vex 'em still at every turn!

Mos. Sir I can fit you.

Volp. Can'st thou?

Mos. Yes, I know

One o' the *Commandadori*, fir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his
[habit.

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

Mos. Sir, you must look for curses——

Volp. 'Till they burst;
The Fox fares ever best when he is curst.

SCENE IV.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3. Woman, Politick.

Per. Am I enough disguis'd?

Mer. 1. I warrant you.

Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.

Mer. 2. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.

Mer. 3. To Zant, or to Aleppo?

Per. Yes, and ha' his

Adventures put i' th' book of voyages,
And his gull'd story registred for truth.

Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse,
Know your approaches.

Mer. 1. Trust it to our care.

Per. Save you, fair lady. Is sir Pol within?

Wom. I do not know, sir.

Per. Pray you say unto him,
Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
Desires to speak with him.

Wom. I will see, sir.

Per. Pray you.

I see the family is all female here.

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state,
That now require him whole, some other time
You may possess him.

Per. Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. What might be
His grave affair of state now? how to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
One o' th' ingredients.

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word, tidings, that you are no statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.

Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done;
But—here he deigns to come.

Pol. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me,

And I was penning my apology
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse disaster;
The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd. —

Pol. I, was
A fugitive punk?

Per. No, sir, a spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the state of Venice to the Turk.

Pol. O me!

Per. For which, warrants are sign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers —

Pol. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books —

Per. All the better, sir.

Pol. And some essays. What shall I do?

Per. Sir, best
Convey your self into a sugar-chest,
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard.

Pol. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse-sake merely. [*They knock without.*]

Per. Heark, they are there.

Pol. I am a wretch, a wretch.

Per. What will you do, sir?

Ha' you ne'er a curran-butt to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack, you must be sudden.

Pol. Sir, I have an engine —

(*Mer.* 3. Sir Politick Would-be?

Mer. 2. Where is he?)

Pol. That I have thought upon before time.

Per. What is it?

Pol. (I shall ne'er endure the torture.)

Marry,

Marry, it is, fir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities : pray you, fir, help me.
Here I've a place, fir, to put back my legs,
(Please you to lay it on fir) with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, fir, like a tortoise,
Till they are gone.

Per. And call you this an ingine ?

Pol. Mine own device——

Good fir, bid my wife's women
To burn my papers.

[*They rush in.*]

Mer. 1. Where's he hid ?

Mer. 3. We must
And will sure find him.

Mer. 2. Which is his study ?

Mer. 1. What
Are you, fir ?

Per. I am a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise ?

Mer. 3. How ?

Mer. 1. St. Mark !
What beast is this ?

Per. It is a fish.

Mer. 2. Come out here.

Per. Nay, you may strike him, fir, and tread upon
He'll bear a cart. [him :

Mer. 1. What, to run over him ?

Per. Yes, fir.

Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.

Mer. 2. Can he not go ?

Per. He creeps, fir.

Mer. 1. Let's see him creep.

Per. No, good fir, you will hurt him.

Mer. 2. (Heart) I will see him creep, or prick his

Mer. 3. Come out here. [guns.

Per. Pray you fir, (creep a little.)

Mer. 1. Forth.

Mer. 2. Yet farther.

Per. Good sir, (creep.)

Mer. 2. We'll see his legs.

[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*]

Mer. 3. Gods so, he has garters!

Mer. 1. I, and gloves!

Mer. 2. Is this

Your fearful tortoise?

Per. Now, sir Pol, we are even;

For your next project I shall be prepar'd:

I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.

Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare motion to be seen in Fleet-

Mer. 2. I, i' the Term. [street.

Mer. 1. Or Smith-field in the fair.

Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy sight.

Per. Farewel, most politick tortoise.

Pol. Where's my lady?

Knows she of this?

Wom. I know not, sir.

Pol. Enquire.

O, I shall be the fable of all fables,

' The freight of the Gazetti, ship boys tale;

And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.

Wom. My lady's come most melancholy home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physick.

Pol. And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politick shell.

[*The freight of the GAZETTI.*] The subject of the newspapers. "This whole scene seems to be impertinent, and interrupts the story." Mr. UPTON.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Volpone, Mosca.

[The first in the habit of a Commandadore ; the other of a Clarissimo.]

Volp. Am I then like him ?

Mos. O, sir, you are he :

No man can sever you.

Volp. Good.

Mos. But what am I ?

Volp. 'Fore heaven, a brave Clarissimo, thou be-
Fity thou wert not born one. [com'ft it.

Mos. If I hold

My made one, 'twill be well.

Volp. I'll go and see

What news first at the court.

Mos. Do so. My fox

Is out o' his hole, and e're he shall re-enter,

I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,

Except he come to composition with me :

Androgyno, Castrone, Nano.

All. Here.

Mos. Go, recreate your selves abroad ; go, sport.

So, now I have the keys, and am posselt.

Since he will needs be dead afore his time,

I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his heir,

And so will keep me, till he share at least.

To cozen him of all, were but a cheat

Well plac'd ; no man would construe it a sin :

Let his sport pay for't ; this is call'd the fox-trap.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

*Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.**Cor.* They say, the court is set.*Corv.* We must maintain

Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

Corb. Why? mine's no tale: my son would there
have kill'd me.*Corv.* That's true, I had forgot; mine is, I'm sure.
But for your will, sir.*Corb.* I, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.*Volp.* Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.*Corv.* Of what?*Volp.* The sudden good
Dropt down upon you——*Corb.* Where?*Volp.* (And none knows how.)
From old Volpone, sir.*Corb.* Out, errant knave.*Volp.* Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you*Corb.* Away, thou varlet. [furious.]*Volp.* Why, sir?*Corb.* Dost thou mock me?*Volp.* You mock the world, sir;
Did you not change wills?*Corb.* Out, harlot.*Volp.* O! belike you are the man,
Signior Corvino? 'faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal: I love your spirit:
You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune.

You

You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,
With such an autumn—Did he gi' you all, sir?

Corv. Avoid, you rascal.

Volp. Troth, your wife has shewn
Her self a very woman : but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance :
Except Corbaccio have a share.

Corb. Hence, varlet.

Volp. You will not be acknown, sir ; why, 'tis wife.
Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble.
No man will seem to win. Here comes my vulture,
Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

S C E N E VII.

Voltore, Volpone.

Volt. Outstript thus, by a parasite ! a slave !
Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs !
Well, what I'll do——

Volp. The court stays for your worship.
I'll en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learned hands,
That understand the fingering——

Volt. What do you mean ?

Volp. I mean to be a suitor to your worship,
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria : it was in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, e'er he grew diseas'd,
A handsome, pretty, custom'd bawdy-house,
As any was in Venice, (none disprais'd)
But fell with him ; his body and that house
Decay'd together.

Volt.

Volt. Come, sir, leave your prating.

Volp. Why, if your worship give me but your
That I may ha' the refusal, I have done. [hand,
'Tis a mere toy to you, sir, candle-rents,
As your learn'd worship knows——

Volt. What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it.

Volt. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune?

Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir; would 'twere more.

(Now to my first again, at the next corner.)

S C E N E VIII.

Corbaccio, Corvino, (Mosca passant) Volpone.

Corb. See, in our habit! see the impudent varlet!

Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gunstones.

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?

Corb. Again, t' afflict us! monster!

Volp. In good faith, sir,

I'm heartily griev'd, a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen:
There still was somewhat in his look, did promise
The bane of a Clarissimo.

Corb. Knave——

Volp. Methinks

Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name,
Should not have sung your shame, and dropt your
cheese,

To let the fox laugh at your emptiness.

Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seems (to me)
Nail'd to your jolt-head, with those two cecchines,
Can warrant your abuses ; come you hither :
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you ; approach.

Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour well⁶,
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.

Corv. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.

Volp. Sir, sir, another time——

Corv. Nay, now.

Volp. O God, sir ! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.

Corb. What, come again ? [*Mosca walks by them.*]

Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca ; save me.

Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.

Corv. Let's fly him.

Volp. Excellent basilisk ! turn upon the vulture.

S C E N E IX.

Voltore, Mosca, Volpone.

Volt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now ;
Your winter will come on.

Mos. Good advocate,
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus ;
Thou'lt make a solœcism (as madam says.)
Get you a biggen more ; your brain breaks loose.

⁶ *You shall perceive, sir, I do know your valour well.*] A line is lost, and two different speeches joined together. I have corrected it from the old books, where it stands in this manner :

You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you ; approach.

Volp. No haste, sir ; I do know your valour well, &c.

Volt.

Volt. Well, sir.

Volp. Would you have me beat the insolent slave?
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?

Volt. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.

Volp. Sir, the court
In troth, stays for you; I am mad, a mule,
That never read Justinian, should get up,
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not don't:
This's but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heir?

Volt. A strange officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.

Volp. I know——
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together.

S C E N E X.

Avocatori 4. *Notario, Commandadore, Bonario; Celia,*
Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore, Volpone.

Avoc. 1. Are all the parties here?

Not. All but the advocate.

Avoc. 2. And here he comes.

Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to sentence.

Volt. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your mercy
Once win upon your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted——

(*Volp.* What will he do now?)

Volt. O,
I know not which t' address my self to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents—

(*Corv*)

(*Corv.* Will he betray himself ?)

Volt. Whom equally

I have abus'd', out of most covetous ends——

(*Corv.* The man is mad !

Corb. What's that ?

Corv. He is possess't.)

Volt. For which, now struck in conscience, here I pro-
My self at your offended feet, for pardon. [strate

Avoc. 1, 2. Arise.

Cel. O heav'n, how just thou art !

Volp. I am caught

I my own noose——

Corv. Be constant, sir: nought now
Can help, but impudence.

Avoc. 1. Speak forward.

Com. Silence.

Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good fires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave hath been the instrument of all.

Avoc. Where is that knave ? fetch him.

Volp. I go.

Corv. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted ; he confess't it now :
For hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead——

Avoc. 3. How !

Avoc. 2. Is Volpone dead ?

Corv. Dead since, grave fathers——

7 *Volt.*—————whom equally

I have abus'd, by my false accusation] This indeed is
sense ; but a different reading, and a verse more, exhibited by the
first copy, gives the poet's true sentiments in a much more spirited
manner ; there the whole stands thus ;

—————Whom equally

I have abus'd, out of most covetous ends——

(*Corv.* The man is mad ! *Corb.* What's that ? *Corv.* He is possess't)

Volt. For which now struck in conscience, &c.

Ben.

Bon. O sure vengeance!

Avoc. 1. Stay,

Then he was no deceiver.

Volt. O no, none:

The parasite, grave fathers.

Corv. He does speak

Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made

The thing he gap'd for: please your fatherhoods,

This is the truth, though I'll not justify

The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.

Volt. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, Corvino:

But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,

To view these certain notes, and but confer them;

As I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.

Corv. The devil has enter'd him!

Bon. Or bides in you.

Avoc. 4. We have done ill, by a publick officer
To send for him, if he be heir.

Avoc. 2. For whom?

Avoc. 4. Him that they call the parasite.

Avoc. 3. 'Tis true,

He is a man of great estate, now left.

Avoc. 4. Go you, and learn his name, and say, the
(court

Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts.

Avoc. 2. The same's a labyrinth!

Avoc. 1. Stand you unto your first report.

Corv. My state,

My life, my fame——

(*Bon.* Where is't?)

Corv. Are at the stake.

Avoc. 1. Is yours so too?

Corb. The advocate's a knave,

And has a forked tongue——

(*Avoc. 2.* Speak to the point.)

Corb.

Corb. So is the parasite too.

Avoc. 1. This is confusion.

Vol. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but
(those.

Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ :
It cannot be, but he's possess'd, grave fathers.

SCENE XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone.

Volp. To make a snare for mine own neck ! and run
My head into it, wilfully ! with laughter !
When I had newly scap'd, was free, and clear !
Out of mere wantonness ! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And Mosca gave it second ; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.
How now ! who let you loose ? whither go you now ?
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings ?

Nan. Sir, master Mosca call'd us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the keys ?

And. Yes.

Volp. Did master Mosca take the keys ? why, so !
I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits !
I must be merry, with a mischief to me !
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear
My fortune soberly ? I must ha' my crotchets !
And my conundrums ! Well, go you, and seek him :
His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the court ;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes :
When I provok'd him, then I lost myself.

S C E N E XII.

Avocatori, &c.

Avoc. 1. These things can ne'er be reconcil'd. He
here

Professeeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her husband, and there left.

Volt. Most true.

Cel. How ready is heav'n to those that pray!

Avoc. 1. But that

Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

Corv. Grave fathers, he's posselt; again, I say,
Posselt: nay, if there be possession,
And obsession, he has both.

Avoc. 3. Here comes our officer.

Volp. The parasite will straight be here, grave fa-
(thers.

Avoc. 4. You might invent some other name, sir,
[varlet.

Avoc. 3. Did not the notary meet him?

Volp. Not that I know.

Avoc. 4. His coming will clear all.

Avoc. 2. Yet, it is misty.

Volt. May't please your fatherhoods——

Volp. Sir, the parasite [Volp. whispers the Advoc.
Will'd me to tell you, that his master lives,
That you are still the man, your hopes the same;
And this was only a jest——

Volt. How?

Volp. Sir, to try

If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Volt. Ar't sure he lives?

Volp.

Volp. Do I live, sir?

Volt. O me!

I was too violent.

Volp. Sir, you may redeem it:

They said, you were posselt; fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good. God bless the man!

[*Voltore falls.*

(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see!

He vomits crooked pins! his eyes are set,

Like a dead hare's hung in a poulterer's shop!

'His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?

Now, 'tis in his belly.

(*Corv.* I, the devil!)

Volp. Now in his throat.

(*Corv.* I, I perceive it plain.)

Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out, stand clear. See where
In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings! [it flies,
Do you not see it, sir?

Corb. What? I think I do.

Corv. 'Tis too manifest.

Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!

Volt. Where am I?

Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are disposselt.

Avoc. 1. What accident is this?

Avoc. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder!

Avoc. 3. If he were

Posselt, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.

[*His mouth's running away.*] Mr. Simpson imagines it should be,

"His mouth's running away."

We are to suppose, that Voltore feigned a violent convulsion, and
distorted his mouth as much as possibly he could: I think therefore the
present expression more humorous and pertinent, and have retained
it in the text, on the authority of all the editions.

Avoc. 1. Shew him that writing: do you know it,

Volp. Deny it, sir, forswear it, know it not. [sir?

Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand:

But all that it contains is false.

Bon. O practice!

Avoc. 2. What maze is this!

Avoc. 1. Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?

Volt. Grave fathers,

No more than his good patron, old Volpone.

Avoc. 4. Why, he is dead.

Volt. O no, my honour'd fathers,

He lives——

Avoc. 1. How! lives?

Volt. Lives.

Avoc. 2. This is subtler yet!

Avoc. 3. You said he was dead.

Volt. Never.

Avoc. 3. You said so.

Corv. I heard so.

Avoc. 4. Here comes the gentleman, make him way.

Avoc. 3. A stool.

Avoc. 4. A proper man; and, were Volpone dead,
A fit match for my daughter.

Avoc. 3. Give him way.

Volp. Mosca, I was a'most lost; the advocate
Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd;
All's o' the hinge again——Say, I am living.

Mos. What busy knave is this! most reverend fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
But that my order for the funeral
Of my dear patron did require me——

(*Volp.* Mosca!)

Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.

Volp. I, quick, and cozen me of all.

Avoc. 2. Still stranger!

More intricate!

Avoc:

Avoc. 1. And come about again!

Avoc. 4. It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.

(*Mos.* Will you gi' me half?

Volp. First I'll be hang'd.

Mos. I know

Your voice is good, cry not so loud ?.)

Avoc. 1. Demand

The advocate: Sir, did you not affirm

Volpone was alive?

Volp. Yes, and he is;

This gentleman told me so, (thou shalt have half.)

Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? speak some that
I never saw his face. (I cannot now [know him:
Afford it you so cheap.

Volp. No¹⁰?)

Avoc. 1. What say you?

Volp. The officer told me.

Volp. I did, grave fathers,

And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,

? ————— I know

Your voice is good, cry not so loud.] From the *Mostellaria* of
Plautus, as Mr. Upton too remarks;

Tr. Scio te bonâ esse voce, ne clama nimis.

¹⁰ I cannot now afford it you so cheap. *Volp.* No?] There is
true comic humour in these dealings between Mosca and Volpone:
and one cannot help observing, that at a time so critical to them
both, the covetousness in their tempers defeats their several designs.
An instance of great decorum in the poet, whose intention was to
display an inherent avarice in every human breast. I do not see
why Mr. Dryden should say there are two actions in this play;
the first naturally ending with the fourth act; the second forced
from it in the fifth. The action indeed is something varied, but it
still tends to the disappointment and mortification of the pretenders
to Volpone's wealth. Yet, as he adds, this disguise of Volpone,
tho' not suited to his character, as a crafty or covetous person, a-
greed well enough with that of a voluptuary: and, by it, the poet
gained the end at which he aimed, the punishment of vice, and the
reward of virtue, both which that disguise produced.

And that this creature told me. (I was born
With all good stars my enemies.)

Mos. Most grave fathers,
If such an insolence as this must pass
Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this
For which you sent, I hope.

Avoc. 2. Take him away.

(*Volp.* Mosca!)

Avoc. 3. Let him be whipt.

(*Volp.* Wilt thou betray me?

Cozen me?)

Avoc. 3. And taught to bear himself
Toward a person of his rank.

Avoc. 4. Away.

Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.

Volp. Soft, soft, whipt?

And lose all that I have? If I confess,
It cannot be much more.

Avoc. 4. Sir, are you married?

Volp. They'll be ally'd anon; I must be resolute:
The fox shall here uncase.

(*Mos.* Patron.)

Volp. Nay, now.

[*He puts off his disguise.*

My ruins shall not come alone; your match
I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,
Nor screw you into a family.

(*Mos.* Why, patron!)

Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave;
This, his own knave: this, avarice's fool:
This, a chimera of wittal, fool and knave:
And reverend fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it.
You hear me brief.

Corv. May it please your fatherhoods——

Com. Silence.

Avoc. 1. The knot is now undone by miracle.

Avoc.

Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.

Avoc. 3. Or can more prove
These innocent.

Avoc. 1. Give them their liberty.

Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes
[be hid.

Avoc. 2. If this be held the high-way to get riches,
May I be poor.

Avoc. 3. This's not the gain, but torment.

Avoc. 1. These possess wealth, as sick men possess
[fevers,

Which trulier may be said to possess them.

Avoc. 2. Disrobe that parasite.

Corv. Mos. Most honour'd fathers.

Avoc. 1. Can you plead ought to stay the course of
If you can, speak. [justice?

Corv. Volt. We beg favour.

Cel. And mercy.

Avoc. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing for the
[guilty.

Stand forth ; and first, the parasite: You appear
Thave been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,
In all these lewd impostures ; and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abus'd the court,
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood :
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipt ;
Then live perpetual prisoner in our gallies.

Volt. I thank you for him.

Mos. Bane to thy wolvisb nature.

Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the Saffi. Thou Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure ; but our judgment on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To th' hospital of th' Incurabili.
And since the most was gotten by imposture,

By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
 Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,
 Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.
Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a fox.

Avoc. 1. Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal
 Thou hast given all worthy men of thy profession,
 Art banisht from their fellowship, and our state.
 Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess
 Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee
 To the monastery of San' Spirito;
 Where, since thou knewest not how to live well here,
 Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.

Corb. Ha! what said he?

Com. You shall know anon, sir.

Avoc. 1. Thou Corvino, shalt
 Be straight imbarck'd for thine own house, and
[row'd

Round about Venice, through the grand canale,
 Wearing a cap, with fair long asses ears,
 Instead of horns; and so to mount (a paper
 Pinn'd on thy breast) to the Berlina——"

Corv. Yes,
 And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
 Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs——'Tis well. I'm
[glad

I shall not see my shame yet.

Avoc. 1. And to expiate
 Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
 Home to her father, with her dowry trebled;
 And these are all your judgments.

(*All Honour'd fathers.*)

Avoc. 1. Which may not be revok'd. Now you
[begin,

" ———— *And so to mount*
To the BERLINA.] i. e. to the pillory.

When

When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
To think what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

V O L P O N E.

“ **T** H E seasoning of a play, is the applause.
“ Now, though the fox be punish'd by the laws,
“ He yet doth hope, there is no suff'ring due,
“ For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you:
“ If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands:
“ If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands.”

E P I C Œ N E:







The Silent Woman. And the scene was set.

EPICOUR

SILENT WOMAN

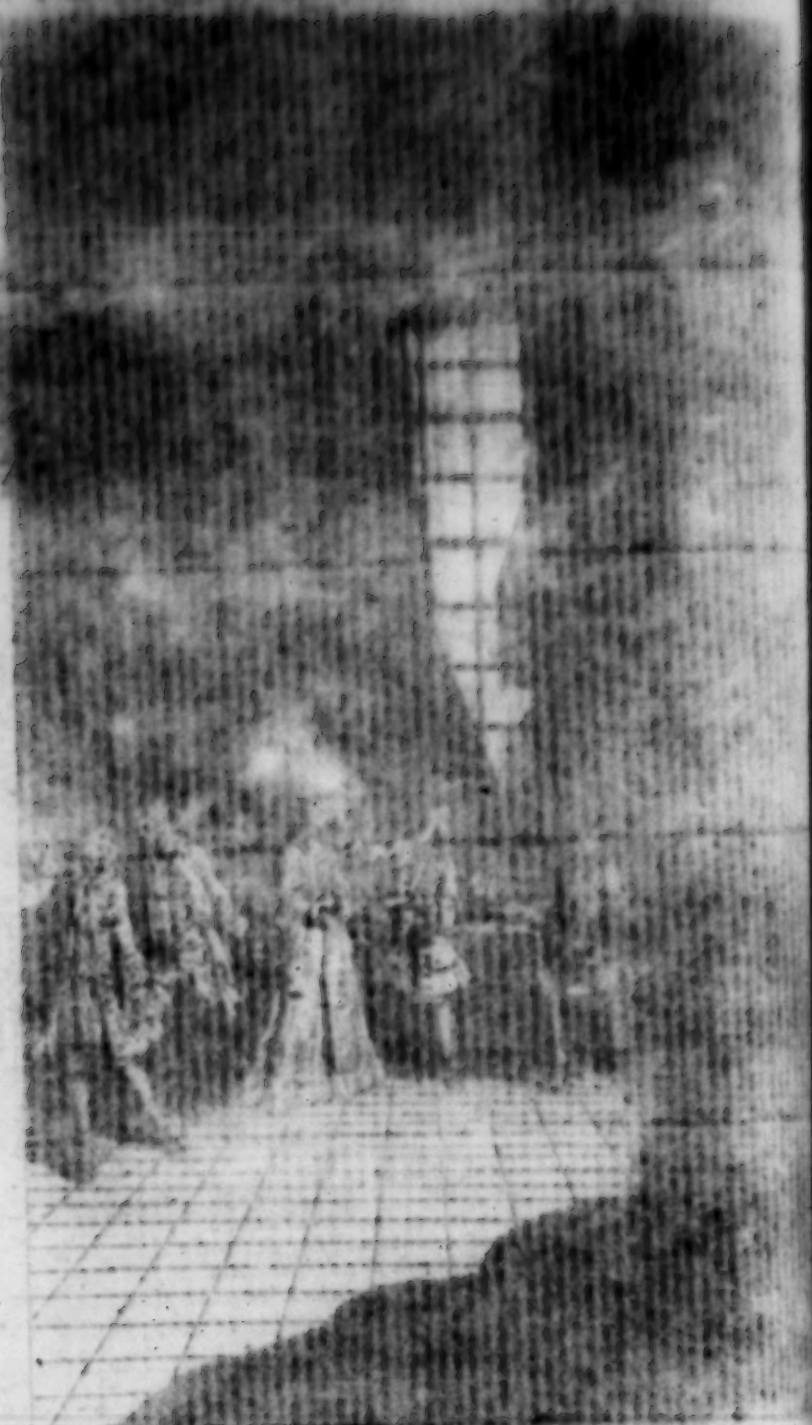
GEO. M. BROWN

By G. M. BROWN

With 24 Illustrations by G. M. BROWN

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The Silent Woman.

EPICOENE:
OR, THE
SILENT WOMAN.

A
COMEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1609.

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S Servants.

With the Allowance of the Master of Revels.

*Ut sis tu similis Cæli, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci. Cur metuas me?*

HORAT.



SI
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To the truly NOBLE by all TITLES,

Sir FRANCIS STUART.

SIR,

MY hope is not so nourished by example, as it will conclude, this dumb piece should please you, because it hath pleased others before: but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have displeased none. This makes that I now number you, not only in the names of favour, but the names of justice to what I write; and do presently call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manliest virtue: as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, than the credit of an undertaker. Read therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it, changed from the simplicity of the first copy. And, when you shall consider, through the certain hatred of some, how much a man's innocency may be endangered by an uncertain accusation; you will, I doubt not, so begin to hate the iniquity of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honourable as to be wiped off by your sentence.

Your unprofitable, but true Lover,

BEN. JONSON.

¹ *To the truly noble by all titles, Sir FRANCIS STUART.] Of whom Antony Wood gives us the following character: "He was a learned gentleman, was one of sir Walter Raleigh's club at the Mermaid-tavern in Friday street, London. and much venerated by Ben. Jonson, who dedicated to him his comedy, call'd 'The silent woman': he was a person also well seen in marine affairs, was a captain of a ship, and bore the office for some time of a vice or rear admiral."* *Athen. Oxon. Fast.* vol. I. p. 203.
The

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

MOROSE, a Gentleman that loves no Noise.
DAUP. EUGENIE, a Knight, his Nephew.
CLERIMONT, a Gentleman his Friend.
TRUE-WIT, another Friend,
EPICŒNE, a young Gentleman, suppos'd the Silent Woman.
JOH. DAW, a Knight, her Servant.
AMOROUS LA-FOOL, a Knight also.
THOM. OTTER, a Land and Sea Captain.
CUTBEARD, a Barber.
MUTE, one of Morose his Servants.
MAD. HAUGHTY, } Ladies Collegiates.
MAD. CENTAURE, }
MRS. MAVIS,
MRS. TRUSTY, the Lady Haughty's Woman.
MRS. OTTER, the Captain's Wife.
PRETENDERS.

PARSON.
PAGES.
SERVANTS.

The SCENE, LONDON.

The principal Comedians were,

NAT. FIELD.	WILL. BARKSTED.
GIL. CARIE.	WILL. PEN.
HUG. ATTAWEL.	RICH. ALLIN.
JOH. SMITH.	JOH. BLANEY.

EPICŒNE:

EPICOEENE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

PROLOGUE.

“**T**RUTH says, of old the art of making
 plays
 “ Was to content the people ‘ ; and their
 praise,
 “ Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.
 “ But in this age, a sect of writers are,
 “ That, only, for particular likings care,
 “ And will taste nothing that is popular.

*‘ Truth says, of old the art of making plays
 Was to content the people.] We may just remark this is from
 Terence, in the prologue to the Andrian ;
 Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
 Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.*

“ With

- " With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts ;
 " Our wishes, like to those make publick feasts,
 " Are not to please the cook's taste but the guests.
 " Yet, if those cunning palates hither come,
 " They shall find guests entreaty, and good room ;
 " And though all relish not, sure there will be some,
 " That, when they leave their seats, shall make 'em say,
 " Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a play :
 " But that, he knew, this was the better way.
 " For, to present all custard, or all tart,
 " And have no other meats to bear a part,
 " Or to want bread, and salt, were but coarse art.
 " The poet prays you then, with better thought
 " To sit ; and, when his cates are all in brought,
 " Though there be none far-set, there will dear-
 [bought,
 " Be fit for ladies : some for lords, knights, 'squires ;
 " Some for your waiting-wench, and city-wires ;
 " Some for your men, and daughters of White-friers.
 " Nor is it, only, while you keep your seat
 " Here, that his feast will last ; but you shall eat
 " A week at ord'naries, on his broken meat :
 " If his muse be true,
 " Who commends her to you.

A N O T H E R.

- " **T**HE ends of all, who for the scene do write,
 " Are, or should be, to profit and delight.

² *The ends of all, who for the scene do write.]* Here is a marginal note in the first folio, which tells us this second prologue was occasioned by some persons impertinent exception. The poet acquaints us in his dedication, the play had given unjust offence, and had raised him enemies by the representation of it. We may suppose these enemies were the authors of the joke, handed down to us by tradition ; that he might well call his comedy the *Silent woman*, as there was not a man in the house to give it a plaudite.

" And

- " And still't hath been the praise of all best times,
 " So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.
 " Then, in this play, which we present to-night,
 " And make the object of your ear and sight,
 " On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true :
 " Lest so you make the maker to judge you.
 " For he knows, poet never credit gain'd
 " By writing truths, but things (like truths) well
 feign'd.
 " If any yet will (with particular sight
 " Of application) wrest what he doth write ;
 " And that he meant, or him, or her, will say :
 " They make a libel, which he made a play."

ACT I. SCENE I.

Clerimont, Boy, True-wit:

Cler. **H**A' you got the song yet perfect, I ga' you,
 boy? [*He comes out making himself ready.*]

Boy. Yes, sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You shall, sir ; but i' faith let no body else.

Cler. Why, I pray ?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet
 in town, sir ; besides, me a perfect deal of ill-will at
 the mansion you wot of, whose lady is the argument
 of it, where now **I** am the welcomest thing under a
 man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a man too, if the truth
 were rackt out of you.

VOL. II.

D d

Boy.

Boy. No faith, I'll confess before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the bed, and carry me into my lady; and she kisses me with her oil'd face, and puts a peruke o' my head; and asks me an' I wi I wear her gown? and I say no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel if the door be kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so easie to you—well, sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir.

[*Boy sings.*]

Tru. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad, and his engle at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours ha' no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute¹, or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every particle o' your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why what should a man do?

Tru. Why, nothing; or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Harken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise * Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White foot, Franklin; swear upon White-main's party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give 'em the character of every bowler or better o' the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

¹ *Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute*
This is supposed to be transacted, during the Plague at London.

Mr. Upton.

* Horses of the time.

Cler.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have grey heads, and weak hams, moist eyes, and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

Tru. I, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term, and think to effect his business the last day. O, Clerimont, this time, because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the finest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed: not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now—

Tru. See but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect, when we will never do it to our selves: nor hear, nor regard our selves.

Cler. Foh, thou hast read Plutarch's morals, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee: 'fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk to me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leave this Stoicitie alone, 'till thou mak'st sermons.

Tru. Well, sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to lose as little of my kindness as I can. I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cler. What college?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from court yesterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the news? A new foundation fir, here i' the town, of ladies, that call themselves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: cry down, or up, what they like, or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Cler. Who is the president?

Tru. The grave and youthful matron, the lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her piec'd beauty: there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfum'd, and washt, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the subject.

S O N G.

“ **S**Till to be neat, still to be drest,
“ As you were going to a feast; ”

“ Still

3 *Still to be neat, still to be drest,*

As you were going to a feast, &c.] This elegant little madrigal is a very happy imitation from the following Latin poem:

*Semper munditias, semper, Basiliſſa, decores,
Semper compoſitas arte recente comas,
Et comptos ſemper cultus, unguentaque ſemper,
Omnia ſollicitâ compta videre manu,
Non amo. Neglectim mihi ſe quæ comit amica
Se det; & ornatus ſimplicitate valet.
Vincula ne cures capitis diſcuſſa ſoluti,
Nec ceram in faciem: mel̃ habet illa ſuum.
Fingere ſe ſemper, non eſt conſulere amori;
Quid quod ſæpe decor, cum prohibetur, adeſt?*

Tu
Terial

" Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd :
 " Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 " Though art's hid causes are not found,
 " All is not sweet, all is not sound.

" Give me a look, give me a face,
 " That makes simplicity a grace ;
 " Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
 " Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 " Than all th' adulteries of art ;
 " They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other side : I love a good dressing before any beauty o' the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden ; nor is there one kind of it ; she may vary every hour ; take often counsel of her glass, and chuse the best *. If she have good ears, show 'em ; good hair, lay it out ; good legs, wear short clothes ; a good hand, discover it often : practise any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eye brows ; paint, and profess it.

Cler. How ? publicly ?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner : that must

The learned may find these verses, amongst those which are printed at the end of the *variorum* edition of Petronius. Mr. Upton imagines there are some passages faulty in this poem : I have given it, as I find it in the notes of Colomesius on some passages of Quintilian, printed in his *opuscula* ; he tells us, *Hi versus sic legendi sunt, licet aliò abeat ingeniosissimus Nicolaus Heinsius ad Ovidium.* tom. i. p. 394.

* Nor is there one kind of it ; she may vary every hour ; take often counsel of her glass, and chuse the best.] Nor is there one kind of it, dressing. This and some more of the following speeches are imitated from Ovid, *Art. Amand.* l. 3.

Nec genus ornatus unum est : quod quamque decebit,

Eligat, & speculum consulat ante suum.

any passages in this play are imitations from Ovid, and the sixth line of Juvenal : I shall take notice only of the most striking and

be private. Many things, that seem foul i' the doing, do please, done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor when the doors are shut, should men be enquiring; all is sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclos'd. They must not discover, how little serves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate? Were the people suffer'd to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd? No: no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are compleat, and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my True-wit.

Tru. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. ° I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O prodigy!

Tru. And the unconscionable knave held her in

⁵ *Gilders will not work, but inclos'd—How long did the canvas hang afore ALD GATE? Were the people suffer'd to see the city's LOVE and CHARITY, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd?] The poet, with Ovid in his eye, alludes to his own times:*

Aurea quæ pendent ornato signa theatro;

Inspice, quam tenuis bractea ligna tegat.

The city's Love and Charity were images set up in the front of Aldgate, which Stow, I think, tells us was upwards of two years in building.

⁶ *I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, snatch'd at her peruke, and put it on the wrong way.] This and what follows, as Mr. Upton observes, is improved with comic humour from the following;*

Dictus eram cuidam subito venisse puella,

Turbida perverjas induit illa comas.

compliment an hour with that reverſt face, when I ſtill look'd when ſhe ſhould talk from the t'other ſide.

Cler. Why? thou ſhouldeſt ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you pleaſe, and paſs to another. When ſaw you Dauphine Eugenie?

Cler. Not theſe three days. Shall we go to him this morning? he is very melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the uncle? is he? I met that ſtiff piece of formality, his uncle, yeſterday, with a huge turbant of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. O, that's his cuſtom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noiſe, man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the diſeaſe ſo ridiculous in him as it is made? They ſay he has been upon divers treaties with the fiſh-wives, and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-ſweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they ſtand out ſtiffly. He cannot endure a coſtard-monger, he ſwoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a ſmith ſhould be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man. A braſier is not ſuffer'd to dwell in the pariſh, nor an armorer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice once on a Shrove-tueſday's riot, for being o' that trade, when the reſt were quiet †.

Tru. A trumpet ſhould fright him terribly, or the hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his ſenſes. The waights of the city have a penſion of him not to come near that ward. This youth practis'd on him one night like the bell-

† For being o' that trade, when the reſt were QUIET.] The old copies read *quit*, i. e. diſcharged from working, and gone to divert themſelves.

man; and never left till he had brought him down to the door, with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Boy. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him, devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow rusty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under master Morose's window: 'till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way, at my request.

Tru. A good wag. How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o' clock, or on holy day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls, and treble cielings; the windows close shut and calk'd: and there he lives by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soal'd with wool: and they talk each to other in a trunk. See, who comes here?

S C E N E II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

Daup. How now! what ail you sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with
tales

cles o' thine uncle! There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Daup. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will disinherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my company, are authors of all the ridiculous acts and monuments are told of him?

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then ha' him drawn out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Daup. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent*. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

* *He thinks I, and my company, are authors of all the ridiculous ACTS AND MONUMENTS are told of him.]* Mr. Upton imagines that, by the acts and monuments, the poet hints at Fox's book, as he plainly had done before in *Every man out of his humour*. The audience, by these descriptions of Morose, are well prepared for him when he makes his entrance. The poet has taken pains to bring us acquainted with his principal characters, before they make their appearance in person: and this rule he learnt by conversing with his classic masters. What is said with regard to the character of Morose, is equally true, when applied to those of Daw, La-Foole, and the collegiate ladies; all which we hear described before we see them.

* *That's a MORE portent.]* A greater prodigy: much and more had these acceptations in our author's days.

Cler. Yes, why thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has employ'd a fellow this half year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

Tru. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cler. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a-day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

Tru. Is't possible! who's his agent i' the business?

Cler. Marry a barber; one Cutbeard, an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

Tru. Why you oppress me with wonder! a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Cler. Yes faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers: and that continency in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

Tru. Is the barber to be seen? or the wench?

Cler. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pr'y thee Dauphine, let's go thither.

Daup. I have some business now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if she will not, we can give out, at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I opposed the least phant'sie of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself cannot. Innocent! I pr'y thee, Ned, where lies she? let him be innocent still.

Cler. Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where sir John Daw lies.

Tru. You do not mean to confound me!

Cler. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cler. Why?

Tru. The only talking sir i' the town! Jack Daw! An' he teach her not to speak — God b' w' you. I have some business too.

Cler. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

Cler. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cler. They say, he is a very good scholar.

Tru. I, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him.

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am sorry, the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cler. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant, to deny that: would they were his own. God b' w' you, gentlemen.

Cler. This is very abrupt!

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Dauphine, Clerimont, Boy.

Daup. Come, you are a strange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Cler. Why, believe it Dauphine, True-wit's a very honest fellow.

Daup. I think no other : but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cler. Nay then, you are mistaken, Dauphine : I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, Ned ; but with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there ?

Daup. Last night : and such a decameron of sport fallen out, Boccace never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her ; and the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praises her modesty ; desires that she would talk, and be free, and commends her silence in verses ; which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutinies, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state.

Cler. I pr'y thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some water, boy.

Daup. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La-Foole.

Cler. O, that's a precious mannikin.

Daup. Do you know him ?

Cle. I, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, tho' you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries, tho' he

be

be none o' the wits. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to 'em, aloud out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the China-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laught at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Daup. Excellent! he was a fine youth last night, but now he is much finer! what is his Christian name? I ha' forgot.

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Boy. The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

Cler. 'Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Daup. Like enough: pr'y thee, let's ha' him up.

Cler. Boy, marshal him.

Boy. With a truncheon, sir?

Cler. Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his pedigree now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes with a breath.

S C E N E. IV.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine.

La-F. Save dear sir Dauphine, honour'd master Clerimont.

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honoured my lodging with your presence.

La-F.

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La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging! almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cler. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were i' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Cler. How sir! wait upon them? did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-F. No, sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cler. O, that I will, sir: the doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible boys, if you should but keep 'em fellowship a day?

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cler. I believe it, sir; where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, sir.

Daup. Tom Otter? what's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Daup. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. I, sir: his wife was the rich China-woman, that the courtiers visited so often; that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

The doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour with the TERRIBLE BOYS, if you should keep 'em fellowship a day.] These terrible boys are mentioned in the Alchemist, act iii. sc. 3.

Kast. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech

“Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco.”

A citation from Wilson's *life of King James* will make the allusion here still more manifest. “The king minding his sports, many riotous demeanours crept into the kingdom; divers sects of vicious persons, going under the title of *rowing boys*, *bravadoes*, *rogues*, &c. commit many insolencies; the streets swarm, night and day, with bloody quarrels, private duels somented, &c.

Mr. Upton

Cler

Cler. Then she is captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, sir ; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Daup. Not of the La Fooles of Essex ?

La-F. No, sir, the La-Fooles of London.

Cler. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south—we are as antient a family as any is in Europe—but I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and, we do bear for our coat yellow, or *or* ; checker'd *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house—but let that go, antiquity is not respected now—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company—there will be a great lady or two, my lady Haughty, my lady Centaure, mistress Dol Mavis—and they come o' purpose, to see the silent gentlewoman, mistress Epicœne, that honest sir John Daw has promis'd to bring thither—and then, mistress trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, sir Dauphine, with your self master Clerimont—and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance—I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my lord Lofty, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleased my elder brother to die—¹⁰ I had as fair a gold jerkin on
that

¹⁰ I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the ISLAND-VOYAGE, or at CADIZ, none dispraised.] This island voyage was undertaken 1585, sir Francis Drake being admiral, with a fleet
of

that day, as any worn in the island voyage, or at Cadiz, none disprais'd, and I came over in it hither, shew'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and surveyed my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies—and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take up ladies, sir?

Cler. O, let him breath, he has not recover'd.

Daup. Would I were your half, in that commodity.

La-F. No, sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take up any thing. I have another guest or two, to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—Your servant.

Daup. We will not fail you, sir precious La-Foole; but she shall, that your ladies come to see: if I have credit, afore sir Daw.

Cler. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker, as this?

Daup. Or such a rook as the other! that will betray his mistress to be seen¹¹. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cler. Go.

of one and twenty sail, and with above two thousand volunteers aboard: they went to Hispaniola, and there made themselves masters of the town of St. Domingo. The other adventure here mentioned, was undertaken in 1596. when the earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh burnt the Indian fleet at Cadiz, consisting of forty sail, and brought home immense treasures. It was the fashion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the young adventurers to go abroad with fine furnitures and dresses, seeking their various fortunes.

¹¹ *Such a rook as the other! that will betray his MASTER to be seen.* The rook here meant was sir John Daw, who had no matter to be ray: but he pretended to make love to Epiccene, who was to be a party at the feast; and as she is the person intended, I have made no scruple to change the *master* into *mistress*, which alteration has also the sanction of the first folio.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Morose, Mute.

Mar. CAN not I, yet, find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discord of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me, they seem harsh, impertinent and irksome. Is it not possible, that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, tho' I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise (—) very good. And, you have fastened on a thick quilt, or stock-bed on the out-side of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brick-bats, they can make no noise? but with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise (—) very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? (—) good. And, he will come presently? answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. (—) So. Your Italian, and Spaniard, are wise in these! and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? stay, if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one; (—) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? (—) good. And, is the lock oil'd, and the hinges, oiled? (—) good. And the quilting of the stairs where worn out and bare? (—) very good. I

*At the breaches
still the fellow
makes legs or
signs.*

VOL. II.

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see,

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see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, (as I have heard) and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a Barbarian to transcend 'em in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what villain? what prodigy of mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat: what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

[*One winds a horn without again.*]

Mut. It is a post from the court——

Mor. Out rogue, and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mut. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says, he must speak with you, pain of death——

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent.

'Yea, even in the war (as I have heard) and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence.' A little enlargement, perhaps, of the reports of travellers: but the exact discipline and order, observed in the Turkish army, is remarked by Busbequius in these words: *Videbam summo ordine cujusque corporis milites suis locis distributos, et (quod vix credat, qui nostratis militum consuetudinem novit) summum erat silentium, summa quies, rixa nulla, nullum cujusquam insolens factum, sed ne vox quidem aut vitulatio, lasciviam aut ebrietatem emissa.*

BUSBEQUII *epist.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

True-wit, Morose, Cutbeard.

Tru. By your leave, sir, I am a stranger here: is your name master Morose? is your name master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all? This is strange. What say you, sir, nothing? Has Harpocrates been here with his club, among you? well sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend 'em to you, sir——

(Mor. O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?)

Tru. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

Tru. Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword——

Tru. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do (groom) and you the other, if you stir, sir: be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say, you are to marry? to marry! do you mark, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

Tru. Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown, so handsomely; or London-bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or, such a delicate steeple i' the town, as Bow, to vault from; or, a braver height, as Paul's; or if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter, [*He shews him a halter.*] which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the

wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or, a fly (as one said) with a straw i' your arse: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan parlees¹, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and publick? If you had liv'd in king Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the confessor, you might, perhaps, have found one in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man: now, they will as soon be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye¹. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good sir! have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from 'em? bastarded their issue? what have I done, that may deserve this?

Tru. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an assassinate upon your father; vitiated your mother; ravished your sisters—

Tru. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

¹ PURITAN PARLEES.] The reading of edition 1640, and the subsequent copies: the first folio of 1616 gives it *Puritan preaching*.

¹ Now they will as soon be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye.] The preceding parts of this speech, and the whole scene, are imitated from the sixth satire of Juvenal; in which he rails, as Mr. Upton expresses it, with the most scurrilous acrimony against women and matrimony.

Ferre potes dominam salvis tot restibus ullam,

Cum pateant altæ caligantesque fenestræ,

Cum tibi vicinum se præbeat Æmilius pens? Juv. sat. vi. 30.

I shall not point out every distinct allusion of our author, but leave it as matter of amusement to the learned reader, to compare the copy and original together.

Mor.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be nam'd, to do that you do——

Tru. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger (but you may do your pleasure for all them; I persuade not, sir) if, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer, for his skill at his weapon; why it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no sweet-meats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses i' the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house, as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited, to hear her speak Latin and Greek; and you must lye with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of 'em⁺; and hear

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long-

⁺ If PRECISE, you must entertain the whole family or WOOD of 'em.]
If precise—a Precisian, as they were called, or Puritan. The other expression occurs in the *Alchemist*;

“——Affected

long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir? But this is not half, i' faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before, I come not to persuade you. Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

[The Mute is stealing away.]

Mer. O, what is my sin! what is my sin!

Tru. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir; O, how she'll torture you! and take pleasure i' your torments! you shall lye with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewel, or that pearl when she does; every half hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please; what company she will; that friend must not visit you without her licence; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be serv'd in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, semsters, feather-men, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change,

“ ————— Affected

“ By the whole family or *wood* of you.”

Act 3. sc. 2.

Wood here signifies, as *silva*, or ὕλη, sometimes, *i. e.* a stock of things, or plenty of matter brought together.

when

when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir: so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard; be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress¹; or, so she may censure poets and authors, and stiles, and compare 'em; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth²; or be thought cunning in controversie, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question: and then skip to the mathematicks, and demonstration: and answer, in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

Mor. O, O!

Tru. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman:

¹ Know all the news, what was done at SALISBURY, what in PROGRESS.] At Salisbury, viz. at the time of their horse-races: What in progress—when the king went his progress to Scotland, or elsewhere.

² She may censure poets, and authors, and stiles, and compare 'em; DANIEL with SPENSER, JONSON with the T'OTHER YOUTH, and so forth.] This is still from Juvenal, tho' humorously applied to his own times. This is artful, says Mr. Upton, and an ingenious ridicule on the bad taste of women: for Daniel was no more to be compared with Spenser, than Decker, as our poet thought, was to be brought into a comparison with himself: for 'tis Decker he hints at by the t'other youth. And yet this comparison was really made by those who complimented Daniel on the facility of his genius: this we learn from the following epigram of Fitz-Geoffrey;

*Spenserum si quis nostram velit esse Maronem,
Tu, Daniele, mihi Naso Britannus eris:
Sin illum potius Phæbum velit esse Britannum,
Tum, Daniele, mihi tu Maro noster eris.
Nil Phæbo ulterius; si quid foret, illud haberet
Spenserus, Phæbus tu, Daniele, fores.
Quippe loqui Phæbus cuperet si more Britanno,
Haud scio quo poterat, ni velit ore tuo.*

Epig. Oxon. Svo. 1601.

where the first question is, how soon you shall die? next, if her present servant love her? next, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best bawd, male or female? what precedence she shall have by her next match? and sets down the answers, and believes 'em above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Mor. Gentle sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your pleasure o' me? I'll think of these things.

Tru. Yes, sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a foot, and lyes in a month of a new face, all oil, and birdlime; and rises in asses milk, and is cleans'd with a new fucus: God b' w' you, sir. One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity afore hand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir: who can tell? or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before and antedate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devis'd impossible thing, sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. Farewel Mute.

Mor. Come, ha' me to my chamber: but first shut the door. O, shut the door, shut the door: is he come again?

[*The horn again,*

Cut. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

Mor. O Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me into my bed, and give me physick with thy counsel.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicæne.

Daw. Nay, an' she will, let her refuse at her own charges: 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen. But she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cler. O, by no means, she may not refuse——to stay at home, if you love your reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laught at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

They dissuade her privately.

Daup. You shall not go; let him be laught at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud to satisfy the company.

Cler. He will suspect us, talk aloud. 'Pray mistress Epicæne, let's see your verses, we have sir John Daw's leave: do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Daup. His vain glories, lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, shew 'em, mistress I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my self, too: an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of modesty.

“ Modest, and fair, for fair and good are near
“ Neighbours, how e'er.—”

Daup. Very good.

Cler. I, is't not?

Daw. “ No noble virtue ever was alone,
“ But two in one.”

Daup.

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Daup. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, sir John.

Daup. It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

Cler. Peace.

Daw. "No noble virtue ever was alone,

" But two in one.

" Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise

" Bright beauty's rays:

" And having prais'd both beauty and modesty,

" I have prais'd thee."

Daup. Admirable!

Cler. How it chimes, and cries tink i' the close,
[divinely!]

Daup. I, 'tis Seneca.

Cler. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The Dor on Plutarch and Seneca, I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen!

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! meer essayists! a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age: I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'em.

Daup. Indeed! sir John?

Cler. He must needs, living among the wits and braveries too.

Daup. I, and being president of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a meer common-place fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides, and Livie, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. Homer, an old tedious prolix ass, talks of curriers, and
chines

chines of beef. Virgil of dunging of land and bees.
Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think so.

Daw. And so, Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest——

Cler. What a sack full of their names he has got!

Daup. And how he pours 'em out! Politian, with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not not the character right of him?

Daup. As could be made i' faith.

Daw. And Perius, a crabbed cockscorn, not to be endur'd.

Daup. Why? whom do you account for authors, fir John Daw?

Daw. Syntagma juris civilis, Corpus juris civilis, Corpus juris canonici, the king of Spain's bible.

Daup. Is the king of Spain's bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma.

Daup. What was that Syntagma, fir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Daup. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cler. I, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And, then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a scholar.

Daup. 'Fore God, you have a simple learn'd servant, lady, in titles.

Cler. I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor!

Daup. He is one extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary! to say truth, the state wants such.

Daup.

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Daup. Why that will follow.

Cler. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant?

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In verse, sir John?

Cler. What else?

Daup. Why? how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse, is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Daup. Why, would not you live by your verses, sir John?

Cler. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! he did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not asham'd.

Cler. I, he profess himself; but sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising i' the state so much! Do you think he will? your verses, good sir John, and no poems!

Daw. "Silence in woman, is like speech in man;
"Deny't who can."

Daup. Not I, believe it: your reason, sir.

Daw. "Nor is't a tale,

"That female vice should be a virtue male,

"Or masculine vice a female virtue be:

"You shall it see

"Prov'd with increase;

"I know to speak, and she to hold her peace."

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

7 I muse a mistress can be silent to the DOTES of such a servant.]
To the endowments, or good qualities; he designs it as an English word, tho' it is pure Latin.

Daup.

Daup. No, faith; how mean you with increase, fir John?

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing but *consentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida*.

Daup. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you shall.

Cler. See, here's True-wit again.

S C E N E IV.

Clermont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutbeard, Daw, Epicæne.

Cler. Where hast thou been, in the name of madness thus accoutred with thy horn?

Tru. Where the sound of it might have pierc'd your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the banes, lad: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Daup. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou should'st hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kils. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundring into him the commodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description. I have put him off o' that scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? are you stupid? you are not worthy o' the benefit.

Dau.

Daup. Did not I tell you? Mischief!

Cler. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

Tru. Why so?

Cler. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend.

Daup. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru. Wherein, for God's-sake? Gentlemen, come to your selves again.

Daup. But I presag'd thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been solder'd when I spake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesie; off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Daup. 'Fore heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute: now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profess'd this obstinate silence for my sake, being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now, all my hopes are utterly miscarried, by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why: I wonder what courteous itch possessest you! you never did absurd part i' your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

Daup. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Cler. I know it, would it had not.

Daup.

Daup. How now Cutbeard ? what news ?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning. (I think this be the gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage ———

Daup. On, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your uncle, sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement ; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently ; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Daup. Excellent ! beyond our expectation !

Tru. Beyond our expectation ! By this light I knew it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet True-wit, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent : this was the absurd, weak part.

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was meer fortune ?

Tru. Fortune ! meer providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so : my genius is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd.

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thy self, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event.

Tru. Event ! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me, but I foresaw it as well as the stars themselves.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now : do you two entertain sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cler.

448 *Epicœne: or, the Silent Woman.*

Cler. Master True-wit, lady, a friend of ours.

Tru. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

Cler. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seen and heard her well-celebrated in sir John Daw's madrigals.

Tru. Jack Daw, God save you; when saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, master True-wit.

Tru. That's a miracle! I thought you two had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

Tru. God so! 'tis true! what a false memory have I towards that man! I am one: I met him ev'n now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give 'em the cue——

Cler. Lest they should forget?

Tru. Yes: there was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to shew men, than he, at this meal, to shew friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

Cler. What! do you say so, sir John?

Tru. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit: where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? is she gone?

Daw. Is mistress Epicœne gone?

Cler. Gone afore, with sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

Tru. Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too.

Cler. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream: he's better read in Jure civili, than to esteem any thing a disgrace, is offer'd him from a mistress.

Daw.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her: does she refuse me?

Cler. No, sir, do not take it so to heart: she does not refuse you, but a little neglects you. Good faith, True-wit, you were to blame, to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

Tru. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cler. It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i'faith.

Cler. As a dog if I were as you, sir John.

Tru. Or a snail, or a hog-louse: I would roll my self up for this day; in troth they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Cler. 'Tis well done: he begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cler. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholick, sir John.

Tru. Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cler. Was there ever such a two yards of knight-hood measur'd out by time, to be sold to laughter?

Tru. A meer talking mole! hang him: no musk-rome was ever so fresh^a. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

VOL. II.

F f

Cler.

^a *A mere talking MOLE! hang him; no muskrome was ever so fresh.]*
Mr. Upton says, it should have been printed *moile*; but the present reading gives us as humorous an idea: alluding to the opinion that the mole has no eyes. And the same appellation, I find, was given

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Cler. Let's follow him : but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

Tru. Content.

S C E N E V.

Morose, Epicane, Cutbeard, Mute.

Mor. Welcome, Cutbeard ; draw near with your fair charge : and in her ear softly intreat her to unmask (——) So. Is the door shut ? (——) Enough. Now, Cutbeard, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife ? answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise : (——) Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. (——) This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. (——) Very well done, Cutbeard.

He goes about her and views her.

Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour ; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs ; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood.

to one of the emperors, which an ingenious French writer takes notice of, in his defence of the elegant and easy Voiture. *Et cet Empereur, qui fut surnommé la Taupe Babillarde, n'eust peut-être pas loué si adroitement que celle-cy.* The other expression is taken from the *Bacchis* of Plautus ;

————— *Nil sapit,
Nec sentit ; tanti est, quanti est fungus putridus.*

The

The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without : I will now try her within. Come near, fair gentlewoman ; let not my behaviour seem rude, *She curt'sies.* tho' unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. (——) Nay, lady, you may speak, tho' Cutbeard and my man might not ; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady, out of the first fire of meeting eyes (they say) love is stricken : do you feel any such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me ? ha, lady ? *Curt'sie.*

(——) Alas, lady, these answers by silent curt'sies from you, are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court ; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments. Can you speak, lady ?

Epi. Judge you, forsooth. [*She speaks softly.*]

Mor. What say you, lady ? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. O' my judgment, a divine softness ! but can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and (not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure) think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my *Curt'sie.* speeches jump right with what you con-

ceive ? (——) Excellent ! divine ! if it were possible she should hold out thus ! Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting : but I will try her further. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banqueted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to chuse for my bed-phere⁹. The ladies in court think

F f 2

it

⁹ I must have mine ears banqueted with pleasant and witty conferences,

it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himself: and do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they (with so much circumstance) affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in your self with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? good lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose! thou art happy above mankind! pray that thou mayst contain thy self. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall chuse for my heifer, to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have council of taylors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers, and sit with 'em sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftner than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold (but necessary) instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this

*ces, pretty girds, scuffs, and dalliance in her I chuse for my BED-PHEERE.] Banqueted with pleasant conferences, very elegantly expressed from Plato de repub. *εὐχάρις λόγου καλῶν.* Hence Cicero, *Cogitationum bonarum epulae*—*Discendi epulas.* For *bed pheere*, we must read *bedfere*, i. e. bed-companion. So *seve* is used in our old poets: the word we had from the Danes.*

Mr. Upton
embroidery,

embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady? pray you rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom, and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine. Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not, but with thy leg. (—) I know what thou would'st say¹⁰, she's poor, and her friends deceased. She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard; and in respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. O my felicity! how shall I be reveng'd on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his title must do it: no, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's, and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do

¹⁰ *Thank me not but with thy leg (—)*] Where this break is (—) Cutbeard shakes his head, which Morose interprets, *I know what thou would'st say*, &c. This is taken from the *Aulularia* of Plautus;

Me. ————— *Ejus cupio filiam*

Virginem mihi desponderi—Verba ne facias foror:

Scio quid dictura es, hanc esse pauperem. Hæc p. uxor placet.

This passage is to be interpreted exactly after the same manner, with that above.

you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood it self shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary, it knighthood, for its diet, all the term time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Coleharbour, and fast. It shall fright all its friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore had brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs; and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens wives, and be refus'd, when the master of a dancing-school, or (how do you call him) the worst reveller in the town is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair it self by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia; but the best and last fortune to it knighthood shall be, to make Dol Tear-sheet, or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eat.

S C E N E VI.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutbeard.

Tru. Are you sure he is not gone by?

Daup. No, I stay'd in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

Tru. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard, succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well: *jactat senex*, as it is i' the proverb, he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'em, and away.

" Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the silenc'd ministers; a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, sir.

Daup. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: when 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*.

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it!

" Tru. 'Slight, get one of the SILENC'D MINISTERS.] Alluding to the nonconformist clergy silenc'd in the year 1604, after the Hampton-court conference. Mr. Peirce in his *Vindication of the dissenters*, first part, p. 164, observes from Calderwood, " That in the second year of king James, three hundred ministers were either silenced, or deprived of their benefices, or excommunicated, or cast into prison, or forced to leave their own country." But Dr. Heylin, and Mr. Foulis, (*Heylin's history of the p. e. s. y. t. e. r. i. a. n. s.*, book xi. p. 372. *Foulis's history of the wicked plots of the pretended saints*, p. 62.) in answer to Mr. Calderwood, tell us, " That only forty nine were deprived upon all occasions, as appears by the rolls brought in to archbishop Bancroft before his death; which in a realm containing nine thousand parishes, was no great matter."

Dr. GREY.

Tru. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast thither, to-day, to celebrate this brideale.

Daup. I, marry; but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cler. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Daup. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one o' their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleek'd.

Cler. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

Tru. Best go see, and assure our selves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Daup. Not I.

Cler. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No: for God's sake what is he?

Tru. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendent; and does Latin it as much as your barber: he is his wife's subject, he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Daup.

Daup. What be those, in the name of sphynx¹²?

Tru. Why, sir, he has been a great man at the bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the cupboard.

Cler. For God's love we should miss this, if we should not go.

Tru. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain common places, behind her back; and to her face——

Daup. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you.

¹² *What be those, in the name of SPHYNX ?*] In the name of ignorance. The description of this *sphynx*, and the interpretation assigned, we may take from a note of our poet on a passage in his masque intituled, *Love freed from ignorance and folly*. "By this *sphynx* was understood ignorance, who is always the enemy of love and beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them. For which antiquity hath given her the upper parts and face of a woman, the nether parts of a lion, and the wings of an eagle; to shew her fierceness, and swiftness to evil, where she hath power."

ACT III. SCENE I.

Otter, Mrs. Otter, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphin.

Ott. **N**AY, good princess, hear me *pauca verba*.
 Mrs. Ott. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear and horse? Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove-tuesday! I would have you get your Whitsontide velvet-cap, and your staff i' your hand, to entertain 'em; yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave—— These things I am known to the courtiers by: it is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear and horse, is known all over England, *in rerum natura*.

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? Think i' your discretion, in any good polity.

Ott. The horse then, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well hors'd I know: I love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse this. *Poetarum Pegafus*. Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a — *taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the bank-side, I'll commit you to the master of the garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when
 it

it is perfum'd for great ladies? is this according to the instrument, when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? what did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? do I allow you your half-crown a-day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and mans-meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'tis mar'le you ha' them on now. Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitson holy-days? and then out at the banquetting house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?

Tru. (For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.)

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? you forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. Ott. O, here are some o' the gallants! Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.

[When NED WHITING or GEORGE STONE were at the stake]
Two noted bears of that age, who went by the names of their owners. So in the *Widow of Watling-street*, act iii. a fellow, who has just escaped from the hands of the bailiffs, says, "How many dogs do you think I had upon me? almost as many as *George Stone* the bear."

SCENE

S C E N E II.

True-wit, Mrs. Otter, Capt. Otter, Clerimont, Dauphine, Cutbeard.

Tru. By your leave, fair mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

* *Mrs. Ott.* I shall not be obnoxious, or difficult, sir.

Tru. How does my noble captain? is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis*.

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get tosts and butter made for the woodcocks: that's a fit province for you.

Cler. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

Tru. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Daup. Dares he ever speak?

Tru. No Anabaptist ever rail'd with the like licence: but mark her language in the mean time, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, lady. Was not Sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, Mr. True-wit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for some body, a gentleman, I think.

Cler. I, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

* *Mrs. Ott.* *I shall not be obnoxious.*] The old editions read, *he shall not be obnoxious.*

Daup.

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

Tru. O, sir! she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

Tru. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.

Tru. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, sir.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard? any cross?

Cut. O no, sir, *omnia bene*. 'Twas never better o' the hinges, all's sure. I have so pleas'd him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Daup. What is he for a vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not pickt, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers. I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they say) be ready with your vexation.

Daup. Gramercy, honest Cutbeard; be thereabouts with thy key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, sir: *ad manum*.

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. Ott. Is Mr. True-wit gone?

Daup. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I judg'd by the phisiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady Mayorefs, which is
always

always very ominous to me. I told it my lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some China stuffs; and she expounded it out of Artemidorus, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

Cler. Your dream, lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir, any thing I do but dream o' the city. It stain'd me a damask table-cloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time; and burnt me a black sattin gown, as I stood by the fire, at my lady Centaur's chamber in the college, another time. A third time, at the lord's masque, it dropt all my wire and my ruff with wax-candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new suit all over (a crimson sattin doublet, and black velvet skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it.

Daup. These were dire mischances, lady.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city, an' 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir; but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

Daup. You do well, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Daup. And your favour, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, sir. It is my cousin Sir Amorous his feast——

Daup. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Daup.

Daup. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, sir.

S C E N E III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine, Otter.

Cler. Why, do not you know it, sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you then; she's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' head, that she was gone with sir Dauphine, I assure you, sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day— She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle o'd Morose: and she will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Cler. Why what do you think of me, sir John! ask sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

Cler. I assure you, sir John, she did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes, for look you sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her: and then at the time she would have appear'd (as his friend) to have given you the dor. Whereas now, sir Dauphine has brought

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brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there, she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and (as it were) a savor i' the main¹.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then presently. True-wit gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your antagonist, but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La F. Are the ladies come, sir John Daw, and your mistress? Sir Dauphine! you are exceeding welcome, and honest master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Daup. 'Collegiates! do you not hear, sir Amorous, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How sir!

Cler. Will you speak so kindly to sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront.

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you!

Cler. Why sir, his mistress is married to-day to Sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have entic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think.

La-F. Has sir John Daw wrong'd me so inhumanly?

¹ And (as it were) a savor i' the MAN.] Certainly here is a letter lost at the press; and *man*, though exhibited by all the editions, should be read *main*.

Daup.

Daup. He has done it, fir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you shall quit him i' faith.

La F. Good gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Daup. Marry sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently, and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence, 'tis but over the way, hard by) and we'll second you, where you shall set it o' the board, and bid 'em welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly: and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself, sit rank'd with the college-honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolv'd.

Cler. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Daup. Well, there be guests and meat now, how shall we do for musick?

Cler. The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.

Daup. I would it would call the trumpeters thither.

Cler. Faith, there is hope; they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but we have 'em.

Daup. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

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Daup. Tut, flatter 'em both, (as True-wit says) and you may take their understandings in a purse-net. They'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make 'em, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Cler. See! sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

[He enters like a sewer.]

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgrac'd.

Daup. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pest'ling device, sir Amorous! it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means——

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate*: and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you——

Cler. And yourself too, captain Otter.

Daup. By any means, sir.

Ott. Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin sir Amorous, and you gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cler. That you shall do, captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Daup. She must consent, sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies.

Ott. But they are decora, and that's better, sir.

Cler. I, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphae, who was a queen, love a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a bear, and made a star, mistress Ursula, i' the heavens?

Ott.

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Ott. O God! that I could have said as much! I will have these stories painted i' the bear-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi.*

Daup. Where is your princess, captain? pray be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir.

Cler. Make haste, good sir Amorous.

S C E N E IV.

Morose, Epicæne, Parson, Cutbeard.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

[*The parson speaks as having a cold.*]

Par. I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers⁴.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse. (Umh, umh.) [*He coughs.*]

Mor. O, O, stay Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to re-

⁴ He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with CLOTH-WORKERS.] The protestants, who came over into England, from Flanders, and brought with them the woollen manufactory, were much given to singing at their work. And to this custom of theirs Falstaff alludes, "I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs." (*First part of Henry IV. act 2.*) These are the people whom our author here calls *cloth-workers*.

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ward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cut. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. (Umh, umh, umh.)

[*Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him, stop his mouth, away, I forgive it.—

Epi. Fy, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, (as you pretend in court) to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more boistrous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. I sir, why, did you think you had married a statue? or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth^s, and look upon you.

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! what Cutbeard?

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir, it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

^s *A playse mouth.*] A mouth drawn all on one side. Mr. Theobald queries the expression, and proposes *Fish-face*, which occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher; but the expression there, is to be explained by this phrase of Jonson.

Epi.

Epi. Yes indeed, sir.

Mor. What, sirrah. None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis, sold my liberty to a distaff.

S C E N E V.

True-wit, Morose, Epicene.

Tru. Where's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

Tru. I wish you all joy, mistress Epiccene, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, master True-wit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

Tru. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in you fair choice, here. Before I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

Tru. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that (notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow) would yet go on, and be yourself. It shews you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries⁶.

⁶ That would not be put off with LEFT-HANDED CRIES.] Inauspicious or unlucky cries; agreeable to the sense of the Latin *laevus*, and alluding to that verse of Virgil:

Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix;
as he had call'd himself the night-crow before.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much!

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well ha' told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant, as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum*? Well sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicab'e with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! where are all my eaters? my mouths now? bar up my doors, you varlets.

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let 'em stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation?

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

Tru. Nay faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason: and methinks is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, afore noon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feasting, of musick, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously,

diously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort, or hope, can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come——

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.)

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men⁷. Some plague above the plague——

Tru. (All Egypt's ten plagues.)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man.

Tru. (I, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

Tru. (But in hell, sir.)

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissars rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

⁷ *I have married his CITTERN, that's common to all men.] i. e. his cittern-wench; one fit to attend him with a cittern or guitar, if ever he should commence quack, and mount a stage. There is an explanatory passage in the Fox,*

“Get you a cittern, lady vanity,

“And be a dealer with the virtuous man.”

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Tru. Very dreadful that ! (And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.)

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his : but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

Tru. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or for want of bread——

Tru. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make meal o' the mill-stones.)

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the cure of 'em in himself, sir ; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' scrap'd all his linen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever. Now, no more, sir.

Tru. O that last was too high set ! you might go less with him, i' faith, and be reveng'd enough : as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole——

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself^s.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker——

Mor. No more, sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another——

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

^s *Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.*] This, as Mr. Upton justly observes, is a very fine instance of the suspense of character. Morose, through the impetuous desire of revenge, for a while acts out of his real character,

Tru.

Tru. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers——

Mor. Sir——

Tru. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

SCENE VI.

Daw, Morose, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Trusty.

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be o'erwhelm'd with noise⁹. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in my self for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My lady *She kisses them*
Haughty, this my lady Centaure, *severally as he*
mistress Dol Mavis, mistress Trusty my *presents them.*
lady Haughty's woman. Where's
your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise?
let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

Tru. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

⁹ *Mor.* O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be o'erwhelm'd with noise] This is artfully, and very judiciously managed by the poet, to have the several noises gradually rise upon Morose, from the speaking of his mistress, the congratulations of True-wit, and the collegiate ladies, to the chorus of drums and trumpets.

Mor.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' she have such servants.

Tru. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies, you must not go away, now; they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladyship do's me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace, to visit so unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, mistress Morose; we will all bear, rather than one shall be oppress'd.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the silent woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, master True-wit says.

Hau. O master True-wit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks me-thinks!

Tru. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us, she could not speak.

Tru. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw e're night.

Hau.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college: an' she have wit, she shall be one of us; shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes faith, madam, and Mavis, and she will set up a side.

Tru. Believe it, madam, and mistress Mavis she will sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madam.

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever!

Tru. In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or——

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure help me. Master Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last!

Hau. We see no ensigns of a wedding here; no character of a bride: where be our skarves and our gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i' faith. But do you hear, master Morose, a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have suck'd the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap: (as we may say) and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this!

this! and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! how much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit) what gifts, what friends, thro' your meer rusticity?

Mer. Madam——

Hau. Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no skarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promise my mistress, I have begun it already: will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. I, good Jack Daw.

Mer. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand, into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I shall be loth to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam——

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

Tru. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other. Do not mistake me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mer. Is this your bravo, ladies?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Clerimont, Morose, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Mistress Otter, &c.

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any musick? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, fir, all of you. [*Musick of all sorts.*]

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts. I can give you the receipt.

Tru. Peace, boys.

Cler. Play, I say.

Tru. Peace, rascals. You see who's your friend now, fir? take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. Look you here, fir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-fewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine mrs. Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

[*La-Foole passes over sewing the meat.*]

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come? hide me, hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, fir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No? Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shame-fac'd, here —

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Ha.

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Hau. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Gen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

M. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, mistress Otter.

M. Ott. Why I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

M. Ott. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within.

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had sent for the heralds. Captain Otter, what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[The drum and trumpets sound.]

Mer. O, O, O.

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons i' faith.

Mer. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. WAS there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

Tru.

Tru. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the sneezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the musick, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cler. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

Tru. And has almost brought him to the faith, i' the article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away i' the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up i' the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a crany, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam o' the roof, like him o' the sadler's horse in Fleet-street, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

Tru. O, they are instructing her i' the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her i' the morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, True-wit.

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses, time and years have made i' their features, with dressings*. And an intelligent woman, if she know by her self the least defect, will be most curious

* *Daup.* O, hold me up a little, I sha'll go away i' the jest else.] I shall faint, or fall down with laughing.

* *True.* Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the loss time and years have made i' their features, with dressings.] True.

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curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is so rude and—

Tru. I, and others, that will stalk i' their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure i' the feet, and number i' the voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Daup. How cam'st thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you must leave to live i' your chamber then a month together upon Amadis de Gaule, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, publick shows, and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tires too, to see, and to be seen. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever¹. The variety ar-

"True-wit here resumes the subject of ladies dressings, &c. which
"he held with Clerimont above, in act 1. sc. 1. and our learned co-
"median cannot easily part with the pleasure he finds in translating
"and imitating Ovid; tho' the audience, perhaps, may think the
"business and action of the play is hereby too much interrupted."

Mr. UPTON.

¹ *Whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever.*
This is still from Ovid;

*Illic invenias quod ames, quod ludere possis,
Quodque semel tangeris, quodque tenere velis.*

rests

rests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe. He must go where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be never the nearer.

Tru. Out heretick. That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so⁴.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why?

Tru. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish 'em, and he shall: for tho' they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope her self cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last⁵. You must persevere, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rub'd. With praises you must mix kisses too. If they take them, they'll take more. Tho' they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesie. She that

⁴ That DIFFERENCE makes thee worthy it should be so.] The first folio gives us here the true reading; it should be, *That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so*, which is a proper reply to what Dauphine said before.

⁵ PENELOPE herself cannot hold long. OSTEND you saw was taken at last.]

Penelopen ipsam, perfla modo, tempore vinces,

Capta vides sero Pergama, capta tamen.

But in these imitations of Ovid, our poet very judiciously has his eye upon his own times: alluding to the long siege of Ostend, which held out three years and three months, and was at last taken by the Marquis Spinola, after the slaughter of a hundred and twenty thousand men on both sides.

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might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, tho' then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all ways⁶.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them i' their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, tho' you borrow 'em of a friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, tho' you be staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen o' your Barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French taylor, barber, linener, &c. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then if she be covetous and craving, do you promise any thing, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you

⁶ *But all women are not to be taken ALWAYS.]* The original is,

— *Sunt diversa puellis*
Pectora; mille animos excipe mille modis.

This shews the text is corrupted, and that it should be read, *All women are not to be taken all ways.* A parallel corruption occurs in Shakespear's *Twelfth Night*, where sir Toby, speaking of sir Andrew Aguecheek, says, "He has all the good gifts of nature:" to which Maria replies, "He hath indeed *almost* natural," where I apprehend it should be *all most* natural.

would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots: and say, they were sent you out o' the country, tho' you bought 'em in Cheapside. Admire her tires; like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her⁷; like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea the whole family, and salute 'em by their names. ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase 'em so) and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkning after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

⁷ Or, if she be a GREAT one, perform always the second parts to her.]
Partes illa potentis agat.

But, as Mr. Upton remarks, whether she be great or little, it alters not the case at all. "I am afraid then, says he, that our poet did not here rightly understand his author. Let the whole force be so managed, says Ovid, that your mistress may seem to carry all before her: yield to her in her disputes; be you the vanquished, and she the victor." This is the force of Ovid's words. Jonson has expressed it by a metaphor, taken from the stage, where a less principal character acting in subordination to the first, and forwarding all his designs, was said *secundas partes agere*.

H h 2

Tru.

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Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the stable, an' you be such a stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make 'em all in love with thee afore night!

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre i' the world, and couldst do more than madam Medea, or doctor Foreman^a.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat, while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

Daup. So be it, I say.

S C E N E II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Morose, True-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. Otter.

Ott. O Lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

Cler. Why, captain, what service? what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait 'em.

^a *And couldst do more than madam Medea, or doctor FOREMAN.]* He was a famous astrologer and reputed magician; the person concerned with Mrs. Turner at the instance of the countess of Essex, and used charms, spells, and philtreing potions, to debilitate the earl her husband, and to enflame the passion of the viscount Rochester her gallant. *Eachard's hist. of England*, vol. 1. p. 93¹.

Dr. GAEY.

Daup.

Daup. A good employment.

Tru. Come on, let's see your course then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to give 'em the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for sir John Daw, and my horse for sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and——

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not.

Ott. St. George and St. Andrew! Fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound. *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well said, captain, i' faith; well fought at the bull.

Cler. Well held at the bear.

Tru. Low, low, captain.

Daup. O, the horse has kickt off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it as I am a knight.

Tru. Gods so, off with his spurs, somebody.

La-F. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daup. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, I hope.

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down, for all my cousin.

Cler. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Facta est alea.*

H h 3

Tru.

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Tru. O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Daup. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium*? There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title: but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout. Wives are nasty fluttish animals.

Daup. O, captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's master True-wit?

Daw. He's slipt aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the bear, cousin, and sir John Daw the horse, and I'll ha' the bull still. Sound Tritons o' the Thames. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*—

Mor. Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

[*Morose speaks from above, the trumpets sounding.*]

Cler. O, now the trumpets have wak'd him, we shall have his company.

[*Wife! Buz. TITIVILITIUM.*] This last is a word of no signification, taken from Plautus, and so used here.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding; *mala bestia.*

[His wife is brought out to hear him.]

Daup. Why did y^e marry one then, captain?

Ott. A pox — I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I ha' not kist my fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto.*

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous liar. Kiss me, sweet master True-wit, and prove him a slandering knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Ott. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs-bones. All her teeth were made i' the Black-friers, both her eye-brows i' the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part o' the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes her self asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock; and so comes forth, and rings a tedious laram to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters. Ha' you done me right, gentlemen¹⁰?

Mrs. Ott. No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

(She falls upon him, and beats him.)

¹⁰ *Ha' you done me right, gentlemen?* That is, in drinking off their cups; it is spoke to Daw and La-Foole.

Ott. O, hold, good princess.

Tru. Sound, sound.

Cler. A battle, a battle.

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Ott. Under correction, dear princess. Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth, and eyebrows, thou bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, sound still.

Ott. No, I protest, under correction.—

Mrs. Ott. I, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example— [*Morose descends with a long sword.*]

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah——

Mor. Mrs. Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous¹¹. Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors, out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the gally-foist is afloat to Westminster¹²! A trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Daup.

¹¹ Mrs. MARY AMBREE, your examples are dangerous.] Mary Ambree is the heroine of an old ballad; she was at the siege of Gaunt; and is mentioned by our poet, in his masque called, *The Fortunate Isles*.

" Her you shall see,

" But credit me,

" That Mary Ambree,

" Who marched so free

" To the siege of Gaunt,

" And death could not daunt,

" As the ballad doth vaunt,

" Were a braver wight,

" And a better fight."

She is mentioned also in Fletcher's *Scornful lady*, act 5. *sub finem*.

" My Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you,

" You should have had another bed-fellow."

¹² Sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill MAY-DAY, or when the GALLY-FOIST is a-float to Westminster.] Alluding to the sports which were

Daup. What ails you, sir?

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder, with their brazen throats.

Tru. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will.

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole.

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacifie my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?

Cler. Is't not on, captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i' faith, for all these disasters. There is no *spes* left.

Tru. Away, captain, get off while you are well.

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unless we had put his life upon him. His humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

S C E N E III.

Haughty, Mrs. Otter, Marvis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, Epicæne, True-wit, Clerimont.

Hau. We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, Mrs. Otter.

are antiently used on May-day; and particularly to the insurrection of the apprentices in London. against foreigners and aliens, on May-day 1517; which on that account was afterwards called *May-day*. — The *Gally-foist* is the city-barge, which was used upon the lord mayor's day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ott. O God, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! sure he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mrs. Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too. Learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so, he dares not speak, but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the china-houses, and to the exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortaliz'd her self, with taming of her wild male.

Mav. I, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Epi. But ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do 'em all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer, or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers water, mistress?

La-F.

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches '1 ?

Tru. Well said, La-Foole ; what a new one he has got ?

Gen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.

Mav. We are rivers, that cannot be call'd back, madam : she that now excludes her lovers, may live to lie a forsaken beldam, in a frozen bed.

Gen. 'Tis true, Mavis : and who will wait on us to coach then ? or write, or tell us the news then ? make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours ?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things ; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this !

Epi. But not with intent to boast 'em again, servant. And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children ?

Hau. O yes, Morose : how should we maintain our youth and beauty else ? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

" Is the Thames the les for the dyers water, mistress ?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches ?] The poet is loth to part with his favourite Ovid, but introduces him where he has any opportunity :

*Quid vetet appposito lumen de lumine sumi,
Quisve cavo vastas in mare servet aquas ?*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Morose, Dauphine, True-wit, Epicene, Clerimont, Darn,
Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter,
Trufty.*

Mor. O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate!

Daup. Why, sir?

Mor. That I should be seduced by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Daup. I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, (nephew) a hand, or any other member.

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, i' the cock-pit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf, (what place is there else?) London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billingsgate, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target!

Daup. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

Tru. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, master True-wit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not af-

affliction to affliction. I have perceiv'd the effect of it, too late, in madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epi. You are not well, sir! you look very ill! something has distemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have serv'd, do you think, sir? would not one of these have serv'd?

Tru. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir; certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

Mor. O, is't so? come, and be no otherwise—
What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence—

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. O Lord! gentlemen, lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician (can you tell?) that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him. Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possesst of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has¹⁴?

Cler.

¹⁴ He looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has? This, as Mr. Upton remarks, is a plain imitation of the following passage in the *Menachmi* of Plautus:

Mul.

Cler. I, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies! servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ay me! what fortune had I, to marry a distracted man?

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress——

Tru. How rarely she holds it up!

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *μανία*, in Latin *insania*, *furor*, *vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi. I, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir.

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the fox, and all the beasts, called Done's philosophy.

Cen. There is indeed, sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I have read it, my lady Centaure, all over to my cousin here.

Mul. *Viden' tu illi oculos virere? ut viridis exoritur calor*

Ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi scintillant, vide!

It may be just necessary to mention, that *sports for spots* is the blunder of the last edition.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ott. I, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the antients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Cler. Why, you discommended them too, to-day, sir John.

Daw. I, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's ethicks.

Mav. Say you so, sir John? I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I pr'y thee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage-ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the sick man's salve, and the other with Green's groat's-worth of wit.

Tru. A very cheap cure, madam.

Hau. I, 'tis very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady call'd for you, mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cured with the sick man's salve?

Truf. My mother, madam, with the salve:

Tru. Then it was the sick woman's salve?

Truf. And my father with the groat's-worth of wit. But there was other means us'd: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescrib'd to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a-week——

Epi. To sleep?

Truf.

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Truf. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, mistress Morose, the groat's-worth of wit.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a week, or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little ladanum, or opium?

Tru. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? never ceases all night.

Tru. And snores like a porcpisce.

Mor. O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate. For how many causes may a man be divorc'd, nephew?

Daup. I know not, truly, sir.

Tru. Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

Cler. Alas, poor man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

Cler.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce.

Hou. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight——

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam——

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me i' th' nick t'other night at Primero.

Tru. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. I, Otter's wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have 'em as silent as signs, and their post too, e're I ha' done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly; magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst; (I have some purpose in't) and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw, and his fellow, with any discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred me to the soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolator to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do't?

Tru. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'em out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of 'em presently.

VOL. II.

I i

Cler.

Cler. What a cast of kastrils are these, to hawk after ladies thus?

Tru. I, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

S C E N E V.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

Cler. O fir, you are welcome.

Tru. Where's thine uncle?

Daup. Run out of doors in's night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou wouldst ha' said so, an' thou hadst been here! The ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And askt, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

Tru. And the brace of baboons answer'd, Yes; and said, thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and swagger.

Daup. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to grand madam's bed-posts, and have 'em baited with monkeys.

Tru. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon 'em, I warrant thee shall serve; trust my plot.

Daup. I, you have many plots! so you had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit¹⁵.

¹⁵ *If they do not invite thee, and be ready to SEARCH for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.*] The sense here is not defective indeed, but is much improved by restoring the word *scratch*, the reading of the first edition, instead of *search*, the error of the later copies.

Cler.

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Daw and La Foole—which of 'em comes out first, will I seize on: (you two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak¹⁶.) If I do not make 'em keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once—I hear Daw coming: hide, and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

Tru. O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must ha' it taken up.

Daw. What matter, sir? between whom?

Tru. Come, you disguise it, sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaures were at, tho' there be a she one here. The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me e're-while.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

Tru. Do you not wait for sir Amorous?

Daw. Not I, by my knighthood.

¹⁶ You two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak.] A kind of sneer, as Mr. Upton supposes, on his contemporary Shakespear; and we have a sarcasm of the same kind above, where Morose says, "I could sit out a play, that "were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target."

Tru. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

Tru. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as sir Amorous, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatnings and contempts—— He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass——

Daw. I, he may say his pleasure.

Tru. And swears, you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting.

Tru. I, sir; but who knows what satisfaction he'll take: blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, master True-wit, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a publick disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Gods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh. In good faith, sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder

*He puts
him up.*

murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are arm'd as if you fought revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his freinds, he would hear reason. Jack Daw, Jack! asleep?

Daw. Is he gone, master True-wit?

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tru. What a quick ear fear has?

Daw. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

Tru. Arm'd? did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?

Daw. I, sir.

Tru. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother i' the house has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out o' the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

Tru. He has got some body's old two hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: and that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger! — But then he is so hung with pikes, haiberds, petronels, callivers, and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall: a man of two thousand a year is not cefs'd at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challeng'd at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, sir? I pray you, master True-wit, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my right arm, for writing madrigals.

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Tru. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb, or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

Daw. Good sir, do.

[He puts him up again,

Cler. What hast thou done? *and then came forth.*

Tru. He will let me do nothing, he does all afore me; he offers his left arm.

Cler. His left wing, for a Jack Daw.

Daup. Take it by all means.

Tru. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou?

Daup. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body, as his reputation.

Tru. He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolv'd him an ass before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Cler. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off else.

Daup. Come away, Clerimont.

Tru. Sir Amorous!

La F. Master True-wit.

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

Tru. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru.

Tru. Daw it is: will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: what's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to attone you¹⁷; but he seems so implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide myself.

Tru. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies——

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff, and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink e're-while, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

Tru. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down¹⁸, through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, where's La-Foole? who saw La-Foole? And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but [O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel] which leads us to conjecture, that the main cause of his fury is, for bringing your meat to-day, with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, an' he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country presently.

¹⁷ *There had been some hope to ATTONE you.*] To make you friends, to set you at one again.

¹⁸ *But he walks the ROUND up and down*] A phrase taken from the army; where it was the business of certain inferior officers to go round to the centinels and outguards, who from thence were called gentlemen of the round. See *Every man in his humour*, act 3. sc. 5.

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Tru. How will you go out o' the house, sir? he knows you are i' the house, and he'll watch you this se'ennight, but he'll have you: he'll outwait a serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

Tru. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet master True-wit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot.

Tru. A stool were better, sir, of sir Ajax his invention¹⁹.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a pallat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not advise thee to sleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another fear——

La-F. Is there? what is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot sure.

La-F. I'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back.

Tru. But then if he should batter.

¹⁹ *A stool were better, sir, of sir AJAX his invention.*] The allusion here seems to me as poor, as it is obvious. So again in his epigrams,

“ And I could wish for their eternis'd fakes,

“ My muse had ploughed with his that sung *A-jax*.”

However, poor as the pun is, the wits of our author's age were not ashamed to use it. The same allusion is in a play of Shakespear's, *Love's labour lost*, act 5. “ *Cost.* Your lion that holds the poll-ax, “ sitting on a *close-stool*, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the “ ninth worthy.”

MR. UPTON.

Our grave antiquary Cambden hath condescended to allude to it upon a similar subject: having mentioned the French word *jet*, “ Enquire, says he, if you understand it not, of Cloacina's chap- “ lains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*.” *Remains*, 4to, edit. 3.

La-F.

La-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

Tru. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. I protest, sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before God you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied.

He feigns as if one were present, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himself.

Sir Amorous, there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, sirs? were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two fear'd most?

He calls forth Clerimont and Dauphine.

Cler. Yes, but this fears the bravest: the other, a whiniling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroick coward! and is afraid in a great look, and a stout accent, I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity these two should ha' been conceal'd?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

Tru. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

Tru. Umh? I, by my troth.

Daup. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think 'em wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

Tru.

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Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do, Clerimont, fetch 'em, and discourse to 'em all that's past, and bring 'em into the gallery here.

Daup. This is thy extreme vanity now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not publish'd.

Tru. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. Trust me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a carpet i' the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion o' thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away——John Daw.

Daw. What good news, sir?

Tru. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo*.

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

Tru. And that you would suffer, I told him: so at first he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, sir?

Tru. Your upper lip, and six o' your fore-teeth²⁰.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare 'em all. So after long argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

²⁰ *Your upper lip, and six o' your FORE-TEETH.*] The loss of teeth to be inflicted on the knight as a disgraceful punishment, seems to have been copied after a penalty of the same nature, mentioned in an old French romance: *Dans le roman de Huon de Bourdeaux, entre autres choses à faire pour affronter l'amiral Gaudisse, on ordonna au pauvre chevalier Huon, de ne rentrer point en France, qu'il n'eust esté lui arracher la barbe, et quatre dents maschelieres: ce qu'il fit enfin avec l'aide d'Oberen le Fè, son ami loyal, mais non pourtant sans maint coup ferir.*

Daw.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have 'em.

Tru. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person; he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure: which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd presently.

Daw. Five kicks? he shall ha' six, sir, to be friends.

Tru. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot your self, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart to be friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

Tru. Sir Amorous. No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

[Dauphine comes forth and kicks him.]

Daw. One two, three, four, five. I protest, sir Amorous, you shall have six.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come, give him six, an' he will needs. Your sword. Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another—Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by: sir Amorous.

La-F. What's here? A sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon my self. Here he has sent you his sword—

La-F.

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La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilt.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfie him: if not, he shall beat it himself, for Amorous.

Tru. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.

Tru. Then you must submit yourself to be hood-wink'd in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, gules, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre*.

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, sir; because if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I hope he will not do) you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

Tru. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, sir. If he should—Come, sir. All hid, sir John.

[*Dauphine enters to tweak him.*]

La-F. Oh, sir John, sir John. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-
Oh—

Tru.

Tru. Good sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis sir John's pleasure, you should retire into the study. Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, Damon and Pythias upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. I trust, we shall have 'em tamer i' their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. God's will, the ladies have surpriz'd us.

S C E N E. VI.

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicæne, Trusty, Dauphine, True-wit, &c.

Having discovered part of the past scene above.

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were impos'd on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madam Mavis was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd 'em in the college²¹.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

²¹ *Twas her commendation UTTER'D 'EM in the college.]* This is sense, and consistent; but if the reader has a mind for a change, he may adopt Mr. Upton's reading, *usber'd 'em*; i. e. introduced them.

Epi.

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Epi. He is so, madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Hau. I, he shews he is judicial in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake²².

Hau. I, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than our selves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite!

Epi. I, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose!

Mav. Or such a leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madam!

Mav. And a very good lock²³!

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

²² *Not so superlatively neat as some that have their faces set in a* BARK.] So read all the copies, the first folio excepted, which gives us the true lesson *brake*. A *brake*, amongst other acceptations, is a sort of bridle, which they made use of to young horses, in order to make them carry their heads steady, and in a proper place.

²³ *A very good lock.*] A favourite *lock* of hair, which it was the fashion of those times to nourish.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ott. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, man! they are taken I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our brace of knights here, master True-wit.

Tru. Not I, madam; it was sir Dauphine's ingine; who, if he have disfurnish'd your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be all glad to stile him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesie; and I hope he himself will think so.

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, Dauphine? Why, all their actions are govern'd by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways 'em generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it now thou hast 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Cen. We'll entreat sir Dauphine's company.

Tru. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch 'em out to you straight.

Hau.

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Hau. Will you, master True-wit?

Daup. I; but noble ladies, do not confes in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'em, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, sir Dauphine.

Gen. Mau. Upon our honours, sir Dauphine.

Tru. Sir Amorous, sir Amorous. The ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. Jack Daw.

Daw. What say you, sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger i' your looks to your adversary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble sir John Daw! where ha' you been?

Daw. To seek you, sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your sword, sir John?

Cler. And yours, sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth, to mend the handle, e'en now.

La F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Daup. Indeed, sir? How their excuses meet.

Cler. What a consent there is i' the handles?

Tru. Nay, there is so i' the points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ott. O me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Morose, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

[He had found the two swords drawn within.]

Tru. O sir! here hath like to have been murder since you went! a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours: we were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begg'd by this time else——

Mor. For what?

Cler. For man-slaughter, sir, as being accessory.

Mor. And for her favours?

Tru. I, sir, heretofore, not present. Clerimont, carry 'em their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Daup. Ha' you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

Mor. O, no! there is such a noise i' the court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors! that the noise here is silence to't! a kind of calm midnight!

Tru. Why, sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, master True-wit?

Tru. Yes, and are very sober grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

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Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust my self into your hands?

Tru. Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been asham'd, and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good sir, and lock your self up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen; I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion——

Tru. You shall find none, sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

Tru. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepest divine, and gravest lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Daup. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt o' the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few terms i' their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor, and compleat a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this case, to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw, or La-Foole, or any thing worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

La-F. **W**Here had you our swords, master Clerimont?

Cler. Why, Dauphine took 'em from the mad-man.

La-F. And he took 'em from our boys, I warrant you?

Cler. Very like, sir.

La-F. Thank you, good master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen.

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematicks: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here, and of the prince of Moldavia, and of his mistress, mistress Epicœne.

Cler. Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

K k 2

Cler.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly. Sir John, I am telling sir Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies where e'er you come, you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do, withal—but, that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions——

Daw. Not I, sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest, sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise i' the state, sir Amorous, you ha' the person.

La-F. Sir John, you ha' the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, sir John, you come as high from Tripoly, as I do every whit¹: and lift as many join'd stools, and leap over 'em, if you would use it—

Cler. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom, or commonwealth of ladies affections: I see it, and can perceive

¹ *I protest, sir John, you come as high from Tripoly, as I do every whit.*] To come as high from Tripoly, a phrase then in use, to signify the doing feats of activity and strength; so Jonson in his Epigrams,

“Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and wink.”

Ep. 115.

And so likewise his contemporaries,

“Get up to the window there, and presently

“Like a most compleat gentleman, come from Tripoly.”

Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, act 4. sc. 2.

Tripoly was famous for the jousts and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry, and from those feats perhaps the phrase was derived.

a little

a little how they observe you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have——velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. I, and——

Cler. Nay, out with it, sir John; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why—a—do you speak, sir Amorous.

La-F. No, do you, sir John Daw.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been——

La-F. In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, sir John.

Daw. Nay, do you, sir Amorous.

Cler. And these ladies with you knights?

La-F. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home.

Cler. Do you hear, sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and convert with her hourly, sir.

Cler. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, sir. I was her servant, and sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. O, no, sir.

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La-F. You shall excuse us, sir; we must not wound reputation.

Cler. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha?

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but sir Amorous knows what's what, as well.

Cler. Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, sir.

Cler. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox.

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the lady Haughty: he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

S C E N E II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

Hau. I assure you, sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only, that hath embark'd me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in our selves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles—

Daup. (Are you so skilful in stones?)

Hau.

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis——

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your meer foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, sir: it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure. My chamber, sir, my page shall shew you; and Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, sir Dauphine. Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently: I'll but speak a word with sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her², whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves no body, but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay 'em or no, heaven knows; and she's above fifty too, and pargets³! See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse face than she! you would not like this by
K k 4 candle-

² Do not trust HAUGHTY, nor make any credit to her.] i. e. Nor give her any credit; from the Latin idiom. *fidem facere*. Jonson is too bold in introducing phrases from the learned languages.

³ Her physicians give her out to be none of the clearest—she's above fifty too, and PARGETS.] Perhaps *clearest* is a corruption for *cleanest*, tho' the words are nearly synonymous. She *pargets*; she paints, the term then in vogue;

candle-light. If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for sir Dauphine, (you shall not see it i' faith, Centaure.) Good sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cler. How now, Dauphine? how dost thou quit thy self of these females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cler. O, you must not tell tho'.

Daup. Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this: another loves me with caution, and so would possess me: a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle? pray let me see't.

[*He reads the paper.*

" Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for
" privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope
" and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of
" you. If I might be so honour'd, as to appear at
" any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a
" fame of taking physick to-morrow, and continue
" it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation.

" MAVIS."

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

" *Pha.* From *pargetting*, painting, slicking, glazing, and renew-
" ing old rivel'd faces,

" *Chorus.* Good Mercury defend us."

Cynthia's revels, act 5.

And bishop Hall employs the same metaphor; " Whence learned
" they to daub these mud-walls with apothecaries mortar?"

Censure of travel, sect. 21.

Daup.

Daup. We lack True-wit, to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too: his knights reformadoes are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Daup. You jest.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a flie's leg in balance against all the womens reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly——

Daup. What, they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of 'em?

Cler. Yes faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' set it down under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

SCENE III.

True-wit, Morose, Otter, Cutbeard, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. O are you here? Come Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the women (as I have given the bride her instructions) to
break

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break in upon him in the Envoy. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge 'em bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will; you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, tho' you loose your selves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you,

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

Tru. Yes, sir; please you salute 'em.

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms, as "God save you," and "You are welcome," are come to be a habit in our lives! or, "I am glad to see you!" When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him, whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform your selves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Mor.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not, embracing the one, and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear my self to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your publick pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the meer avoiding of clamours, and impertinencies of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a wind-mill! the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.

Tru. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? master parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce. First, you must understand the nature of the word divorce, *à divertendo*.——

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut.

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Cut. I answer then, the canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case: but there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments, (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon-law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.*

Mor. I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir. To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. I, as *error personæ*.

Ott. If you contract your self to one person thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortune*.

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis*.

Ott. If she prove stubborn or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? is that, sir, a lawful impediment? one at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cut. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem*. It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obftancy.

Tru. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fall'n from by this time.

Cut. The next is *conditio*: if you thought her free born, and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott.

Ott. I, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, master parson——

Ott. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: if either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio*; if the persons be of kin within the degrees.

Ott. I: do you know what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*: if you were her god-father, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That comment is absurd, and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much a-kin in that, as god-fathers and god-daughters.

Mor. O me! to end the controversie, I never was a god-father, I never was a god-father in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known case. The sixth, *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion: have you ever examin'd her, what religion she is of?

Mor. No, I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no means, good sir; on to the rest: shall you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes, he has done half, sir. (On to the rest.) Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cut.

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Cut. The seventh is, *vis*: if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*; if ever she have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor. No matter, master parson; would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust my self too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas*.

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum*.

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Ott. Which is no lets *vera affinitas*, than the other, master doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor: and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro*——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, master parson: *ita per fornicationem æque est verus pater, qui sic generat*——

Ott. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur*——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibis*.

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum gravissimum*: it doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

Tru. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir.
Confess

Confess your self but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorce'd first.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbis perpetuus, & insanabilis*; as *paralysis, elephantiasis*, or so——

Daup. O, but *frigidity* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, sir, and as it is in the canon, master doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, sir.

Cler. Before he speaks.

Ott. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum*. So you: *omnipotentes*——

Tru. Your *impotentes*, you whorson lobster.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*.

Tru. *Matrimonium*? we shall have most un-matrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Daup. You put 'em out, man.

Cut. But then there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium*: that *frigidity præditus* (do you conceive me, sir?)

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and meerly apostatical.

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own canon say,

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant——*

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, master parson?

Mor.

* Does not the verse of your own canon say,

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant.]

The following are the verses alluded to;

Error,

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Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. *In æternum*, sir.

Cut. That's false in divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in humanity, to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præstare fidem datam*? I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalescere*?

Ott. He cannot *convalescere*, it is impossible.

Tru. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect 'em else.

Cut. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum*, odio uxoris, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Daup. (They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris*; and this is positive.

Mor. Good sir, let me escape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir.

Cut. I, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you—

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis causa*——

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O, mine ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

1	2	3	4	5
Error,	conditio,	votum,	cognatio,	crimen,
6	7	8	9	10
Cultus	disparitas,	vis,	ordo,	ligamen,
11	12			
Si sis	affinis,	si forte	coire	nequibis;
(Si parochi & duplicis desit præsentia testis,				
Raptave sit mulier, nec parti reddita tutæ)				
Hæc facienda vetant connubia, facta retractant.				

The canon law allows fourteen impediments, which are comprehended in the verses above, tho' only twelve of them are enumerated by our author's casuists. See *Cowel's interpreter*, in the word *divorce*.

Cut

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

Mor. Good echoes forbear.

Ott. If you confess it——

Cut. Which I would do, sir——

Mor. I will do any thing——

Ott. And clear myself in *foro conscientia*——

Cut. Because you want indeed——

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. *Exercendi potestate.*

S C E N E IV.

*Epicæne, Morose, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter;
Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter,
Cutbeard.*

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you, help me. This is such a wrong as never was offered to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife——

Mor. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. We'll have our men blanket 'em i' the hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

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L I

Mav.

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Mav. I'd ha' the bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O mankind generation!⁵

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lists.

Tru. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity; she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that nam'd once, you shall not entreat her to stay; she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him⁶.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons——

Tru. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman——

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity, which before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have conceal'd——

⁵ O MANKIND generation!] This word *mankind*, or *mannish*, says Mr. Upton, which we meet with in old authors, has not been yet sufficiently explained. *Man*, besides its well known signification, in the language of our forefathers signified wickedness. Thus Chaucer uses it in the *Man of lawes tale*;

“ Fie, mannish, fie.” Vers. 783.

And Shakespear in *Coriolanus*, act 4.

“ Are you mankind?”

And in the *Winter's tale*, act 2.

“ Out! a mankind witch!”

And Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso;

“ See, see, this mankinde strumpet, see (he cride)

“ This shameless whore.” 20. 95.

⁶ She'll fly you like one that had the MARKS upon him.] Of the plague, small-pox, or any other contagious distemper.

Tru.

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction, by asking your publick forgiveness.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties, or any the least office of a husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Gen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ott. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this; it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him search'd.

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

L-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let women search him, madam; we can do it ourselves.

Mor. Out on me, worse!

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the law.

Ott. I, it is the same in theology.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

Tru. Nay sir, be not utterly disheartned; we have yet a small relick of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me

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in errore qualitatis, e'en now? Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and a-sham'd.

Ott. Marry sir, *in errore qualitatis*, (which master doctor did forbear to urge) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espoused for a maid——

Mor. What then, sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, master Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights; there is no remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

Tru. Jack Daw, he's worse than sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont.

La-F. I'll confess it, sir.

Daw. Will you, sir Amorous? will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolv'd.

Tru. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? she's but a woman, and in disgrace. he'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cler. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i' faith.

Tru. Why, an' it must, it shall, sir, they say. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor.

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Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir——

La-F. In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so——

Cler. Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the question is, if you have *carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. *Carnaliter*? what else, sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise.

Cen. And ha' they confess'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, informers!

Tru. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hau. I would except against 'em as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Ott. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, not-

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notwithstanding the premisses ; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir ; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my heart ! wilt thou break ? wilt thou break ? this is worst of all worst worsts⁷ that hell could have devis'd ! marry a whore ! and so much noise !

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray' be gone, companions. And gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it please you hear me ?

Mor. O do not talk to me ; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me : but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now——

Mor. (It cannot be.)

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you ?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew ! thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter ?

Mor. That, and any thing beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine ; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

⁷ *This is worst of all worst worsts.*] It should be, " This is worst, " of all worsts worst ; " from that expression in St. Chrysostom, Ω

ΧΕΙΡΟΝ ΧΕΙΡΟΝ ΧΕΙΡΟΤΕΡΟΝ.

Mr. Upton.

Epi.

Epi. Will fir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendred you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate wretched gentlewoman!

Hau. Will fir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good fir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you, belike; away, crocodile.

Cen. He does it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, fir.

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before—— I will not take the advantage.

Daup. Then here is your release, fir; you have married a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year, at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you. What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impeditum*, I hope, *error personæ*?

He takes off Epicæne's peruke.

Ott.

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Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. *In primo gradu.*

Daup. I thank you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter. You are beholden to 'em, sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend master True-wit, who enabled 'em for the business. Now you may go in and rest, be as private as you will, sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come. Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard. And Tom Otter, your princess shall be reconcil'd to you. How now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

He pulls off their beards and disguise.

Cler. A boy.

Daup. Yes, mistress Epicœne.

Tru. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot*: but much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad. And Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely. Nay, sir Daw, and sir La-Foole, you see the gentle-

* *Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot.*] Mr. Upton has here prevented me in a judicious observation, which I will give the reader in his words: "Hardly, I believe, can be given a better instance of a happy discovery, and unravelling of the whole plot, than in this play which we have now before us. The persons of the play are all met together, and all in the highest suspense of the catastrophe; by concealing this part of the plot, Dauphine has lurch'd his friends of the better half of the garland. And let this praise which True-wit gives to his friend, be returned back again to our poet." I would observe only, to justify the poet in his expressions, that the metaphor he has used, tho' apparently destitute of a perfect uniformity, is employed by his contemporaries in the same manner: thus Shakespeare,

" ————— He lurch'd

" All swords o' th' garland.

Coriolanus.

Now

gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, tho' not with her! you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to-day, in your own imagin'd persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit or fortune can make you

Now we have gone thro' this celebrated poem of our author, it would be unjust not to take notice of the judgment pass'd upon it, by a greater genius than Jonson, and one who fell very little short of him, or who was perhaps his equal, in critical abilities and learning. The genius I mean is Mr. Dryden; whose just and great commendations of this play are such as the poet would have thought himself honoured in receiving, had he been then alive. The examen of this comedy, which Mr. Dryden goes thro' with in his *Essay on dramatic poesy*, shews it to be perfectly agreeable to the dramatic unities, which are so strongly insisted on by the French critics, and commentators upon Aristotle. "The length of the action, says " Mr. Dryden, so far from exceeding the compass of a natural day, " does not take up an artificial one; but is all included in the limits " of three hours and an half, which is no more than is required " for the presentment on the stage. The scene of it is laid in Lon- " don: the latitude of place is almost as little as you can imagine; " for it lies all within the compass of two houses, and after the first " act, in one. The continuity of scenes is observed more than " any of our plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchemist*. They " are not broken above twice, or thrice at most, in the whole " comedy; and in the two best of Corneille's plays, the *Cid* and " *Cinna*, they are interrupted once. The action of the play is " entirely one: the end or aim of which is the settling Monrose's " estate on Dauphine. The intrigue of it is the greatest and most " noble of any pure unmixed comedy in any language: the con- " versation of gentlemen in the persons of I rue-wit and his friends " is described with more gaiety, air, and freedom, than in the rest " of Jonson's comedies; and the contrivance of the whole is still " the more to be admired, because it is comedy where the persons " are only of common rank, and their business private, not elevat- " ed by passions or high concerns, as in serious plays." Thus far this great genius, and master of the drama; whose suffrage, I think, may justly determine us to pronounce the *Silent woman* the most exact and finished comedy which our nation hath produced.

hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laught at; you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumor. Madams, you are mute, upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insectæ hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discover'd any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is (a'most) of years, and will make a good visitant within this twelve-month. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence. Spectators, if you like this comedy, rise chearfully, and now Morose is gone in, clap your hands? It may be, that noise will cure him, at least please him.

[Now Morose is gone in, clap your hands.] Some criticks of the last age imagined the character of Morose to be wholly out of nature. But to vindicate our poet, Mr. Dryden tells us from tradition, and we may venture to take his word, that Jonson was really acquainted with a person of this whimsical turn of mind: and as humour is a personal quality, the poet is acquitted from the charge of exhibiting a monster, or an extravagant unnatural caricature. But Mr. Theobald seems to have made a further discovery of the original, from which the author copied: and that appears to be the sophist Libanius. Mr. Theobald's copy hath this remark in the margin: "*N. B. Libanii declamatio lepidissima de Morofo, qui, cum uxorem loquacem duxisset, seipsum accusat*, Gr. Lat. interpret F. Morello, ap. Morel. 1597." And he adds, "Probably Jonson borrowed the character and marriage of Morose from this declamation." It does not appear that Mr. Theobald had ever read the declamation itself, in which he would probably have found some proofs of a plain and direct imitation: and I am sorry too, that I have not been able to procure the book, and compare it with the character in the play: but the learned reader, who is now apprised of the supposed similitude, may examine the resemblance of features, whenever he has the opportunity of doing it.

END of VOL. II.

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